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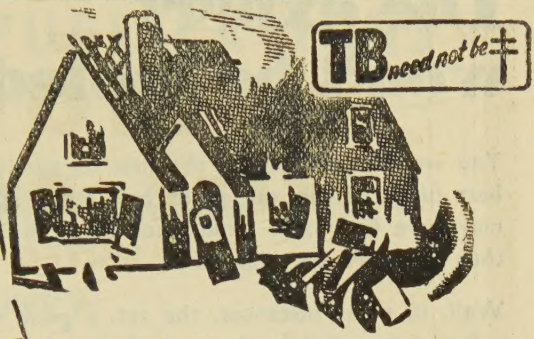

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THE PROBLEM OF EUROPE

BY JOHN MURRAY, S.J.

Editor of *The Month*

THEY are taking the flags down at Westminster. For more than a month they have been hanging there—flags of fifty-one different peoples—in front of the Central Hall. In normal times, this hall is the principal meeting house of British Methodists. They were the flags of the fifty-one members of the United Nations' Organization, all of whom had declared war on the Axis Powers prior to a certain date. The meetings of the General Assembly of the organization have now come to a close ; the flags are being furled and folded till another day.

I

It is tempting to reflect upon the setting of these meetings. The Central Hall faces, diagonally, the main door and one side of Westminster Abbey, whose history takes us back through well-nigh nine hundred years to St. Edward the Confessor. And, for more than half of that history, the abbey was a Catholic church, keeping watch over its founder's tomb and beating like a spiritual heart to the royal city of Westminster. Not far away, lining the banks of Thames, are the twin Houses of Parliament, with their witness to a long evolution of law and the Constitution in England. What happier surroundings could you have desired for the start of this new organization than this near local association with one of the oldest of Christian churches in these islands and with the ancient " Mother of Parliaments " !

It is also tempting to draw comparisons between the League of Nations, established a quarter of a century back, and the United Nations of 1945–1946. Then, more idealism was in evidence. Men not only hoped, they genuinely believed, that peace could and would be safeguarded through the new international society. This time, the peoples, represented at Westminster, have learnt some, at least, of the lessons of the between-war years. They know that the 1914–1918 war was a " war to end wars ", and they have seen it develop into yet another world war—even wider in scope and with far more horrible accompaniments. A spirit of greater realism is in the air. This is noticeable in the greater concessions made to the fact of Power, for instance, in the privileged positions given on the Security Council of the United Nations to what the French term *les trois Bigs* or, more strictly in this case, to *les cinq Bigs*. The larger Powers—it is argued—have the major responsibility for keeping the peace ; therefore, they must have a larger say in how that peace is to be kept. Hence the veto which each of the five Powers reserves to itself

on the Security Council. This means, in effect, that any one of these Powers can prohibit international action against itself, and shows that the Powers will, in any event, pick and choose among possible cases for intervention.[1] The question remains whether this " new realism " is to flourish at the expense of older idealisms and to the detriment of moral principle. The Charter of the United Nations, though it excludes all mention of Almighty God, the Supreme Lawgiver and Judge, does contain some very worthy principles and fine sentiments. The trouble is that certain noble words which have in the past inspired humanity, are subject to such a variety of interpretation that little or no general meaning is left in them. The term " democracy ", for instance, is stretched to include things as far apart as the political system of the West, with its free elections and constitutional Parliaments, and the Eastern system of one-party rule in a totalitarian State, with its panoply of concentration camps and secret police. Grand words, like freedom and independence, for which men have died and peoples lived, are now exploited with the same cynical equivocation. In any case, the " new realism " supposes the harmonious collaboration of the Big Three ; at the moment, there is little such collaboration between Britain and Russia, and very little more between Russia and the United States.

II

However, it must not be rapidly assumed that the United Nations Organization will not succeed or that its initial meetings have proved a failure. There are some features that are encouraging. The first and foremost of these is the evident determination of the United States to play a prominent part in the new organization. It is good that the headquarters of the United Nations are to be established in the U.S.A. ; for this should give the American people a greater interest in its success, and counterbalance that tendency towards isolationism which is not dead in the U.S.A. and which, in the world conditions of to-day, is out-of-date and dangerous. The position of the United States is unique ; in resources, conjoined with man-power and vitality, to say nothing of high and far-reaching prestige, it has no real rival.

A second healthy feature, to which scant attention has been accorded

[1] Not that the meetings of the Security Council in London were held in the atmosphere of a mutual admiration group. Far from it. Most of its time was occupied with the examination and rebuttal of charges against Great Britain, brought by M. Vyshinsky and his satellite colleagues from Poland, Yugoslavia and the Ukraine. What was the purpose of these charges, it is not easy to guess. Probably, they were intended to test the reactions of various representatives ; to bind neighbouring countries, like Poland, Yugoslavia, more closely into a Soviet bloc ; to remove Soviet Russia from the dock to the more respectable surroundings of the accusers' tribunal ; and also, to show the United Nations what an awkward and ugly customer Russia will show herself, should any one venture to bring complaints against Russian behaviour to the Council. M. Vyshinsky's lengthy tirades have done something to clear the air over England from the foggy aftermath of pro-Russian propaganda, which was mass-produced during the years 1941 to 1945.

in the press, is the emergence of twenty Central and South American countries as members of the United Nations. Whatever their differences with one another and their various stages of development, political and economic, they are likely to have a common outlook on international problems and to act as a solid bloc in the case of moderation and peace.[1]

When one reflects upon these Westminster meetings, one fact stands out strikingly and at once. This is the practical absence of Europe from the discussions. Yet it is the fate of Europe that is the most pressing problem and the one with which the new organization has first to deal. Of the fifty-one countries represented, only nine were from the European Continent. These were: France, Belgium and Holland; Norway, Denmark and Greece; Yugoslavia, Poland and Czechoslovakia: of these last three, two have governments imposed on them by Communists while the third, Czechoslovakia, is so near to Russia and so subject to Russian pressure that it retains no real independence of judgment or action. M. Bidault, Foreign Minister of France, commented upon this absence of most of the States of Europe, and gave the number of the missing as thirteen; and, when the Russian commentators had taken out their atlases and added up the tally, they found that the thirteen included the three Baltic States of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. Now, there are reasons, technical and otherwise, why the ex-enemy countries cannot be admitted to membership of the new organization till the peace treaties have been framed and concluded. It was, however, an error not to have extended membership at once to one or two countries who were not officially at war with the Axis. At present, the United Nations consists of a coalition of victorious Powers. One of the flaws in the Geneva League was the fact that it was born under the shadow of Versailles and that it was too rigidly associated with a definite *status quo*, that of 1919.

[1] An observer from abroad who attended many of these meetings, of both the Assembly and the Security Council, has told me that he could distinguish three groups that were obviously pursuing a common policy. The first was this bloc of Latin American States, all influenced by Catholic teaching on international problems and possessing a sound understanding of international law; they were clearly keen to make the United Nations into an effective organization. At San Francisco too this was noticed. Observers were struck by the prominent part taken by some of these countries, and it is reported that the Russian delegation was very impressed by the common front of South American States on one or two critical occasions. The second group, according to our observer, comprised the Near Eastern Moslem countries. They realise that the Near East might shortly become the area of political rivalry between major Powers; they wanted a common policy among themselves and, also, the assistance of the United Nations. The third group included Soviet Russia, plus representatives from those East-Central European countries where Soviet puppet administrations have been set-up—*e.g.* Yugoslavia and Poland.

This observer also commented on the decline in the standards of international behaviour, if these meetings were compared with meetings of the Geneva League. At the latter certain courtesies were maintained. In London, delegates from the Soviet bloc listened in stony silence to the speeches of other representatives, with no bourgeois courtesies. Also, the arguments brought forward, *e.g.* by M. Vyshinsky on the question of Greece, did not deserve the name of serious reasoning; they were a mixture often enough of clap-trap propaganda and even downright lies. At Geneva, the observer added, even weak arguments were at least respectably presented.

There is danger now that the new United Nations will be linked to the *status quo* of 1945. A token invitation to Sweden and Switzerland to join the fifty-one would have broken through the rigidity of this conception.

Sweden and Switzerland are peaceful and peace-loving countries, not only by promise and profession but by performance also. Both maintained their neutral status under perilous circumstances : Sweden, through the period of Russo-German collaboration, from August 1939 to June 1941, and then, after June 1941, when Russia and Germany were enemies ; Switzerland, with the Axis Powers to every side of her territory after the collapse of France. Particularly do the Swiss deserve well of humankind for their assistance to refugees and prisoners of war and for the admirable relief services which were possible only because of Swiss neutrality and Swiss generosity. For myself, I would add a third name to these two : Portugal. And, were I not certain that the suggestion would stir a caterwaul of indignant protest and stand no chance of objective consideration, I would add a fourth also : Spain. The attitude of the majority of people in England, France and the U.S.A. to present-day Spain is a tribute to the efficiency of sustained and malignant propaganda. Granted there are features in Franco Spain that are not compatible with Western democracy as those peoples know it ! Yet, the folk who thunder most violently against Spain are ready to deny or, even worse, excuse the atrocities of the Republicans during the civil war, on the grounds—sub-consciously, of course—that they were perpetrated against monarchists and landowners and against priests and nuns ; and they are just as ready to ignore or whitewash or approve in other countries injustices which outsoar and outtop anything that has ever happened inside Franco Spain. Not that I want to excuse injustices by any comparative argumentation. If there are injustices, they stand condemned : but let us condemn them everywhere and not with a kind of selective fury that can be concentrated on one country and entirely miss another. What I am deploring is the habit of waxing furious at the horrible vision of a mote in a Latin eye, while the sight of a beam in the eyes of Slav or Mongol leaves you unworried and unperturbed.[1]

As I have suggested, the position of ex-enemy countries, like Germany,

[1] Before leaving these meetings, it would be well to emphasize the lesson they gave in democratic procedure. Whether the Russian and associated delegations will have learnt from it, I cannot say. The fact that Persia, despite Russian protests, was permitted to bring her complaints against Russia before the Security Council was itself a hint that the greater Powers could not remain immune from criticism. The manner in which Mr. Bevin refuted and repudiated the Soviet charges against British action in Greece and Indonesia was a democratic manner and, in its frank blunt way, brought fresh air into the disputes. Whatever the motives behind those charges—and some I have suggested earlier—it is clear that the Russian delegation suffered a number of diplomatic reverses. They were defeated on the question of Greece and Indonesia, on the refugee problems (here Mrs. Roosevelt was very outspoken, rejecting the heresy that the citizen belonged primarily to the State), and M. Vyshinsky had to invoke the Russian power of veto against a resolution passed by the Security Council on the matter of French and British troops in the Lebanon and Syria.

Italy, Hungary and Roumania is another problem. Still it would be all to the advantage of the present United Nations, as also of the Continental countries themselves, that they should be introduced into this new comity of peoples as soon as possible—naturally, after free elections and with governments that really reflect the character and wishes of the peoples themselves.

III

The major problem of this year's peace-making is concerned with the settlement of the Continent. Yet, of the three Big Powers, one is Asiatic and definitely less European than was the Russia of thirty or fifty years ago. The doctrine of Communism is an un-European thing. The United States is extra-European, though its traditions—religious, cultural and political—are, in origin, European. Britain stands half-way between Europe and the overseas world. She is half European, linked with the Continent through her centuries-old allegiance to European Christendom and her share in the heritage of Christian civilization. She is also one half extra-European, on account of her spiritual break with Europe during the sixteenth century and her subsequent growth as a Colonial and Imperial Power. Britain has accordingly a special responsibility in all the problems of European settlement and reconstruction. She should, at least, understand Europe, as Russia certainly cannot and as the United States must find it difficult to do. Because of her own home circumstances, she should comprehend the real problem of Europe, which is that of the association of a number of highly differentiated peoples within a genuine unity. That is Europe's secret. Unless the Powers that have the main say in the settlement of Europe discover this, that settlement will not be lasting.

It must appear curious to a North American or to a modern Russian, should the latter have the opportunity of reflecting on these matters, that the peoples of Europe should have lived side by side, for so many centuries, and still remain so very different from one another. European history has known no such steam-rollering process like that which has converted men and women of such a variety of racial origin into plain citizens of the U.S.A. Diversity in unity—that is Europe's formula; it has been also Europe's strength. In M. Bidault's calculations, there were twenty-two nations from the Continent which should have had their representatives in any ideal meeting of the United Nations. Americans, travelling across Europe before the war, were wont to become impatient when—as they complained—they were awakened every two or three hours to cross yet another national and customs frontier. Yet it is just this individuality, just this clash of peoples within a relatively small Continent and inside a harmonious Christian tradition, which has made Europe the centre of culture and civilization and has given to Europe

the leadership of the world. To-day, that leadership has passed, to some extent, to the New World. The world's political centre of gravity has been transferred to America. Nonetheless, technical considerations apart, America, both North and South, is European in all the things of the mind and spirit. Europe remains—a medley of peoples, sadly disorganized because of two world wars, sorrily destitute as the battlefield of greater Powers, and clamouring not only for immediate relief but also for a fresh social and political reconstitution.

What extra-European Powers will be tempted to ignore is the unity of Europe. For it is a unity, every bit as fundamental as the diversity of European peoples—and perhaps far more fundamental. Europe was Christendom; and, though the old Christian ideas have been overlaid with other and often contradictory conceptions, that Christian basis of association subsists. Europe is the creation of Christianity, which took over the task and values of the Roman Empire in the West, transforming them and gradually producing the harmonious balance of classes and peoples that was medieval society. And this Latin civilization included not only French, Germans, Italians and Spaniards, but Poles also and Hungarians, with Slovaks, Slovenes, Czechs and Croats. Nor should Christendom be confined to the peoples who were the direct heirs of Rome. Byzantium, despite its ultimate schism from the Holy See, left a European legacy. Our memories are frequently all too short. Roumanians and Serbs, to quote but two examples, have their share in this European heritage. With regard to Serbia, here are a few extracts from an article, in course of publication, by an authority on Balkan questions :—

> The first Serbian king, Stephen the First, was crowned by a legate of Pope Innocent III.
>
> During the Crusades the European nations made their choice, and the Serbs, choosing to become a Crusader nation, were recognized as such by the Pope. It is since that date that they have in their coat of arms the Crusader's Cross.
>
> The Renaissance finds expression in the works of the Serbian painters of the thirteenth century, the contemporaries and even precursors of the artists of the Trecento in Siena and Florance.
>
> The Serbian feudal régime was patterned on Western feudalism.
>
> The first Serbian code of criminal and civil law, Emperor Dushan's Code (Dushan reigned from 1331 to 1354), was one of the most liberal of the time. It was not conceived under Eastern influence, and it was one of the first codifications after the Roman law. When feudalism prevailed throughout Europe, the Emperor Dushan, in 1349, submitted the first part and, in 1354, the second part of his Code to the vote of the Sabor or medieval Serbian Assembly at Skolypé. The Code of Dushan forbade judges to execute the Emperor's own orders if such orders were contrary to the law. The Code of Dushan also allowed Serbian serfs to take legal proceedings against the Emperor himself and decreed that judges must plead on their behalf. In taking the oath of allegiance to his own Code, Dushan the Mighty took the original text in his hands, ascended the throne and raised the Code above

his head to impress upon the Assembly that the Emperor stood above its members, but that the Code was above the Emperor.

Emperor Stephen-Dushan entered into negotiations with Pope Innocent VI (1352–1362) to get himself appointed Captain of the Christian Army against the Turks.

In 1389 the Serbs became the "guardians of the Gate" and lost their independence in fighting for the West and for Christian civilization at Kossovo. The last Christian medieval State of Serbia ceased to exist in 1459, but European civilization was saved, partly by Serbian efforts and sacrifices.

I have cited this extract for the reason that it is glibly assumed today that you can divide Europe into two pieces : the one Western, having affinities with the Anglo-Saxon countries ; the other Eastern, and consequently a natural sphere of influence for Russia. Nothing is farther from reality. Europe is one whole, and its unity is not that of race or language but of a common culture, that has developed under the centuries-old influence of Christian ideas and of the Greco-Roman heritage which the Christian religion has preserved and handed on. It is no doubt obvious that small countries—bordering, for example, on Russia—should enter into suitable relations, both economic and political (if needs be), with their powerful neighbour. But this certainly ought not to mean that Russia is entitled to set up puppet governments in those countries—governments opposed to the traditions and beliefs of the peoples in question and imposed upon them against their desire and by force alone. A series of recent articles by Major Randolph Churchill, after a visit to Yugoslavia, summed up the political situation in the expression " a semi-Communist totalitarian police state."[1]

The balance of Europe is a balance between many different peoples, jealous of their local loyalties and diverse in character and tradition, but manifesting also the strongly-defined traits of a history and experience enjoyed in common. From time to time, one Power has endeavoured to impose itself upon these peoples : Spain, with Austria, in the sixteenth to seventeenth century ; France, after the Revolution ; Germany, twice during the twentieth century. All these attempts have failed—by an inner law of necessity, one is tempted to add. And all these attempts have upset the European balance. The war of German Nazism launched, in the first place, against these peoples of the Continent has left a vacuum, an emptiness, at Europe's heart. The war was itself a treason against Europe ; like some ancient Greek tragedy, it was a crime of violence, of *hybris*, against the due order appointed by the gods. It has brought with it widespread ruin and intense misery all over the Continent and has left Europe exposed to a new danger or rather to a new form of a very old danger, known already in many guises throughout her history, the danger from the East.

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[1] *Daily Telegraph*, January 25th, 27th and 29th, 1946.

IV

To turn now to conditions in Europe. In the first place, there has been and is acute distress. Not everywhere, for conditions vary. There are oases of relative plenty, such as Denmark; countries like France, where transport is a greater problem than food production and where a vast black market system defies every effort to control and distribute. On the other hand, the people of Hungary and especially of Budapest were literally starving during the winter. Two months ago the bread cards were withdrawn from 300,000 of them, because of the wretched inadequacy of supplies. The death rate among children born in Budapest has risen as high as 80 per cent. Among the worst areas in Europe are Hungary, parts of Poland, a great deal of the Ukraine, and most of Yugoslavia. The situation in Germany is better, apparently, than one would have thought. Outside the towns there is no great scarcity, at least in the zones occupied by Americans, French and British. In Russian-occupied territory, conditions are far worse; for the Russians have lived off the land, thus denuding it, and have looted on a colossal scale, removing to Russia machinery and tools and instruments of every sort. They have descended upon the country like locusts and eaten it bare. For this reason the Eastern provinces of Austria, where the Russians are in charge, are far poorer now than the Western districts. Yet, the worst forebodings of last autumn have not come to pass. There have been no widespread epidemics; no wave of plague or pestilence has swept across the Continent. The work of U.N.N.R.A. and of the voluntary bodies associated with it has been continuous; distress has been in part relieved, lives have been saved, children have been given a chance to grow up normally.[1] Yet, when one reflects on them, the problems of providing sufficient food for peoples who have been undernourished for years; of providing clothing for millions whose homes have been shattered or who have been driven from them; of housing in Europe's devastated cities, where families are still living, and must live, in caves and cellars and under salvaged beams and spars: all these problems demand years for their proper solution, before the people of the Continent can get back to a fully human manner of life.

This appalling situation is further complicated by the collapse of morale after defeat, as partially in Italy, or by the vanishing of those hopes which inspired a people's resistance to the Germans all through the war, as partially in Poland and Yugoslavia. Statistics provided by U.N.N.R.A. medical men about the phenomenal rise of prostitution and venereal disease and accounts of the terrible experiences of women,

[1] The Catholic voluntary organization which is working with U.N.N.R.A., is the Catholic Committee for Relief Abroad (in these days of initial letters, C.C.R.A.) It has teams operating in Italy and in North-West Europe, and hopes shortly to have a team in action in Austria. Its headquarters are: 301 Windsor House, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

of all classes and every age, in Russian-occupied countries fill one's mind with dread. Some countries, such as Belgium, have not suffered this loss of morale and have set about their tasks of reconstruction with remarkable energy and seriousness. In others apathy has succeeded to war-time activity ; of this reaction there are some signs in England. But, on the Continent, you have the problem of turning from the mentality of a " resister " to that of an orderly and dutiful citizen. This transition is by no means easy. Thousands of young men have grown up, during the past five years, learning the lessons that violence is right and noble, if it be directed against your enemy ; that it is honourable to disobey the law (of the occupying authorities) ; that it is patriotic to practise deceit and falsity upon your foe. Such lessons cannot be unlearnt at will or in a handful of weeks or months. The black market flourishes on a vast scale in certain countries, partly because it was, during the war years, one way of keeping supplies out of the enemy's hands ; they were hidden, sold secretly, bartered. Individuals discovered that this process paid good dividends. Now that the enemy has gone, the mentality which his presence stimulated is slow to disappear. Violence has bred counter-violence—yes, and cunning and deceit, and a widespread decline in the sense of civic responsibility. Besides, during the war years, especially after June 1941 when Hitler launched his attack upon Russia, European countries have been filled with groups of determined men, prominent in the Resistance movements, often but not always fighting against the Germans, but interested not so much in freeing their country and then playing their part as ordinary citizens as in making a bid for power when the enemy had been driven away. That was the role of the partisans in Yugoslavia ; it was the role of the Greek E.A.M. movement, but in this latter case the attempt to seize power was foiled by the arrival of British troops in Greece. In the Resistance movements were, of course, men of all sorts and classes as of all creeds and all shades of political opinion ; thousands of them died an heroic death in their country's service. But there were villains and criminals also, alive to their own interests or those of some political party, and not to the common good. Europe to-day is suffering from the aftermath of all these experiences and trials. Finally, notice must be taken of the appalling after-effects, in some instances, of the suffering inflicted in concentration camps. The victims of Nazi cruelty were so deliberately brutalised and made to live under such sub-human conditions that its consequences will remain a problem—and a problem of no minor significance.[1]

[1] The Nazi concentration camps—such as Belsen, Buchenwald, Dachau, Ausschwitz and elsewhere—are a reminder of the diseased and bestial possibilities that lurk within human nature. People still refuse to believe that such appalling conditions did occur and that such atrocities were committed ; but the evidence for both is all too clear and convincing. I have spoken with doctors who worked in Belsen and with chaplains who have visited other camps and, without exception, they have assured me that the reality had been far more horrible than any account. However, that is not the only aspect of

V

Two other factors have immensely complicated the European situation and added difficulty upon difficulty to the burden of those who are trying to restore conditions on the Continent. The first of these is the programme of forcible evacuation of millions of people, chiefly Germans. From the Sudeten regions of Bohemia and Moravia, and from those Eastern provinces of Germany now occupied by Poles, the German inhabitants are to be evicted; indeed, they have been and are being evicted. The Czechs have genuine grievances against the Germans in Czechoslovakia, a large proportion of whom appear to have sympathised with German Nazidom. It might be deemed best for the future peace of Europe—though, for myself, I cannot imagine that peace is secured by means like that—that the Germans of the Sudetenland should be transferred to German territory. They are not recent immigrants, be it remembered, and frequently their families have been settled there for two or three hundred years. In any event, such a vast transfer of human beings, with all its attendant human problems, would require to be carried through with the maximum of consideration and the minimum of pain. Transpose the two words "maximum" and "minimum," and you have what has actually been happening. The caravan of human sorrow has trudged and trailed its way of hunger, abandonment and despair across the face of East-Central Europe. The accounts, both in the press and from eyewitnesses, are a frightful commentary upon the mood of hatred and the spirit of revenge which are the legacy of the war. From the provinces east of the new frontier between Germany and Poland the population is being driven. No doubt, the people of Poland have cause enough to turn against the Germans, under whose occupation they suffered cruelly. And yet is this policy of eviction really that of the people of Poland? Hundreds of thousands of Poles cannot return to their own country with any assurance of life and liberty. Is that gallant people to be blamed for the crimes now committed in its name by a government which it has not chosen and, were it permitted a free voice and vote, would instantly repudiate? Nor is it only Germans who are being transferred like cattle or, without the care that cattle would certainly receive, driven away. Hungarians are being forcibly evacuated from Slovakia and Slovaks forcibly returned to Slovakia. But Europe is not only a medley of peoples living side by side; it is a pattern also of minorities

these places. In the French review *Etudes*, for July–August 1945, was an article by Jacques Sommet, which spoke of spiritual growth and leavening in that terrible atmosphere. The Belgian review *Nouvelle Revue Théologique*, for September–October and November–December, contained two articles by Père de Coninck, Superior of the Jesuit Residence in Brussels, who was arrested by the Gestapo and imprisoned in Dachau. The first article dealt with material conditions in that camp, where 2,500 priests were confined, of whom 1,300 died in captivity. The article includes an account of priestly ingenuity in devising means for giving Holy Communion and assisting the sick and dying. The second article recalls the talks and views of the imprisoned priests on the spiritual life and on their priestly apostolate.

living within majorities. This attempt to solve the problem of minorities by hurling them back to their countries of origin is an aspect of the modern tendency to systematize and "rationalise" human life. Beneath it lurks the modern heresy, foulest of all heresies, namely that the individual belongs entirely—body, mind, heart and soul—to the State or to some larger collective. Fifty-one nations have been conferring at Westminster to discover some reasonable method by which they can co-exist in proper relationship and peace. Some of them might begin at home and tackle the domestic question, just how their minorities may live on terms of forbearance and understanding with the majority and with one another.

The second of these factors is the continued existence of Displaced Persons. A large proportion of these men and women—mostly brought to Germany for enforced labour—have returned home. But many remain—over a million of them—who feel that they cannot return to their countries while the present governments are in power. This problem is particularly acute with Poles, Yugoslavs, Ukrainians, and people from the three Baltic States of Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia, that have been incorporated into the Soviet Union. In many cases, these men have their wives and families in their home towns and villages; their natural longing is homewards; they are homesick for their own land and folk; yet so strong is their conviction that at home there is neither freedom nor security that they continue to live as landless and exiled men. Here is one of the most bitter tragedies of these first post-war years. Here is one of the problems with which the United Nations organization will have to deal, and deal quickly and effectively—and, be it added with insistence, honestly and honourably. Particularly cruel is the lot of the Baltic exiles who fear that, were they to go home, they would be deported into the depths of Siberia, as many of their countrymen have been deported; and of the Poles who realise that, should they return to present-day Poland, the fact that they have fought so long and so splendidly with the Allies will be counted against them as a serious crime. I have no intention here of speaking of the tragedy of Poland and the Poles or of the shameful manner in which the problem of Poland has been handled and the people of Poland betrayed. There is, however, some consolation, and maybe some evidence of repentance, in the attitude of the Governments of Britain and the U.S.A. to these displaced Poles; they are not to be further sacrificed to any tyranny of puppet governments or in the exigencies of an international understanding, that can never be secured by such immoral and dishonourable methods.

VI

There is one encouraging development on the Continent which, if it be permitted its natural course and is not stifled by pressure from outside, will play a major part in European reconstruction. I am referring to

the emergence of Christian political parties in many Continental countries. In more settled times, it used often to be debated among Catholics whether Catholic political parties were advisable. One conclusion, fairly general, I think, was that special circumstances might justify or even call for them, such as the *Kulturkampf* in Germany which gave rise to the Catholic Centre, but that otherwise they were as much a liability as an asset. There were, of course, the Catholic Party in Belgium and in the Austrian Republic, from 1918 to 1933, the Christian Social Party. But that was in the days when the conflict between those who believed in God, accepted the spiritual order and set a value upon the Christian traditions of Europe, and the enemies of this spiritual order and tradition was less open and outspoken than it has since become. The attack of militant materialism and secularism upon the Christian faith and those institutions in which that faith has found a partial reflection, has grown in bitterness and intensity. Christians, both Catholic and non-Catholic, are now more vividly aware of this. Hence the rapprochement during the war—in France, Holland and Germany, as in England and the United States—of Catholics and non-Catholics, conscious of the danger common to what they held most dear. Hence too these Christian parties in many countries. They are " conservative ", in the sense that they want to preserve what is worth preservation, and they realise that a great deal enters into that category—liberty of the person, the rights of family and free association, local loyalties and traditions, religion and religious education, a political and national life that is not regimented and controlled by one dictatorial party. But they are " progressive " also, accepting fully the Catholic principles of social reform, as these have been formulated in the encyclicals of the Popes from Leo XIII to Pius XII. Their object is stability, not revolution ; co-operation, not domination over other groups ; and they think of men and women first in their human capacities and only, in a second degree, as " political " animals. Such parties include the new *Mouvement Républicain Populaire* (usually known as M.R.P.) in France, whose successes in the French elections were surprising to the casual observer. M.R.P. is possibly more Left-inclined than Catholic groups elsewhere. That comes from the widespread " radical " spirit in post-war France. Yet, there are conservative elements also within the movement ; and, while it preaches reform, far-reaching reform too, it does not abandon altogether its conservative outlook. The Austrian elections, which were generally but not entirely " free " (much pressure was exerted in the Russian zone), resulted in a victory for the new *Volkspartei*, a Catholic party, heir to the programmes and traditions of the *Christlich-soziale Partei*. Of 165 members of the Austrian Parliament, only four are Communists, the remaining seats being filled by the *Volkspartei* and the Socialists, the former having a slight but absolute majority. A similar reaction against the danger from the East is shown in the election results from Hungary,

where the elections could not be described as properly free and where great pressure was applied to make Socialists join with Communists and, when this manoeuvre failed, to make people vote for the Communist Party. Despite this pressure the Smallholders Party—not, I think, a professedly Christian Party but enjoying the generous support of Hungarian Catholics—secured more than 50 per cent. of the total poll, the Communists obtaining only 17 per cent. of the Parliamentary seats.

So much for parties that are taking an active part in administration. In other countries the main opposition to the puppet governments comes from parties that are largely Christian in spirit and tradition. In Yugoslavia the Catholic Slovene Party and, even more, the Croat Peasant Party are opposed to the " Tito " régime ; in Roumania that opposition comes from the Roumanian Peasant Party, the leader of which, Dr. Maniu, is a Catholic.

Further evidence was provided by the local elections held in the American-occupied zone of Germany on January 17, 1946. In these elections the Christian Social Union Party won 20,171 seats to 7,453 gained by the Social Democrats. The Liberal Democratic Party won 556 seats, and the Communists secured only 506 places. It should be remembered that these elections took place in the smaller towns. In the larger cities the Social Democrats would have polled more heavily, and the Communists might have had a fuller support. Still the figures, as they stand, bear witness to the importance of yet another of these central and Christian parties. If after the years of occupation, political life is able to function normally in Germany, this party will play a very significant part in the establishment of proper relations between their country and the rest of Europe.

The existence of Communist parties in most countries—and they are always strong on account of their close-knit organization, their financial resources and the active help they receive from Russia, even when they command little popular respect or support—has had another effect upon the political situation in Europe which ought not to be ignored. Their position at the extreme Left end of the political line has forced the Socialists more towards the centre. In other words, there are signs that the Socialist parties of Europe are less doctrinaire and ideological than they formerly were, and are more concerned with programmes of practical reform and reconstruction. This means that collaboration between Socialists and Christian parties should be a more practicable proposition than it was seen to be twenty or forty years back. Where Communists are able to exercise pressure, as they can in Russian-occupied Germany and in Russian-controlled Poland and Yugoslavia, they are attempting to coerce the Socialists into forming a one-party front or one-government front with them. In Berlin, for instance, the Socialists have been bullied into accepting this position ; for there the Communists have control of

press and radio and the Red Army influence at their backs. Elsewhere in Germany, particularly in the British-occupied area, the Socialists, under Dr. Schuhmacher, refuse any such association or amalgamation. Where they can, the Communists hope to climb to power on the backs of the Socialists who still claim and secure the widespread allegiance of working-men. Yet, where that pressure is less in evidence, there are indications that Socialists and the Christian parties are growing aware that their programmes of social reform and economic restoration are far nearer than they once thought, and that both parties are threatened, with all they represent and value, by the extreme party to the Left of both.

VII

These are some few aspects of the problem of Europe to-day. There is great distress, and the immediate need is for food and clothing and medical requisites. Some countries are more fortunate ; but others still want the ordinary necessities of normal life. All are troubled by the consequences of the war, moral as material, and over all there hangs the dark cloud of insecurity. What the solution of all these long-term problems should be, is another matter. Is it to be found in federations of the East-Central countries—in one or many such ? Certain it is that Europe must rediscover her unity—that centuries-old union of many peoples within bonds of a common outlook and common experiences.

JOHN MURRAY, S.J.

MAURICE BARING

BY HUGH KELLY, S.J.

MAURICE BARING died on the 17 December 1945 at the age of 71. Since 1938 he had been suffering from a kind of paralysis which prevented him from writing, and so he came to occupy less and less attention from the reading public. But indeed at no time could he be called a popular author. He did not reveal himself to a first contact. The dry sober style, so lacking in emphasis, the uniform understatement, the absence of the brilliant phrase or the purple passage, the studious objectivity—these and other larger properties of composition gave a first impression of something bleak, of a want of colour and personality. Hence many readers got no further than the threshold. But those who gave Maurice Baring a fair trial came to find a rare charm both in the writer and in his art. Strangely enough these find that all he wrote is in some way suffused by his personality. They find themselves applying to him the words of Pascal which he noted in his *Have You Anything to Declare?* " Quand on voit le style naturel on est tout étonné et ravi ; car on s'attendait de voir un auteur et on trouve un homme." Maurice Baring was more than an author ; he was a man—and the man was greater and more interesting than the author.

The obituary notices made high claims for Maurice Baring as a poet and a novelist—claims that must have surprised people who came to realise only then that a writer of distinction, more appreciated in foreign countries than in his own, had passed away. These notices also spoke movingly of his character, his quick interest in all things of the spirit, his extraordinary gift of friendship, his loyalty, his love of children, and the boyish streak in him that accounts for the freakish incidents told of him. Few men could have had so many friends, very many of them distinguished in one way or another. The General on whose staff he served in the first world war said that Maurice Baring was the most unselfish man he had ever met. He was perhaps G. K. Chesterton's closest friend. Ethel Smyth's study of him shows what that brilliant musician and writer thought of him. His own autobiography is a record of his friendships and an unconscious testimony to the manifold attraction he exercised on those he met. That attraction he exercised in a curious way on his readers, many of whom came to feel a personal affection for him and would have liked to have met him. To them his death came as a personal loss. The apparent reticence and austerity of his work are deceptive, as no man put more of his spirit into what he wrote. His writings came straight out of his experience of life—experience assimilated and absorbed which through his art became literature and not impressionism. Hence some knowledge of his life is an almost necessary introduction to a study of his work.

Such an introduction Baring has himself given us in his *The Puppet Show of Memory*, an autobiography which brings him up to manhood and leaves him on the threshold of his literary career. For those who have been initiated into Baring's restrained, unemotional art, it is a fascinating book. To others it may be recommended as the most pleasant introduction to his works. Those who have not caught the flavour of Baring's style will find it somewhat trivial and apparently wanting in effect and emphasis. He had never kept a diary; but he had an artist's memory, an accommodating selective instrument, which passed the chaff and the husks through and kept what was significant and beautiful. In its limpid, artless style, his childhood and boyhood are revealed like the pebbles in the bed of a clear stream.

The Honourable Maurice Baring was born " in the midst of many coronets ". He was one of the younger sons of the first Lord Revelstoke, head of the banking house of Baring Brothers, and nephew of Lord Cromer who has been called " the maker of modern Egypt ". His mother was connected with many of the aristocratic families who have played a large part in the government of England for the past few centuries. His early surroundings were not merely wealthy and aristocratic: they were also cultured. His father had a fine taste in literature and his mother was an enthusiastic musician. One of the principal influences of his childhood was his French governess " Chérie "—who became indeed a lifelong friend to the family. The vivid impression of this woman left on the reader is a triumph of the peculiar elusive art of Baring. There is not a single word of description; but, by means of incidents and sayings, we get an unforgettable picture of her. There are many other vivid portraits in the book done in the same way. There is none of his mother; and when asked why he had not done for her what he had done for others, he answered: " Because I couldn't." He was not very happy at a private school, but at Eton he was happy at once and always. His chapter on Eton is charming and is as lovely and generous a tribute to his school as the chapter devoted to it in Ronald Knox's *A Spiritual Aeneid*. Baring was not particularly clever at the usual school subjects nor particularly industrious. He liked Latin and Greek and had a better appreciation of the literary value of the classics than most other boys. But his interest in English had been awakened, and his readings and discoveries in it—in which he was much helped by A. C. Benson—were the chief acquisition he got at Eton. His one scholastic triumph was the winning of the Prince Consort French essay. " It was," he said, " as Eton triumphs go a small triumph—small indeed compared with such glories as surround those who get the Newcastle, stroke the eight, or play in the Field or at Lord's in the Eleven; but such as it was it gave me as much joy and triumph as my being could hold, and nothing in after life could ever touch the rapture of the moment when I knew I had got it."

As it had been decided that Maurice Baring should enter the diplomatic service, he was sent to Hildesheim to study German. He lodged with a Dr. Timmes. His years in Hildesheim left an unforgettable memory, and in his autobiography he has described with kindly humour the simple domestic life of the little town and the complex ritual of beer-drinking among the students. There also he came to know the music of Wagner and was overwhelmed by his first hearing of *Tannhäuser*. For years he tried to pass the entrance examination into the diplomatic service. His Latin and Greek were quite up to standard. He knew French almost as well as English ; he had spoken it from childhood. One of his earliest publications was a *pastiche* or serious parody of four modern writers, which he showed to the poet de Régnier and from whom he got the criticism that none of the four writers could have written pages more emphatically himself. He knew German only just less well. His weakness was mathematics, for which he had not the least aptitude. For years he was coached in this subject by the best crammers in London, Oxford and Cambridge. At his last try for the examination it seemed as if he had again failed ; but his French tutor pointed out to the examiners the superiority of his language papers and showed that his essays in French and German might be published in a magazine. As a result, he was judged to have got half marks in mathematics and to have passed the examination.

Baring served in the English legations at Paris, Copenhagan and Rome. He probably never had any illusions about his future as a diplomatist. He was being drawn more and more towards a literary career, and about 1903 he gave up diplomacy and became a writer.

At this time a dominating influence entered into his life. At Copenhagan he had come to know the Russian Ambassador Count Benckendorf, who invited him to stay with him in Russia. Baring fell in love at once with Russia—with its landscape, its music, its literature, but above all its people. He determined to learn Russian and, in spite of travel and change and distraction, he became an authority on Russian life and literature, and his books on these subjects are amongst the best he wrote. He could be said to have done as much as any other Englishman of his time to make Russia known to the English people. On and off until the outbreak of the first world war he visited the Benckendorffs at their place in the country, where he studied and wrote and where he came to love more and more the peasants and their unworldly outlook on life. From the first he felt a strong affinity to the Russian spirit, which is the reason why he wrote so well about it. In *The Mainsprings of Russia*, in the last chapter " The Fascination of Russia," he lays himself out to make the case against Russia for the *advocatus diaboli* and heaps up three pages of an indictment which spares nothing—neither climate, soil, people, customs, hygiene, laws, the administration of justice, the press, the officials,

politics, the government, etc. etc. It is a formidable charge sheet which would satisfy even the most exacting Russophobe. And his answer to it is : " I know all that and you can make your case still stronger if you wish. I admit all that ; and in spite of all and in some cases even because of it, Russia has for me an indescribable fascination ; in spite of all that I love the country and admire and respect the people." And he goes on to analyse more closely this fascination. " The charm exercised by the country is partly due to the country itself and partly to the mode of life lived there and to the nature of the people. The qualities that do exist and whose benefit I have experienced, seem to me the most precious of all qualities ; and the virtues the most important of all virtues ; and the glimpses of beauty the rarest in kind ; the songs and the music the most haunting and most heart-searching ; the poetry nearest to nature and man ; the human charity nearest to God." It would be interesting to know whether Baring visited Russia since the Bolchevick Revolution in 1917, and whether he considered that the universal and ruthless propaganda of Communism had permanently blighted the deep sense of religion which was to him the most fundamental element in the character of the Russian peasant.

When Baring gave up diplomacy and " commenced author," he had not much written work to reassure his family who had spent a great deal of money in providing him with a career honourable and assured ; he could show only a small book of poems, three articles on French literature in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and a few reviews in newspapers. But that slender harvest was the least part of his *viaticum* for his precarious venture. During his years of formation he had acquired a cultural and literary education as wide and fine, a mental endowment as rich and promising, as few men of letters possessed. One of his books *Have You Anything to Declare ?* helps us to estimate fairly well what his formation was ; for although it was one of the last he published, still it was made up of " the literary baggage that accompanied me during my life ". It was a collection of bits of poetry and prose which he had come across in his reading and which he had thought worth while preserving. It was a kind of commonplace book with his own comments. Baring could not have been called a scholar in any one branch ; but the range of his literary attainments was amazing—all the more so in a man who travelled so much and who went so much into society and had literally hosts of friends. He could not be called a classical scholar, but he had a very fine and delicate appreciation of Greek and Latin as his quotations and comments show. He knew French perfectly ; could read and speak it with the elegance of a cultured Parisian ; German he knew only less well. When serving at the embassy at Copenhagen he made up Danish easily. Then he was changed to Rome and fell under the spell of Rome and of the literature and country of Italy. He could perhaps be called a Russian

scholar. When he was at Constantinople as a correspondent to a London paper he acquired a working knowledge of Turkish and of a few Balkan languages. He picked up languages, said Ethel Smyth of him, as a child picks up measles. He knew modern Greek and once read some of Sappho to a shepherd, who understood but said it was written in some *patois*. But we must remember that Baring was not merely a man with a gift of languages. For him a language was the key to a literature. And as he learned his languages *in situ* as it were, each in its own domain, and as by his position he had the *entrée* to the best society in each of these countries, he must be considered as one of the most cultivated and cosmopolitan writers of his time. Even if we knew nothing of his life, we know that his work could have come only from an experience of life so wide and so cultivated.

Baring's output of work is copious and varied. His poetic work has been collected in two volumes ; much of his poetry is of high and enduring value. One of his poems at least seems certain of immortality—the elegy to his friend Auberon Herbert Lord Lucas who was killed in an aeroplane in the first war. It is a strong sincere poem full of emotion, written with simplicity and restraint, and it deserves a place among the great elegies.

His dramatic works are numerous. He has written seven poetic dramas on such subjects as Gaston de Foix, the Black Prince, Tristran and Iseult etc. They were not primarily meant for the stage ; they were written for private reading. A reader might expect uninspired monologues or heavy moralising disguised as plays. He would find genuine dramas. The figures are human beings placed by their passions in circumstances which lead to tragedy. The interest is often poignant. The poetry, especially some of the lyrics, is genuine and charged with emotion. He has written also five full-length plays in prose for the stage, most of which have been acted. They have ideas, life, situations, dialogue, characters—all the ingredients of a successful play. But by some curious accident of presentation or production they have never yet had a long run. G. B. Shaw was enthusiastic about Baring as a dramatic author : " I do not see," he said in a letter to him written the day after the presentation of his first play, *The Grey Stocking*, " why the Dickens you should not go regularly into the trade of playwriting. I thought that some of the scenes in *The Grey Stocking* showed a very rare sort of dramatic tact—a power of letting go of a thing at the right moment instead of wallowing in it and getting hopelessly messed up in it as most of our good, thick, average professionals do. The real difficulty of course is that you draw Society as it really is and not as our good public conceives it."

Among his miscellaneous writings there are a few small volumes of his humorous writings, *jeux d'esprit* contributed at the beginning of his life as journalist, some of which appeared in *The Eye Witness*, the brilliant weekly which Belloc founded and edited. *Diminutive Dramas, Dead*

Letters, Lost Diaries show a rich vein of quiet humour and a dramatic power and an insight into character which foretold the dramatist and novelist. Belloc praises these slight things very highly; he said they were the essence of what is civilised and the only thing in modern English letters which is wholly European and classical.

In 1921 Baring began to write novels, and in the 15 or 16 years of work that remained to him he wrote over a dozen. It is on these that his reputation chiefly rests. A few of them are historical; all the rest deal with contemporary life. Baring's novels spring from his experience of life, and the life he knew was an aristocratic, cultured, cosmopolitan one. His characters seem to be all thoroughbred, leisured, cultivated people, emancipated from the vulgar cares of subsistence. They are interested in music and art; they have travelled; they are familiar with continental life. They talk well, sensibly rather than brilliantly. They include a number of urbane cosmopolitans. Some of his characters drift about from one novel to another, so that the whole series of the novels are a sort of continuous frieze of aristocratic English life. But these elegant, well-bred creatures are real persons. They are alive; they think and feel as human beings. They are not made of cardboard; they are not puppets.

By this time Baring had got full control of his art which is as unmistakable as, and in some important ways akin to, that of Henry James. What is the secret of that art which gives a picture that seems at first sight highly artificial and yet is manifestly true of a section of life? We must, of course, presuppose a fundamental power to see deeply into life, to penetrate the heart and read the emotions and motives which determine action. Baring had that quiet penetrating vision; a friend of his said that he had a silver filter in his brain which admitted only what was true. We must also presuppose a creative or constructive power to reproduce, in terms of art, the life seen. These powers are native gifts, essential to the artist, which cannot be supplied though they may be cultivated. Baring's art is very distinctive but not so easy to analyse. The general note is reticence. We feel at once the absence of descriptions of places and persons which play so great a part in modern novels. Baring writes descriptions, but only just what is sufficient to be the setting of a character or incident. It is always done with economy. We do not know usually how his characters looked or dressed. We know them from within—we know their mind and feelings, their outlook, their emotions and prejudices.

There is a strange air of objectivity about his novels. The author never obtrudes himself; he does not approve or condemn. Je ne propose pas: J'expose—he might have said with Taine. His characters move and act by the dynamism of their own natures. His medium is quite transparent and unobtrusive. His style is quite without emphasis or

effort or rhetoric. There is never an attempt at fine writing. A reader never feels that the author is working up to a situation to which he is going to rise by a bit of impressive writing. You are looking on at a group of people acting and reacting on each other chiefly by the force of their characters and temperaments and not primarily by the accident of fact or incident. Yet, in spite of or perhaps because of that objectivity or aloofness of the author, his novels are full of life.

At first it would seem as if nothing could happen in these elegant, sheltered, regions ; that his well-bred, cultured, characters will meet and talk and part as if life had no depth and was a frivolous thing. But we soon find that these creatures are unregenerate human beings and the playground of human passions. Not indeed of a wide range of passions : not of violent disruptive passions but of passions that are restrained and none the less poignant. There will be scarcely a ripple on the silken surface, but beneath there will be the clash and disturbance of human passions—especially those connected with love. Behind the charming social life he describes, in the setting of drawing-rooms or country-houses there is discovered a great moral laxity and instability. His marriages are constantly unhappy ones. Husbands and wives are very often in love with other peoples' partners. Infidelity seems very common. But perhaps the strangest impression is that of fickleness or instability of heart. Baring's characters seem to have no control of their affections. They fall in love in an unaccountable, random way. Liaisons spring up quickly and as quickly die away. A strange network, a cat's cradle, a confused tangle of affections and attractions is being constantly formed and constantly changing into new patterns. Loyalty, duty, religion do not seem to exist. The society which shelters them from the more violent passions of less cultivated persons, seems to have left them all the more helpless before the affections of their hearts.

That is the theme of Baring's novels—that *inquietum cor nostrum* as St. Augustine calls it—which he describes with such fine insight, such economy of setting and style, such objectivity and lucidity that his greatest novels are more like experiences felt than books read. But that quotation of St. Augustine should be continued if we are not to miss what is a cardinal element in Baring's writing. *Inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te* occurs on the first page of the *Confessions* and is the text of them. The famous sentence is also the key to the full understanding of the attitude of Maurice Baring to life. He has exposed unerringly the disease and sufferings of his characters ; no less unerringly though less obtrusively he indicates the cause and the remedy. I don't know if he ever quoted the saying, but it does express his mind. His outlook on life since he became a Catholic was that of a sincere and consistent believer.

It is time to say something about his conversion and how it affected

his work. Though his family was Protestant, there was very little effective religious influence brought to bear on him at home or school. He accepted passively the conventional vague views that were current in his surroundings. In Paris and Rome he came up against the Catholic Church, but for a time he could not see it. Then one day he found that he had shed all his religious beliefs as easily and effortlessly as a child sheds a first tooth. He had no interest in the Catholic Church and never thought about it, but there must have been some subconscious drawing to it. When asked why he had dropped Protestantism he said that if he were to accept any religion it would be the Catholic religion; but that he could not accept that because he could not accept its first tenet. Friends who knew him well foretold that he would end up as a Catholic. One day he went to a low Mass at *Notre Dame des Victoires* in Paris, and the rite impressed him immensely; it reminded him of the catacombs, and he felt the timelessness and the simplicity of the Faith. Some poetry which he wrote about this time mark a stage in his conversion.

In 1909, on the eve of Candlemas Day, Maurice Baring was received into the Church by Fr. Sebastian Bowden of the Oratory. "It is perhaps the only act of my life," he wrote to G. K. Chesterton, "which I am quite certain I have never regretted. Every day I live the Church seems to me more and more wonderful; the Sacraments more solemn and sustaining; the voice of the Church, her liturgy, her rules, her discipline, her ritual, her decisions in matters of Faith and morals more and more excellent and profoundly wise and true and right, and her children stamped with something that those outside Her are without. There I have found truth and reality and every thing outside Her as dust and shadow." These words were written not in the first flush of fervour of conversion but after thirteen years of the practice of the Faith. They show that he had accepted the Faith integrally; that God and religion were the most vital things in life; that to live life as a person or to describe life as an artist without reference to these realities, would be unintelligible and preposterous. It was thus inevitable that his Faith should make itself felt in his writing. It will be done, of course, in a way not inconsistent with art: with that restraint that is a note of his general style; with that objectivity which suppresses all expression of the author *in propria persona*; without any appearance of preaching or propaganda.

Indeed Baring disguises his religious beliefs so well that many Catholics are surprised to be told that Baring was a Catholic novelist. Yet the presence of his Faith is very sensibly felt in his later works, as perceptible as a distinctive perfume, or a draft in a heated room. As a kind of background to the elegant life he describes, with its infidelities, its frivolities, its want of control of passion and emotion, there appears somehow a shadowy standard or measure; the drama of human life that is lived only for its own satisfaction is seen to be played against a setting of the

eternal laws of morality and duty. The reader feels that the horizon has been immensely widened, that spiritual values are brought into play, without knowing how it is done. It is done by a few stray touches. It may be done by a chance remark of such and such a character who, we are told, is a Catholic; or it may be that a man or woman in the crisis of a great moral struggle meets a priest who gives the law of God and its bearing on the question. In *C.*—one of his greatest novels—the Catholic atmosphere is very elusive yet unmistakable. It emanates from Beatrice, a Catholic, the good angel who strove to save C. from the charming, heartless Leila; it is felt strangely in Gerald Malone, C.'s lifelong friend, a disappointed, dissipated man, a Catholic though not a good one, who dies with the rites of the Church. C. was not insensible to this atmosphere, but his infatuation for Leila absorbs him fatally. But on his death-bed, when disillusionment has come, he feels it more strongly. "If I don't get well," he said to Malone, "tell Beatrice, if you should see her, that I felt the *bridge* . . . felt there *was a bridge* . . . that's as far as I got . . . I hadn't time for more . . . I meant to think it all out some day; I'm too tired now. She'll understand . . . and tell her it still *holds good.*" It was poor C's incohative act of Faith. Something after all was achieved in that life where so many fine things were wasted by passion.

C. and *Cat's Cradle* are Baring's greatest novels, those in which his gifts are shown at their most distinctive and best. In the latter and later novel, the Catholic atmosphere is much stronger and more direct. Blanche Clifford married against her inclination but at her father's wish to an Italian Count, comes into the full current of Catholic life in Rome and, rather unaccountably, becomes a Catholic. She soon finds that her marriage was a ghastly mistake; she is attracted by other men; her husband brings about a separation. After his death she snatches at happiness in a second marriage into which she traps Bernard Lacy, who is in love with Rose Mary. But retribution for life-long selfishness comes quickly—in disillusionment, in jealousy, in disappointment. But her suffering leads to peace; her religion gives her strength to be gentle, to forgive; through it she draws from suffering the balm of sacrifice and acceptance of God's will. In *Daphne Adeand* also it is through renunciation that happiness is found.

The claims of religion and the Church is the whole theme of *Robert Peckham*, a novel suggested to Baring by an epitaph he saw in Rome in the cloister of San Gregorio: "Here lies Robert Peckham, Englishman and Catholic, who after England's break with the Church left England because he could not live in his country without the Faith, and having come to Rome, died there because he could not live apart from his country." A life's story of struggle was suggested in that epitaph. Baring worked it into a novel in the telling of which his usual austerity of style, his studied understatement, the absence of setting and colour reach their height.

He concentrates on the mental struggle of his hero; he seems to give us the distillation or essence of a human heart; it is an extraordinarily poignant book.

It was inevitable that his Faith should make itself felt, within the limits of his art, in Baring's writings. His art and powers had not been impaired by his conversion. His love of beauty had not to be sacrificed; it was rather intensified, broadened, directed. But his Faith gave him an outlook on life which he could not disregard. It gave him the true value of things, and in his writing he could not accept false values. Truth and sincerity are the virtues of the man and the writer. In *Passing By* he makes a character say: "Did you really think one becomes a Catholic to drift like a sponge on a sea of indecision, or to be like an Aeolian harp? Would your friend think *parti-pris* the right expression to use of a man who nailed his colours to the mast in a sea battle?" There was no drifting or mere passivity in Baring the Catholic; he accepted the Faith with its full demands and implications. But his unslackening grasp of truth and Catholic principles did not weaken his interest in the spectacle of life or blunt his sympathy for human weakness. Rather is it the truth that his Faith gave strength and fineness to his artistic powers.

In his *Have You Anything to Declare?* he quotes a profound remark of Johnson: "No man is obliged to do as much as he can. A man is to have a part of his life to himself." These words are peculiarly appropriate to Baring himself. When reading him we have the abiding impression that he does not give all; that there is a great reserve kept for his friends, for himself, for his Faith. That was the testimony of his friends. He was an aristocrat without a trace of snobbery; a man of the world, honourable, with a quiet courage—with an inexhaustible and incalculable fund of devotion. These traits would have made a consistent, and not uncommon character; but in Maurice Baring there were strains or perhaps streaks which did not at all seem to go with the character indicated. In him there was an unexpected strain of simplicity and unworldliness and boyishness.

It is not easy to estimate with any accuracy the quality of survival of Baring as a writer. In some of the obituary notices responsible critics rated his chances highly. In France he is taken much more seriously than in England. It takes a distinct effort to accept the austerity of his setting, the astringency of his dry, bare style. But it is a style which, by its freedom from current mannerisms, has a good chance of surviving, when many of the popular writers will be outmoded. The substance of his works will not stale easily; he has described with fineness the uneasy heart of civilised man, and that theme will not quickly lose its interest.

HUGH KELLY

THE IMPACT OF THE WAR ON THE IRISH ECONOMY

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE O'BRIEN, D.LITT.

THE great extension of public intervention in economic life which has taken place in recent years has called for a development of the science and practice of statistics. Whether it be a matter for rejoicing or regret, State intervention will extend still further in the future. In war-time the resources of every nation are totally mobilized. But even in peace—if the disturbed conditions of the post-war world deserve to be called peace—modern economic policy interferes with the individual at every point. The volume of production is no longer solely determined by the decisions of businessmen activated by the profit motive. Modern policies of full employment involve a large amount of public investment. Nor is the distribution of the national income left to be decided by the free play of the forces of untrammelled competition. High taxation of the rich coupled with the provision of extensive social services for the poor effects a considerable degree of redistribution. If State intervention on the scale which is coming to be practised is to be intelligently pursued, the fullest statistical material must be available. When so much attention is paid to the size, the distribution and the stability of national incomes, it is supremely important that statistics relating to national incomes should be ample, accurate and up to date.

Ireland has been lucky in its official statistics, which are generally recognized as being unusually good. Nevertheless, reliable estimates of the national income have been somewhat scanty. In 1933 Dr. T. J. Kiernan estimated the income of the Irish Free State in 1926 at £164·5 mn.[1] In a memorandum prepared for the Banking Commission Professor G. A. Duncan arrived at an estimate for 1929 of £161·7 million.[2] The congruence of these estimates, independently arrived at by different methods, suggests that they lie reasonably near the truth. Professor Duncan has calculated the national income for the period 1926-1940.[3] The Banking Commission was impressed by the lack of official statistics on certain aspects of Irish economic life. " The complexity of modern economy and finance on the one hand and the extension of public intervention on the other make it imperative that the authorities should be in possession of a considerable amount of information with which they could dispense in earlier periods . . . . We wish to emphasize the need for extending the work which has been started so that comprehensive studies may be made of such questions as changes in the volume of currency and credit, in the balance of payments and in the national

[1] *Economic Journal* vol. XLIII, p. 74.
[2] *Report of Commission of Inquiry into Banking Currency and Credit* 1938. Appendix 7.
[3] *Journal of Statistical and Social Inquiry Society of Ireland,* vol. XVI, pp. 1, 140.

income, the movements of wholesale and retail prices, cost of living and costs of production, and the currents of trade both domestic and international." [1] The Commission recommended that the Central Bank should establish a department for the collection and publication of economic statistics.

The war was the occasion of a very significant development in British official statistics. The Treasury and the Central Statistical Office collaborated in the preparation of a White Paper which was published on the date of the introduction of the Budget of 1941. This Paper is entitled *Analysis of the Sources of War Finance and Estimate of the National Income and Expenditure in* 1938 *and* 1940.[2] The title indicates its contents, which is an endeavour to analyse the underlying realities of the cost of the war. The Budget reveals merely the financial mechanism by means of which the resources of the nation are made available for the prosecution of the war. The White Paper attempts to measure the degree to which the war effort depends upon the physical resources transferred by the financial machine. It is shown, with great advantage to the general comprehension of the economics of warfare, that the national effort involves great additional exertion by labour, the reduction of civilian consumption, considerable saving, the depletion of existing capital and the deterioration of the external creditor status of Great Britain. A similar estimate has been published with the Budget of each succeeding year.[3] Experience and constructive criticism have led to a great improvement in later White Papers, which are of quite extraordinary value to the economist. It is now possible to trace with exactitude the course of the real cost of the British war effort which has left the nation exhausted, impoverished and indebted.

During the war no estimate of the impact of the war on the Irish economy, corresponding with the British White Papers, was published. It was possible, by an intelligent study of the large volume of statistics that appeared in a rather scattered form, to make estimates of some of the magnitudes involved. Now, however, the student of Irish economic conditions need no longer rely upon such laborious research. There has at length appeared an Irish White Paper[4] which contains abundant material about every aspect of Irish economic life during the war period. The authors of this document deserve the congratulations of everybody who is interested in Irish economic problems. They have studied the British White Papers, to which they pay a well-merited tribute, but they have bettered their instruction. The complaint of the Banking Commission

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[1] *Report* para. 366.
[2] London: Stationery Office, Cmd. 6261.
[3] Cmd. 6397, 6438, 6520, 6623.
[4] *National Income and Expenditure* 1938-1944, *including Statistics relating to the Income and Expenditure of Public Authorities, and other aspects of the National Economy*. Dublin: Stationery Office, 1s. 9d.

regarding the gaps in Irish statistics are no longer valid. The hopes of the Commission have been more than fulfilled. It is good to learn that this White Paper " inaugurates a series of official estimates of national income and expenditure ". Doubtless future estimates will be even more ample and informative than this initial effort, which is also " designed as a special survey of the course of the national economy in the period 1938-1944 ". This survey brings to light in proper perspective the principal effects of the war on the Irish economy.

The most important economic statistics are those that measure the size of the population. It is the people of a country who produce the national income and for whom it is produced. The following table shows the changes in the population in Eire, the vital statistics and the statistics of migration.

POPULATION, MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, DEATHS AND PASSENGER MOVEMENT

Year	Estimated Population mid year	Marriages	Births	Deaths	Balance of passenger movement (+inward — outward)	Persons migrating to employment (Travel Permit Statistics)
	Thousands					
1938	2,937	14·9	56·9	40·0	—17·6*	†
1939	2,934	15·2	56·1	41·7	+14·0	20·4‡
1940	2,958	15·2	56·6	41·9	+17·2	26·0
1941	2,993	15·0	56·8	43·8	—23·4	35·1
1942	2,963	17·5	66·1	41·6	—53·3	51·7
1943	2,950	17·3	64·4	43·5	—37·4	48·3
1944	2,950	16·9	64·8	45·1	+ 6·6	13·6

* Movement by sea only. † Not available. ‡ September-December only.

The marriage rate did not rise until the fourth year of the war. In belligerent countries the marriage rate invariably rises immediately on the outbreak of war. The experience of the first world war indicates that the rise takes place later in neutral countries. The increase in the birth rate was the result of the increased number of marriages. It did not represent any increase in fertility and may therefore be regarded as merely a temporary interruption of the long period downward trend. The rise in the death rate is, similarly, a reflection of war-time conditions. Increased infantile mortality and deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis were mainly responsible for the increase. It is characteristic of Irish demographic conditions that migration should play a greater part in affecting the size of the population than vital statistics. The increase in the population that took place until 1941 was due to the abnormal immigration of women

and children during the early period of the war. When this movement ceased, the forces of emigration again became dominant. The net outward movement was large enough to neutralize the natural increase of births over deaths, and, once more, the Irish population resumed its unhealthy downward course. How far the emigration of these years will prove to be permanent remains to be seen.

The number of persons employed is shown in the following table. The number of persons insured under the National Health Insurance Acts includes all workers with remuneration less than £250 a year. Changes in this number indicate roughly fluctuations in industrial and commercial employment.

EMPLOYMENT

	Group	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944
		Thousands						
1	Persons insured under National Health Insurance Acts at work	416	417	406	402	399	397	406
2	Agriculture (males)—1st June	537	531	544	556	541	536	526
3	Industry — transportable goods	99·7	101·0	99·7	95·6	91·9	93·0	95·0
4	Government service (Civil Servants and Garda Siochana)	41·9	41·8	42·0	44·7	42·5	43·5	42·6
5	Local Authority service	56·0	57·3	51·9	66·9	59·6	55·5	54·6
	Professions :							
6	Education	16·1	16·1	16·2	16·2	16·1	16·2	16·2
7	Other higher professions	5·1	5·2	5·3	5·3	5·4	5·7	5·8
8	Building	19·5	Not available		Not available		9·6	9·3
9	Banks and insurance	10·2	10·1	10·0	10·1	9·9	9·8	9·7
10	Retail and wholesale distribution	84·9	85·9	86·4	85·5	85·7	86·1	87·5
11	Transport (rail and road motor passenger)	20·1	20·1	20·1	20·1	20·4	20·8	21·5

Employment in agriculture rose to 1941 and then fell to 1944. Despite the tillage campaign and the increased production of turf the rural employed population fell during the war. This demonstrates the extent to which Irish rural labour is normally under-employed. The labour necessary for the increased effort of the war years was drawn from the reserve of under-employment rather than from an addition to the numbers employed. Industrial employment was remarkably stable in spite of the shortages of many raw materials. As will be seen later, the physical output of industry declined by about 20 per cent. Employment was maintained by working short time. It is obvious that production per man hour

must have seriously declined. The following table shows the position in regard to unemployment.

UNEMPLOYMENT

Year	Average on the live register		Percentage unemployed amongst persons insured under Unemployment Insurance Acts				
	All areas (1)	Urban areas only (2)	Total insured* (3)	Industry (4)	Transport (5)	Distribution (6)	Other (7)
	Thousands		Percentage				
1938	88·7	40·7	13·8	14·5	19·5	11·6	10·4
1939	93·1	44·0	15·6	16·8	22·3	12·5	11·2
1940	84·1	45·3	15·5	16·4	21·8	12·1	12·8
1941	74·7	43·3	14·6	15·4	21·8	11·4	11·7
1942	76·9	42·3	14·2	15·6	18·1	10·6	10·6
1943	67·6	37·0	12·5	13·8	17·0	9·4	9·3
1944	60·3	34·0	11·3	12·7	16·3	8·2	8·2

* Except in agriculture, fishing, private domestic service.

The favourable experience disclosed by these returns is the result of the Employment and Emergency Schemes instituted by the Government, of recruitment for the Defence Forces, and of emigration for military and civilian employment in Great Britain.

The movements of wages and earnings of the employed population are shown in the following table.

INDEX NUMBERS OF RATES OF WAGES AND EARNINGS IN INDUSTRY, AGRICULTURE, TRANSPORT (Base 1938=100)*

Year	Industry			Agriculture	Transport
	Transportable goods		Other industry (building, etc.)		
	Rates of wages (1)	Earnings (2)	(3)	(4)	(5)
1938	—	—	100	100	100
1939	100	100	101·7	100·9	100·9
1940	107·3	106·5	102·1	110·9	103·0
1941	108·8	106·4	105·4	110·9	110·1
1942	109·4	107·3	105·4	122·0	111·8
1943	118·1	117·6	109·9	133·0	121·5
1944	124·3	127·1	115·2	147·7	131·8

* Except for Transportable Goods industries (base 1939=100).

The divergence between rates of wages and earnings in transportable goods industries reflects the changes in short-time and over-time working. It must not be overlooked that the incomes of many families were supplemented by allowances in cash and kind and by remittances from Great Britain.

The statistics of wages and earnings are, of course, expressed in terms of money. In order to learn the movement of real wages and earnings it is necessary to take into account changes in the value of money. Throughout the war-years money changed in value more rapidly than in normal times and constant attention must be paid to these changes in interpreting the economic statistics of the period. Figures of the value of agricultural and industrial production, of imports and exports, and of wages and earnings are very misleading if changes in the general price level are ignored. The peculiar difficulty of economic science arises, largely, from the fact that the economic measuring rod, money, is constantly varying. The following table shows the principal price index numbers during the period. The index of wholesale prices is new and is now published for the first time.

PRICE INDEX NUMBERS (Base 1938* = 100)

Year	Cost of Living	Wholesale	Import	Export	Agricultural
1938	100	100	100	100	100
1939	103	105	100	111	105
1940	118	132	142	143	128
1941	130	148	175	171	139
1942	144	170	211	191	160
1943	162	189	214	206	183
1944	170	198	219	212	187

* Year 1938 except for Wholesale Prices (October, 1938 = 100) and Agricultural Prices (September, 1938—August, 1939 = 100).

The cost of living has risen more than wages or earnings. Real wages and earnings fell during the war. The reduction in the standard of living of the working population is one of the costs of war which cannot be avoided even in neutral countries. The cost of living has been prevented from rising still further by subsidies on some articles of general consumption. The relative movements of prices of imports and exports is of great importance as indicating the " terms of trade," that is the physical quantities of imports obtainable in exchange for a given physical quantity of exports. In the war period the terms of trade moved very slightly against Eire. While this result is not unsatisfactory from the national point of view, it does little to console the consumer of imported commodities

who does not export anything in return. The upward movement of import and export prices produces a profound redistribution of welfare between different sections of the population.

The volume of external trade declined very considerably during the war. In view of the extent to which Irish industry depends on imported raw materials it is surprising that industrial production and employment were maintained so well.

VALUE AND VOLUME OF VISIBLE EXTERNAL TRADE

Year	Imports	Exports and re-exports	Balance of trade	Volume of trade: quantities in each year valued at 1938 prices	
				Imports	Exports and re-exports
(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)
	£ million				
1938	41·4	24·2	17·2	41·4	24·2
1939	43·4	26·9	16·5	43·5	24·2
1940	46·8	33·0	13·8	33·1	23·0
1941	29·5	31·8	—2·3*	16·9	18·6
1942	34·6	32·7	2·0	16·4	17·1
1943	26·1	27·5	—1·4*	12·2	13·3
1944	28·2	29·6	—1·4*	12·8	13·9

* Inward.

The outstanding feature of this table is the decline of 70 per cent. in the volume of imports. The so-called adverse balance of trade or import surplus vanished, and in the later years of the war imports and exports were nearly equal in value. Receipts from abroad other than payments for visible exports increased during the period. Net interest and dividends on foreign investments amounted to £43·6 mn., emigrants' remittances to £46·3 mn., pensions and allowances paid by the British Government to £20·3 mn. It was these "invisible" exports that led to accumulation of the sterling balances which have strengthened the creditor status of Eire. The value of these balances will depend upon the future value of sterling, the availability of imports from the sterling area and the arrangements which will be made, following the Anglo-American Loan, for the convertibility of sterling into other currencies.

The war, as might have been expected, profoundly affected Eire's external trading conditions. The statistics of population, employment and unemployment, suggest a relative stability in internal economic conditions during the war. A similar impression is conveyed by the statistics of industrial and agricultural production.

AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL OUTPUT—VALUE AND VOLUME

Year	Values at current prices			Volume = Value at 1938 prices			Net Industrial and Agricultural Output	
	Agricultural Output		Industrial Output Net	Agricultural Output		Industrial Output Net	Value (3)+(4)	Volume (6)+(7)
(1)	Gross (2)	Net (3)	(4)	Gross (5)	Net (6)	(7)	(8)	(9)
	£ million							
1938	50·8	41·1	35·5	50·8	41·1	35·5	76·6	76·6
1939	57·7	47·5	36·9	52·7	42·1	34·9	84·4	77·0
1940	69·5	57·6	37·4	49·5	40·6	33·7	95·0	74·3
1941	71·4	64·6	38·8	51·1	46·6	31·2	103·4	77·8
1942	79·6	75·6	38·5	47·9	45·2	26·8	114·1	72·0
1943	91·8	85·8	41·1	47·4	43·6	27·1	126·9	70·7
1944	97·3	90·0	41·6	47·3	43·2	28·4	131·6	71·6

The net value of agricultural production is obtained by deducting from the gross value the value of purchased feeding stuffs, fertilizers, seeds, machinery and shoeing charges. By valuing these purchases at 1938 prices it is possible to obtain an estimate of the net volume of agricultural output. It is interesting to observe that, whereas the gross agricultural output declined by 7 per cent. in volume, the net output increased by 8 per cent. This indicates that the war-time agricultural output was achieved with an input of materials considerably less than in normal times. The accumulated fertility of the soil was being drawn upon to tide the country over the emergency. One of the real costs of war is the non-replacement of capital. To the extent that the fertility of the soil was not maintained and that farm machinery was not replaced, Eire was living on capital. The decline in the volume of the net industrial output taken in conjunction with the employment statistics proves, as suggested earlier, that production per man-hour must have decreased. The volume of the total net industrial and agricultural output, shown in the last column, indicates a remarkable degree of stability during a period of great disturbance.

The value of industrial and agricultural production constitutes the greater part of the national income. If statistics were available for the net value of services rendered, it would be possible to make a rough estimate of the national income by using these output figures. In the Irish White Paper the computation of the value of the national output is not the method on which primary reliance is placed. It is used, to a large extent, in estimating agricultural incomes and it is employed as a

check with which to compare the estimates arrived at by other methods. It is impossible in a short notice designed by the general reader to deal with the difficult statistical problems discussed in the White Paper. It is sufficient to say that the method adopted is the " income method," which attempts to summate the incomes of private and business incomes, allowing for duplication. The three main sources of information used are :—

(i) aggregate figures supplied by the Revenue Commissioners of all non-agricultural incomes of persons or companies earning more than £150 per annum and *all* income from dividends and rents ;

(ii) special inquiries instituted as to the non-agricultural income of persons and companies with incomes not exceeding £150 per annum ;

(iii) agricultural income, based on the official estimates of agricultural output.

The national income (as distinguished from the private income) of Eire is taken to be " the aggregate current value, before payment of taxes and rates, of incomes in money and kind of persons normally resident in the State, for services which command a monetary reward whether performed currently or in the past." Transfer payments, which represent no net addition to current production, are excluded. The principal transfer payments are old age pensions, other social services whether contributory or not, and interest on the debts of national and local authorities. Income from lands and buildings is included whether the property is occupied by the owner or rented. Income from the enjoyment of other classes of durable consumers' goods, for example furniture, is excluded because of the impossibility of measuring it. Another inconsistency, dictated by practical difficulties, is the exclusion of the value of domestic service performed by housewives, whereas the remuneration in cash and kind of domestic servants is included. Farm produce consumed in farm households without being sold is valued at the prices which farmers receive for similar goods sold. This subsistence element in agriculture constitutes a substantial proportion of the national income. In 1938 it amounted to $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and in 1944 to 13 per cent. of the national income. The definition of national income adopted is stated to be in general conformity with that used in Great Britain and the U.S.A. The reader of the White Paper is warned of the dangers latent in comparisons between national incomes of countries whose economies are different in structure or whose national income statistics are computed by different methods.

The application of these principles of measuring national income to the material available in Eire yields the following result :—

THE NATIONAL INCOME, 1938-1944 (£ million)

	Income category	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944
1	Non-agricultural income	115·1	118·4	123·1	131·8	141·7	156·7	163·2
2	Income from lands and buildings	3·5	3·7	3·6	3·5	3·8	3·8	3·9
3	Profits, professional earnings, dividends and interest	40·0	40·5	42·5	45·6	49·2	54·9	58·9
4	Emigrants' remittances	3·0	2·8	2·1	3·9	8·4	12·6	13·5
5	Salaries and wages (including Army pay and allowances)	68·6	71·4	74·9	78·8	80·3	85·4	86·9
6	Agricultural income	39·3	45·7	56·0	63·3	74·3	84·6	88·8
7	Total national income	154·4	164·1	179·1	195·1	216·0	241·3	252·0

The next estimate presented in the White Paper is the net national expenditure. The principal object of this estimate is to show the proportion of the national income which is expended by public authorities on current goods and services, for example wages and salaries of members of the Defence Forces and civil servants, but excluding transfer payments. The table also shows the expansion in external assets to which reference has already been made.

NET NATIONAL EXPENDITURE (£ million)

	Category	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944
1	Personal expenditure on consumers' goods and services at market prices	159·2	173·0	185·5	190·8	200·5	218·0	222·8
2	Subsidies	2·5	1·4	1·3	1·6	3·0	4·2	5·9
3	Rates, indirect taxes and employers' contributions to social insurance	—25·3	—26·4	—27·5	—27·7	—27·9	—29·4	—30·1
4	Current Expenditure by public authorities	20·4	22·8	26·4	27·5	28·1	28·3	28·3
5	Net foreign investment	—2·7	—2·7	—2·3	13·0	16·5	25·4	28·0
6	Net capital formation at home and errors of estimation	(0·3)	(–4·0)	(–4·3)	(–10·1)	(–4·2)	(–5·2)	(–2·9)
7	Net national expenditure	154·4	164·1	179·1	195·1	216·0	241·3	252·0

For certain purposes, for example the measurement of taxable capacity, the sum of the total incomes of the community is a more useful conception than national income. Transfer incomes can be taxed, directly and indirectly, as effectively as incomes arising from the provision of new goods and services. Private income is defined as " the total income in cash and kind from all sources of persons who normally reside in the State ". Private income is derived from national income by deducting income of public authorities and adding transfer payments.

TRANSITION FROM NATIONAL TO PRIVATE INCOME (£ million)

—	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944
1 National income	154·4	164·1	179·1	195·1	216·0	241·3	252·0
2 Government miscellaneous income	1·8	1·8	1·9	1·9	1·9	2·0	2·0
3 Difference (1 less 2)	152·6	162·3	177·2	193·2	214·1	239·3	250·0
4 Transfer Payments	11·3	11·8	12·1	12·8	13·0	13·4	15·2
5 Total private income	163·9	174·1	189·3	206·0	227·1	252·7	265·2

An estimate follows of the expenditure of private income.

EXPENDITURE OF PRIVATE INCOME IN MAIN CATEGORIES AT CURRENT PRICES (£ million)

Category	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944
1 Food	55·9	60·8	67·8	69·5	77·0	90·2	92·8
2 Drink and tobacco	22·9	24·7	24·8	27·1	29·0	33·5	35·4
3 Clothing	17·4	19·7	22·7	24·9	25·5	22·9	22·6
4 Fuel and light	14·3	17·7	20·4	18·3	15·5	16·5	16·7
5 Other goods	19·4	20·3	19·4	18·1	18·3	17·5	17·4
6 Rent (personal) and rates	8·1	8·5	8·5	9·3	9·9	9·9	10·0
7 Taxes	10·3	11·2	13·4	15·6	17·9	19·1	19·6
8 Travelling	2·9	3·0	3·0	3·5	3·6	4·1	4·2
9 Amusements	2·2	2·1	2·1	2·2	2·5	2·8	2·9
10 Professional services	5·9	5·9	6·0	6·2	6·6	6·9	7·0
11 Private domestic service	3·7	4·0	4·3	4·7	5·1	5·4	5·5
12 Other expenditure	6·5	6·3	6·5	7·0	7·5	8·3	8·3
13 Total private current expenditure	169·5	184·2	198·9	206·4	218·4	237·1	242·4
14 Private income	163·9	174·1	189·3	206·0	227·1	252·7	265·2
15 Balance (savings and errors of estimation)	—5·6	—10·1	—9·6	—0·4	+8·7	+15·6	+22·8

The balance (item 15) is of great importance. If the estimates of private income and private expenditure on consumers' goods were both accurate, this balance would measure private savings—that is personal abstinence from expenditure on consumption goods and the undistributed profits of businesses. " Unfortunately," the authors of the White Paper state, " this balance has to bear the brunt of the errors of estimation in two very large totals, so that as a measure of monetary savings the balance must be viewed with misgivings."

It is time to revert to the effect of changes in the value of money in all economic statistics. The estimates of national and private income and expenditure have all been in terms of current prices. But prices were rising throughout the period, and allowance must be made for that fact if a correct estimate is to be obtained of the volume of consumption. The necessary corrections give the following results :—

CURRENT EXPENDITURE FROM PRIVATE INCOME (EXCEPT TAXATION PAID TO CENTRAL GOVERNMENT) AT 1938 PRICES

	Category	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944
		£ million						
	Personal expenditure on consumers' goods at market prices :							
1	Food	55·9	57·3	57·3	52·5	52·7	54·3	53·6
2	Alcoholic beverages and tobacco	22·9	24·1	21·9	21·8	21·9	24·5	25·8
3	Clothing	17·4	18·3	15·7	15·8	13·3	10·0	9·5
4	Fuel and light	14·3	15·7	14·7	11·8	9·3	9·2	8·6
5	Other goods (including building repairs)	19·4	19·8	15·6	12·5	10·2	8·6	8·1
6	Services	29·3	28·9	29·0	29·2	29·7	30·7	30·8
7	Total Expenditure (except taxation paid to Central Government)	159·2	164·1	154·2	143·6	137·1	137·3	136·4

This table indicates that the increase in the value of expenditure from £169 mn. in 1938 to £242 mn. in 1944 was entirely due to increases in prices. The volume of expenditure declined by 14 per cent. These figures show the decline in the standard of living caused by the war. As might have been expected, the steepest declines in expenditure were experienced in clothing, fuel and light and the group including building repairs. The White Paper contains another table[1] which shows the quantities consumed in each year of an extended list of important

[1] Table 24.

commodities. A study of this table reveals the amount of forced saving imposed on Eire during the war. Many commodities ceased to be consumed at all, and a steep decline in consumption took place over a very wide range. The familiar pattern of war costs emerges. Civilian consumption is cut down, durable goods are not replaced, and building repairs and maintenance are postponed. The living on capital which appeared in agriculture becomes apparent in other sections of the Irish economy.

The chapter[1] dealing with the production of capital goods corroborates the suggestion that capital has not been accumulated at its normal peacetime rate. This chapter is one of the most interesting and original sections of the White Paper. It is impossible to do more in the available space than indicate its principal conclusions. Estimates are made of monetary savings throughout the period which are reasonably consistent with the trends shown in the residual balance between private income and expenditure to which reference has already been made. The savings shown in changes in deposits in P.O. Savings Bank, Trustee Savings Banks, Savings Certificates, British P.O. Savings Bank and Savings Certificates, Commercial Banks and Building Societies were as follows :—

1938 — 1·089	1940 + 4·652	1942 + 16·110	1944 + 20·414
1939 + 2·399	1941 + 7·348	1943 + 17·036	£000

Estimates are made of the value of capital goods and services, home produced and imported, in each year. These estimates of gross physical capital formation show a decline from £24·3 mn. in 1938 to £16·7 mn. in 1944. In order to obtain the volume of capital formation price changes have to be eliminated.

VOLUME OF GROSS PHYSICAL CAPITAL FORMATION AT HOME

	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944
1 Actual values .... £ m.	24·3	21·7	17·7	13·3	11·1	14·9	16·7
2 Price index numbers (Base 1938=100)	100	106	121	133	144	154	156
3 Volume of gross capital formation .... £ m.	24·3	20·5	14·6	10·0	7·7	9·7	10·7

These figures illustrate strikingly the falling off in capital formation caused by the war. It must be remembered that, when arrears come to be overtaken, they will be produced at the later, higher, post-war price level. Assuming that the figure of £24·3 for 1938 may be regarded as normal, the deficiency over the period would appear to be of the order of £100 mn. at present-day prices. " These figures," the authors of the

[1] Chapter VI. *Savings, Investment and Gross Capital Formation.*

White Paper comment, " set in a new perspective the value of the forced savings of this State during the war. It is doubtful if these savings will suffice to make good the capital deficiency which has been piled up during the war years, let alone provide for more intensive capitalization."

The White Paper contains the first official estimate of the distribution of the national income classified by income ranges. For this purpose a third concept, personal income, is used. Personal income is the aggregate of income from all sources at the disposal of individuals normally resident in Eire, but excludes undistributed profits of companies and incomes of charities.

PERSONAL INCOME CLASSIFIED BY INCOME RANGES, 1938 AND 1943

Range of Income before tax	Incomes		Aggregate income before tax	
	1938	1943	1938	1943
	Number		£ million	
Income other than from agriculture, forestry, fishing				
Not exceeding £150	Not available		52·7	69·1
Total over £150	161,091	198,301	59·4	75·2
Over £150 and not over £200	46,452	53,364	8·2	9·4
„ £200 „ „ £250	38,504	49,778	8·7	11·1
„ £250 „ „ £300	22,635	28,482	6·2	7·7
„ £300 „ „ £400	20,536	24,364	7·1	8·4
„ £400 „ „ £500	10,447	12,272	4·6	5·4
„ £500 „ „ £750	12,034	15,255	7·2	9·2
„ £750 „ „ £1,000	4,318	5,659	3·7	4·8
„ £1,000 „ „ £1,500	3,165	4,486	3·8	5·4
„ £1,500 „ „ £2,000	1,170	1,840	2·0	3·2
„ £2,000 „ „ £10,000	1,751	2,692	6·1	8·9
„ £10,000	79	109	1·8	1·7
Income from agriculture, forestry, fishing	Not available		39·3	84·6
Total personal income	Not available		151·4	228·9
Balance of private income	—	—	12·5	23·8
Total private income	Not available		163·9	252·7

It has not been possible to classify agricultural income by size, but most personal incomes derived from agriculture alone are probably in the under £150 class. The table shows that the distribution of income in Eire is not marked by any high degree of inequality. The proportion

attributable to the over £1,500 class in the total personal income was 6·5 per cent. in 1938 and 6·0 per cent. in 1943. It must be remembered that the table shows incomes before the payment of tax. The high and progressive direct taxation greatly reduces the net incomes of the richer class. As regards the lower income groups, non-agricultural incomes not exceeding £150 together with total income in agriculture, forestry and fishing constituted 61 per cent. of the total personal income in 1938 and 67 per cent. in 1943. This increase is mainly attributable to the rise in agricultural prices. This table shows only the changes in the distribution of money incomes. The distribution of real incomes has, of course, been affected by changes in price levels.

The war years did not witness in Eire the great expansion of economic activity that took place in belligerent countries. The characteristic features of war economy in belligerent countries are an expanded labour effort, the utmost possible saving, considerable investment in the war industries, and the accumulation of internal and external debt. In Eire, while the total population slightly increased, the numbers in employment fell and would have fallen more if short time had not been adopted in many industries. Unemployment declined, not because of any increased industrial demand for labour, but because of recruitment for the Defence Forces and emigration. The additional effort called for in agriculture was met by the reserve labour of the rural under-employed. The volume of gross agricultural output, of industrial output and of imports declined. There was less to consume. The standard of living fell. Real wages and earnings decreased, and the volume of consumption of consumers' goods was reduced. This reduction in civilian consumption was not offset by an increase in investment. On the contrary, the rate of capital formation was slowed down. The fertility of the soil was depleted, and fixed and working capital were not maintained or replaced at their normal level. The gigantic arrears of capital formation that remain to be undertaken will absorb the whole of the large volume of voluntary and forced saving that took place during the war. On the other hand there was practically no destruction of capital such as was experienced in countries subjected to attack from the air. In the financial sphere Eire emerged from the war years strengthened rather than weakened. The interest on internal debt became a smaller proportion of the national income, and large external credits were accumulated. These credits, of course, represent claims on a country that has suffered greatly in the war. It may be a long time before they can be redeemed. In spite of neutrality Eire was rendered poorer by the war. The only asset which she has acquired as a result of the war is a claim to be honoured at some future date by a still more impoverished neighbour.

GEORGE O'BRIEN

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J.

LXXVII

To Domhnall Óg (son of Domhnall Mór) Ó Domhnaill. The story of his accession (cf. FM 1258) is told. Other details about him which appear only here are his fosterage by Clann Shuibhne (st. 22), his posthumous birth (st. 17), his landing at Ros Guill (st. 4). His mother was Lasairfhíona (st. 8) daughter of Mór daughter of Cathal Croibhdhearg Ó Conchobhair.

GIOLLA BRIGHDE MAC CON MIDHE cc

1. Do-fhidir Dia Ceinéal Conuill
do chur a n-imshníomh ar ais;
táinig tre bháidh cridhe Colaim
ar fine gcáidh gConaill chais.

2. Do bhádar tre éag an airdríogh
oireacht Éirne a n-éigin mhóir
táinig don chuan a-muigh macámh
do chuir don tsluagh bacán bróin.

3. O 'd-chualadar a theacht tairis
tearc aoinfhear do fhan re a chrios;
fiu lé a athair a huaigh d'éirghe
le sgathaibh sluaigh Éirne a fhios.

4. Nír chuireadar Ceinéal Conuill
céill do Dhomhnall Droma Cuinn;
ní beacht a chlos lesin gcéidfhear
a theacht go Ros géiggeal Guill.

5. Do-chuaidh do chrobhaing an airdríogh
eanchnú fa hairde ar an chraoibh,
gur líon mogal an chroinn chéadna
pobal do chloinn Shéadna shaoir.

6. Is é súd Domhnall Ua Domhnuill;
ar ndul as do fhadóigh grís,
do chuir don ghréin sal na síne,
do ghabh féin an righe a-rís.

7. Domhnall mhac Éigneacháin Fhánad,
aonchos fhulaing Inse Fáil,
gabhal tréan fa theallach Conuill,
do bheannach béal Coluim cháidh.

8. Lasair-fhíona inghean Mhóire,
máthair Dhomhnaill fa donn brat,
nochar fhearr athair a bhráthar,
rachaidh geall máthar dá mac.

9. Seanfhocal fírinneach fiadhnach :
fearr beagán cloinne ná clann ;
laogh gach bó da mbé san mhachadh
ní hé as mhó ar an achadh ann.

10. Ar aonmhac ní hoircheas ceasacht,
ris an gCoimdhe ní cóir gleic ;
gidh cubhra gach slat mhín mheasa,
bídh mac nach measaináid meic.

11. An mac bearar d'éis a athar
áitigheas teallach go té
re a bhráithribh nó go dtí teimheal ;
táirthir ní fa dheireadh dé.

12. Fiacha Fionnoladh flaith Éirionn
éanmhac do fhágaibh do chloinn ;
i n-a leith do Thuathaibh Teamhra
ar mbeith Tuathail Bhearbha a mbroinn.

13. Tig an mháthair muime Thuathail
dá thógbhail go teach na Niall
go rug Tuathal Teachtmhar Teamhrach
ruathar neartmhar seabhrach siar.

14. Torchair leis a n-íoc a athar
airdrí Gaoidheal is an ghreis ;
do ghabh Éirinn a muigh Mhidhe
ar nguin Fhéilim Line leis.

15. A mbroinn do fágbhadh flaith Gaoidheal
ar nguin Chumhuill, castar riom,
fear dar aithéirigh an fhéile,
flaithfhéinnidh na Féinne Fionn.

16. Cormac mhac Airt airdrí Banbha
a mbroinn d'fhágbháil do b'fhíor soin ;
Teamhair Dá Thí fhuair dá éise
do bhí a n-uaimh Chéise fa choin.

17. A mbroinn do fágbhadh flaith Oiligh
Aodh Ó Neill 's gan ní 'n-a láimh,
is an tachar ar Muigh Macha
ar nguin athar flatha Fáil.

18. An mac ógsa, airdrí Bearnais,
a mbroinn d'fhágbháil aobhdha an ghein ;
go mbé an ghéag a Dhé 'n-a daraigh,
[gurab é] séad samhail sein.

19. Ní héidir gan iomad daoine
ag Ua Dhomhnaill Droma Cró ;
uathadh gun rígh ó Mhuigh Mheadha
tír ris nach fuil deala dhó.

20. Ní hoircheas cronachadh Connacht
fa chuidioghadh ar cloinn Néill,
fáilleagan fionn catha Céise
lionn bracha Déise bu dhéin.

21. Ní córa cronughadh Mumhan
fa mhac Domhnuill gidh [dál] trom
mac d'inghin soin do Mhóir Mhumhan
froigh óir do tughadh go trom.

22. Gach fear ar sál suaill nach aithnidh
re hairdrígh Conuill—ní cealg—
ó do tógbhadh a dtoigh Shuibhne
toir ógdhamh Bruighne dá Bhearg.

23. Féachaid 'n-a meanmoin mná Éirionn
ó Fhiodh Ghaibhle go Gleann Róidh,
bean a hairdfhine ní fhoghbhaim
gan chairdine Í Dhomhnaill dóibh.

24. Do mhnáibh síl Mhurchadha a Maisdin
re mnaoi d'iarraidh gidh eadh raibh,
ingheana Cláir lionnbháin Laighean
ní hiomnáir dháibh aigheadh air.

25. Dá sirinn ó Chuaille an Cheapáin
cúigeadh Connacht go Cill Ró
snáthad chaol gheal nocha gheabha
bean shaor gan a deala dhó.

26. Maith a mháthair, maith a athair,
álainn a cheann, caomh a chorp,
ní fhuil toradh géige is ghloine ;
moladh bréige oile is olc.

27. Domhnall mhac Domhnaill Uí Dhomhnuill
damhna ríogh Theamhra Dhá Thí;
[treabhraidh] ar tuinn oirir aga
oiridh do luing fhada í.
Do fhidir.

Translation

1. God knew Conall's race to be exposed anew to trouble; (then) in its love (for them) Colam's heart visited the good race of curly-haired Conall.

2. The nobles of the Éirne were in sore strait on the chieftain's death; (then) there came in from the sea a youth who removed from that host their hook of misery.

3. When they had heard of his crossing it, scarce any of them remained with him (D. Mór); the news of his (Domhnall Óg's) presence with choicest troops of the Éirne seemed to them as though his father had risen up from the grave.

4. Conall's race had not given up hope of (?) Domhnall of Druim Cuinn; the news of his arrival at white-shored Ros Guill had not been definitely announced to the former chieftain (i.e. D. Mór).

5. The highest nut on its branch had come to join the chieftain's company; a cluster from that tree came to crowd the tent of the race of noble Séadna (i.e. Í Dhomhnaill).

6. This was Domhnall Ó Domhnaill; he set aflame the embers that had died; he drove the darkness from the face of the sun; he took in his hands the kingdom.

7. Domhnall, son of Éigneachan of Fána, the chief prop holding up Inis Fáil, the strong joist under the hearth of Conall, had been blessed of yore by the lips of holy Colum.

8. Lasairfhíona, daughter of Mór, was mother of dark-cloaked Domhnall; he was as great as his brother's father; his mother too yields the palm to her son.

9. A saying, true and well attested is: "better oft a few children than a (numerous) family"; if every cow in a milking-yard has a calf with her each of these can not be the best in the field!

10. 'Tis wrong to repine at having only one son, 'tis wrong to struggle against the Lord; though a smooth many-fruited branch is ever welcome, a single son is often as good as many.

11. A son born after his father's death is vigorous in founding a hearth; thus obscurity comes over his relations and in the end the property becomes his.

12. Fiacha Fionnoladh, Prince of Éire, left but one son; while Tuathal of Bearbha was yet in the womb, the Tuatha of Teamhair rallied to him.

13. The nursing-mother of Tuathal Teachtmhar of Teamhair trained him to go to the House of the Nialls and then he made his strong vigorous push to the West.

14. To avenge his father he slew in fight the Gaoidhil's High-king; on the plain of Midhe he slew Féilim of Line and seized on Éire.

15. Fionn, Prince of Gaoidhil, the Fian's lordly chief, was, I find, yet in the womb when Cumhall was slain; 'twas Fionn who made hospitality flourish again.

16. 'Tis true too that Cormac the son of Art was left (by his father) in the womb; he spent some time suckled by a hound (?) in the cave of Céis and thereafter conquered Teamhair.

17. In the womb too the Prince of Oileach was left, Aodh Ó Néill when the father of that Prince of Fál was despoiled of all things and was slain on the plain of Macha.

18. Blessed too be this child, the Prince of Bearnas, also left in the womb; may that branch grow one day to be an oak; may that be a true similitude for him!

19. Domhnall can not fail to have a numerous following; this Prince from Magh Meadha can name few lands which have not some connexion with him.

20. We should not object to Connachta (i.e. Lasairfhíona, dau. of Cathal Ó Conchobhair), that fair darling (?) of the troop of Céis, that rich ale of Déise, bringing new strength to the Í Neill.

21. Nor do we object to Mumha being in the ancestry of Ó Domhnaill—this is a weighty consideration—(for) he is son of the daughter of Mór of Mumha (i.e. dau. of Domhnall Mór Ó Briain), that wall of gold thickly covered (with ornamentation).

22. Almost all men, 'tis true, who dwell by the sea are known to the chief of Conall; he, young Ox of Bruighean dá Bhearg, won them over when he was being reared in the house of Suibhne.

23. The ladies of Éire from Fiodh Gaibhle to Gleann Róidh look to him in love; I can find no lady of any noble stock who has not some link with Ó Domhnaill.

24. If he be set on seeking a wife from among the women of the seed of Murchadh of Maisde 'tis no disgrace for the daughters of the fair-watered plain of Laighin to come to him.

25. Were I to search the Province of Connachta from Cuaille an Cheapáin to Ceall Ró, no noble lady plying her sharp bright needle can he find who has not some connexion with him.

26. Goodly his mother, goodly his father, handsome his head, fair his form; there is no nobler fruit on any branch; all untruthful praise is wrong.

27. Domhnall, son of Domhnall Ó Domhnaill is heir to the lordship of Da Thí's Teamhair; his progress (?) over the surface of the land is like (that of) a long galley.

TEXTUAL NOTES

MSS.: 23 F 16, 109 (F); Rawlinson B 514, f. 69 (Irish Texts ii 5) (R). Text is F with noteworthy variants from R. Stt. 4, 5, 19 not in F; 26 not in R. 1*b*. cuir F; tar R *d*. ca. co. ca. FR 2*a*. -ri F *b*. -ion mhor F *c*. mhuigh F *d*. bhacain F 3*a*. Do cualaidh cach ag te. F *c*. fiudh le ha. F; *leg*. leo? *d*. cuain F 7*d*. chaigh F 8*c*. bra. R *d*. don R 9*a*. Focal sean re fire fia. F *c*. ara ma. R *d*. an *abest* F 10*d*. ina R 11*a*. bearthar F *c*. ti a te. R 12*b*. da chl. F *d*. bea. FR 13*a*. Ruc a ma. muines R *b*. co techt a ciall R 14*c*. dar R 15*b*. caisdigh F, caistar R *c*. a neri R 16*b*. dob fior sion F *d*. fa chion F 17*d*. athar *abest* F 18*d*. e gurab F, a dhe rob R 20*a*. crothn. F *b*. cuitiogh- F *c*. foillecan R *d*. br. a nd. F 21*a* crothn. F *b*. dam F, damh R *c*. mac ingine do R *d*. findbili sloigh ul- oll R 22*a*. na. oide R *b*. air. F, dairdrig co. is ni R *c*. sui. FR *d*. be. FR 23*a*. -aidh F, Fech- bar menma a mna R *b*. gl. ro F *c*. bfogbaim F *d*. do cairdsine F; do F 24*a*. mnaoisi F *b*. mnaoi fire gidh F *c*. dingheanoibh F; linngl- R *d*. hinb- R 25*b*. cuige F *c*. deaimheas ca. F *d*. tsha. R 26*c*. bhfuil F *d*. oile, *as sometimes occurs, seems used for* uile *here* 27*b*. ri F *c*. treb- R, treabhaidh F

PATER RUPERT MAYER, S.J.

obiit 1945

BY PROFESSOR MARY M. MACKEN, M.A.

IN *The Universe* of the 14 December 1945 there appeared the following announcement: "Father Rupert Mayer S.J., former president of the German Holy Name Society and one of the earliest Catholic opponents of Hitlerism, has died in Munich after a stroke while offering Mass. He was 70. Fr. Mayer, who lost a leg in the first World War, was sent to a concentration camp for a long period for the strong stand he took against Nazi measures restricting freedom of worship. R.I.P." This all too brief notice told his friends in these islands that one of Germany's great heroic figures in the Christian sphere had left our human scene. He has left it the poorer for his passing. Some fanatics of recent ideologies—I believe they are few—deem the Christian virtues incompatible with what they call the heroic. If such folly were worth a protest, Christian Germany in the twentieth as in every other century could offer the protester many examples to the contrary. None could be more outstanding than his valiant Swabian, spiritual son of the soldier saint of Loyola.

It is one of the lesser griefs of many of us who suffered in sympathy with beleaguered Europe that, for six years, we knew and indeed still know so little of the friends we had made before darkness fell. It was my privilege in pre-war days to know of and in 1934 to meet in Munich Pater Mayer, then one of the priests of the Michaeliskirche. In that "city of the movement," as it was called after 1933, he—undaunted by Party or Policy, Communist or National Socialist—had carried on, in the troubled period between two world wars, an ardent apostleship of Prayer, Preaching and Work. My knowledge of him was partly derived from a young friend of his and mine, partly from an autobiographical work *Führung und Geleit* by Hans Carossa, who recently and until the fall of Germany was President of the Reich's Association of German Writers. I do not know if he is still alive. He is 68 and in 1942 produced a further instalment of his autobiography *Das Jahr der Schönen Täuschungen* —an account of his first University Year in Munich. Some of his early books are in English translations, and his poems are sometimes broadcast in cultural programmes from the German stations.

Since I had in 1930 discovered for myself in the ship's library of the *Milwaukee*, a Hamburg-Amerika liner plying between New York and Cuxhaven, the first two prose volumes of Carossa, *Eine Kindheit* and *Verwandlung einer Jugend*, I kept a sharp look-out for that writer's all too rare appearances in print. I soon learnt that he was a Bavarian medical doctor—partly of Italian origin on his father's side, Swabian

on his mother's. His father's family had practised medicine for at least one generation in the Bavarian countryside ; he was to continue the tradition. His mother had had him sent to a College for Boys in Landshut controlled by religious. Dr. Carossa senior was a non-practising Catholic. Hans had then graduated in medicine in Munich, then and later making contact with the remarkable poets of that period—the Austrian Hugo von Hofmannsthal so well known as the writer of the libretto for so many of the Salzburg festival performances, the Rhinelander Stefan George, the Prague-born German Rilke, and many others. Carossa early experimented in verse and is now a poet of distinction.

It was characteristic of this country practitioner—medicine was " in his blood "—that, on the outbreak of war in 1914, he did not wait to be called up but volunteered for medical service. He was sent for training to Augsburg, where his mother had been at a convent school and near where her people still lived. Characteristic too of the man is the pleasure he took in the broad, homely Swabian speech, expression of a direct and simple mode of living. When Carossa went to France in 1915, he was moved at once to the front line. There, ignorant as he was of field practice, he was in danger of being sent back to the base to learn his job ; but, after a spirited protest which impressed his chief, he was allowed to remain. A period of nervous tension followed ; there was " activity " on the Somme, and the young doctor was in dire need of physical and spiritual help. Again it is characteristic that he found the first in his Red Cross Sergeant, a former Augsburg postal official, and the second in the proximity and personality of the divisional chaplain Pater Rupert Mayer S.J., who was the first military priest he had encountered at the front. The Pater's field-grey uniform with the violet facings came no doubt, at first sight, as a shock of surprise after the soutane of Landshut, well separated as he was from those by the space of life between. Luck favoured the doctor in both his " aides ". Both sergeant and priest were Swabian—the latter preserving, through all the refinement of his speech, the flavour of Carossa's mother's homeland.

Thirteen pages of the poet physician's beautiful *Führung und Geleit* (Guides and Companions) are devoted to the evocation of the personality of Pater Mayer and to an account of his wounding. For it was with Carossa's division—but on the Roumanian front facing the Russians—that this non-combatant priest lost his leg, exposing himself to enemy fire while shielding with his very body a soldier who had many dependents on him at home. These pages so finely worded and finely integrated into the poet's own story will, I hope, live when wars shall have become " old, unhappy, far-off things " sung in quiet fields by German no less than non-German reapers, all unconscious then of their one-time weight of horrors. I should like to give some excerpts from those parts dealing with the soldier-priest, whose way of life was so near and yet so remote

from that of the doctor-poet that one feels their lives must have intersected to some more enduring purpose than that so beautifully delineated in the book. I translate freely and omit passages not so relevant to the theme :—

" It was about 5 a.m. According to a signpost Paris was less than 90 kilometers away. My orderly and I were hurrying past Amy when we met a rider on a black horse. ' The divisional chaplain is early on the road again,' said my guide. The chaplain was the first priest I had met at the front. His uniform was a deeper grey than ours, which was greenish. Etched against the monotonous background, his face stood out. A face so full of decision would have been striking in any assemblage. In the dim light of dawn it had a yellowish pallor and looked narrow and sharp. The deep-set eyes were not without traces of weariness ; but his whole person was so expressive of a disciplined dignity, so alive with good will, so serene and easy that physical exhaustion did not show itself. The priest reined in his horse, asked if I was the new medical officer, leant across to shake hands, wished me luck and rode on. I felt as if there were a special consideration for me in the refined Swabian accents of a speech that recalled my Augsburg kinsfolk.

" There are faces which betray that their owner once stood at a parting of the ways and that, as he journeyed along one or the other path, the whole man was being formed and fashioned—for earth or heaven. Pater Mayer was such a blend, natural and spiritual, of priest and soldier as I had not before encountered. I felt that he was a man who could never again find it difficult to keep the very hardest vows. Even if my companion had not told me that he was a Jesuit, I would have instantly thought of Ignatius of Loyola. Had not he also been an officer, become monk only after a ball had smashed his leg in the citadel of Pampeluna ? My orderly's heart swelled as he spoke of the priest. He told me that he was not well, but refused to go to hospital or spare himself in the least, gladly taking on any and every task till it seemed a miracle that he was still alive. In the fighting on the Somme he had exposed himself more than anyone of the men, refusing to take cover under the heaviest bombardment, seeking out and consoling the dying everywhere as if he himself had a charmed life

" This praise of the priest kept coming back to me in the days that followed—especially when, as a result of my altered mode of living, I began to be dogged by ill-health . . . Daily I was tempted to prescribe hospital for myself, but took instead little handfuls of aspirin and opium tablets . . . These poisons relieved me for the time being, but upset my stomach. In the long run I found it more efficacious to think hard of the quiet priest who, by all accounts, had endured far worse without reducing his work one iota. In my despair I clung desperately to the

pattern he had set, forcing him to divert on to me as it were the strength he drew from The Invisible. So I got through my days and nights. Pater Mayer and I met often; occasionally too we occupied the same sleeping tent or sat opposite one another at mess. But we never got beyond a general friendly conversation. I was a little awkward in his presence, perhaps because I felt somehow like a thief who keeps on, with an innocent smile, talking to the man whom he has been secretly robbing. When he once said that I looked badly—he probably was looking much worse himself—I assured him that my looks meant nothing, but I was aware that I blushed. Often when chatting with the men I felt in them the impact of his spirit, and I knew that, in the battalion to which we both belonged, things would not have been so pleasant if he were not there.

"Pater Mayer had never asked for medical attendance from me. It was a black day for the division when he came to stand in need of our services. On the second last day of 1916 we had orders to take the Vada Height from the Russians, who were firmly entrenched straight above our heads. For two hours our artillery had prepared the assault, and the enemy were answering with increasing violence when my servant, looking upset, reported that our chaplain lay in the Sulta Valley gravely wounded in the leg. He was, he said, still alive, but looked like death. Curiously enough the first thought that flashed through my mind was: the shattered leg of St. Ignatius. I hastened with my assistant, Dr. Rouge, a fellow-countryman of mine from the Bavarian Forest, along the base of the Vada Height. I shall never forget the atmosphere that day nor the appearance of the country-side. A warm Föhn wind was blowing and, though the sky was gray and overcast, the air was extraordinarily transparent; a frozen waterfall on the western slope, looking like a twice-broken staircase, had begun to thaw and its edges were gleaming like mother-of-pearl; between faded tall fern fronds, which looked like white paper cut-outs, little violet-coloured fungi still stood erect, like flowers. At the entrance to the valley a man with a steel helmet came towards us. Pointing to one of the shepherd huts which are to be found scattered everywhere in these wooded mountains, he said that the wounded priest had been brought in there. The little moss-grown blockhouse was close to the pine-clad slope, in the rocky angles and interstices of which the German mine-throwers and guns were concealed. Running up the slope, we saw to right and left the falling rain of shells. But they were of small calibre and most of them stayed on the ground without exploding. Four stretcher-bearers from the Red Cross arrived almost simultaneously, coming from the opposite direction. A beautiful Scotch sheep-dog with a red cross on his collar, who had been in the habit of accompanying Pater Mayer on his rounds, was dashing distracted backwards and forwards in front of the closed door, perpetually scared back by the shells. In

the hut the floor was unboarded ; the priest lay wrapped in his cloak in a pool of blood. His face and hands were corpse-like, but his whole appearance had taken on a boyish youthfulness. The smile with which he greeted us was clear and intelligent. It gave us—what we needed—the proper courage for our task.

" After the bleeding had stopped, Dr. Rouge put a splendid bandage on the hopelessly mutilated lower thigh. He did it with the devout attention which I had always admired in him, seeming to be unaware of our uncannily precarious situation. The enemy would, we felt, not think this gimcrack hut worth bombarding ; but they were looking for a near target and there was no reason why they should spare the hut. In any case I was aware that heavy shells were now coming over, some even roaring low over our heads ; that the ground heaved and swayed from the rain of shot which grew heavier and came nearer at every instant ; that a bomb splinter had pierced the wooden side of the hut and that the dog outside the door had given one prolonged cry . . . Whilst I was trying with injections to strengthen the patient's heart, now beating very feebly, I knew that the next second might mean the end of the little blockhouse and of all that were in it . . . Suddenly it struck me that all was quiet outside ; the Russian guns were plastering other parts of the valley, and meanwhile we had been doing the best we could for our wounded friend in this miserable dressing station. Pater Mayer began to speak now, but so softly that we had to put our ears to his mouth to catch what he said. He uttered neither wish not complaint, but apologised for the eternal moaning and groaning—of which, indeed, neither of us doctors was aware. The almost toneless voice betrayed no pain or anxiety ; on the contrary. A secret joy seemed to vibrate as it were behind it, and we would have been ashamed to voice any pity for him.

" The man who lay on that blood-stained floor still kept, in that miserable condition, his air of singular command over himself. We felt that his life was ordered according to a plan, that the possibility of the present misfortune had been taken into account and was most certainly not entered up as a loss. I never realized more clearly than now the difference between the man whose fierce instincts keep him as it were a prisoner of life and the man who has renounced the world, translating his urges into terms of the spiritual. When we ordinary people take our leave of this life, there remains always as it were a balance of something not quite clarified, not fully worked out. This man of God soared heavenwards like a Bach sonata in which the theme, called forth out of the mysterious deeps of the creative, is developed in movements of simple splendour to be dissolved in perfect harmony at the close.

" But the big task for us doctors at the moment was to delay as long as possible the—what seemed to us—impending close of our friend's

life and to rush him with all speed to Sostelek. We took counsel with the bearers. They were of opinion that the enemy would not molest the transport of wounded, and they declared themselves ready to carry Pater Mayer by the shortest route through the open valley. They laid him wrapped in blankets on the stretcher and, lifting their burden on to their shoulders, went lightly and swiftly on their way. The dog's joy was boundless; loudly barking he kept jumping round the group, only snatching an odd minute now and again to lick a flesh wound from which his flank was bleeding. Rouge and I hastened back to the divisional dressing station from which we had been too long absent . . . The division, seeing perhaps a bad omen in the loss of their priest, resolved to abandon the attack. The Russians, too, made no stir . . . In the evening we learnt that Pater Mayer had stood the amputation well; that four liters of sodium chloride solution had gradually been inserted into the blood passage; and that he was beginning to recover."

I do not know if these two friends ever again met after the campaigns of 1915–1917; they may well not have done so, though Carossa must have been often in Munich as he was practising in the neighbourhood of Passau, where he subsequently settled down as a writer. It is true that neither had arrived at a more intimate relation after their pleasant encounter in the early dawn in France. It was so, perhaps, because the awkwardness which one of them felt in the nearer presence of the other may have had a more truly metaphysical cause than the suggested one of the surgeon's theft from the priest's hidden source of strength. Indeed Carossa's way of hinting at his failure to contact the chaplain is not altogether unfamiliar to students of the doctor-poet's allusiveness and suggestive symbolism. It may well have been the man's unfailing delicacy and discretion in putting his problem and the equal delicacy and discretion of the priest—or, on a somewhat different plane, Carossa's unerring sense of the sanctities of Catholic life and action in which, after all, he had been born and bred. Let us admire that delicate discretion and respect those sanctities, which are ours as well as his. If the poet still lives—which we may hope, for he is two years younger than his one-time patient and his life has been far less exposed—he may well have paid a poet's tribute to the dead, which would be a fitting pendant to his memorial to a soldier of Christ whose life he prolonged for other and seemingly less heroic battles.

On that early Spring day in 1934 when I sat with Pater Mayer in his room in Munich, I asked him whether he had yet read Carossa's book. He had not, and he quite obviously knew nothing of its author's evocation of his personality and its significance for every man seasoned or unseasoned in the division. After I had been a while in his room and had become aware of the ceaseless telephonic and other calls on his

physical and spiritual energies, I realised how little leisure he had for aesthetic joys and how indifferent he was to anything that merely concerned himself. Carossa the physician had well diagnosed this life-long follower of the Exercises of St. Ignatius and Carossa the artist had outlined him equally well.

In 1934 the tempo of National Socialist activity in the religious field had not yet attained its maximum and Pater Mayer still preached without hindrance. But he had no illusions as to the grave errors of the movement or the responsibility of the Leader as well as of his subordinates for the threats to the Christian Life. When these became realities ; when the religious orders were being directly or indirectly persecuted and Catholic education was gradually ceasing to be operative, it was only to be expected that this fearless man of God would speak openly from the pulpit. His arrest—long postponed, for few dared lay hands on the apostle of the poor and the outcast—and his trial followed in 1937. It was my good fortune to read at the time the notes of a trial which reflected credit on judges and counsel alike. Nowhere was there a trace of the venom which was too often a feature of the prosecution at the other clerical trials of that unhappy period. The accused priest was treated with every consideration : judges, counsel and witnesses vied with one another in their efforts to acquit the man to whose personal prestige the trial bore abundant witness. An unwilling Court found him guilty of an offence against National Socialist law. The sentence was six month's imprisonment in a fortress. There may have been some idea of paying honour to a former " Front Soldier " whom the Fuhrer himself had once on the occasion of a Jubilee honoured with a personal letter. I write without references, but I think I remember that the fortress was Landsberg, Adolf Hitler's place of confinement in 1923. There Pater Mayer could daily celebrate Mass, and on his release he disclaimed any suffering—protesting to all enquirers that he was but the better for his enforced rest.

I never heard Pater Mayer speak from the pulpit ; but the young friend from whom I learned so much about him and who owed him much wrote me that, when he preached the sermon on the occasion of her marriage, there was not a dry eye in the congregation. I can vouch for the fact that the members of that congregation, some of whom I knew well, were no sentimentalists. They were hard-headed and some even not invariably friendly disposed to Mother Church, unless they had perhaps become so in the days of her tribulation. But Pater Mayer's ardent spirit was as a flame that enkindled. Is it not Goethe who says :

Wenn Ihr's nicht fühlt
Ihr werdet's nicht erjagen.

This Jesuit seemed to me a very Hound of Heaven. The trophies of the chase were his by every right.

In the War Years I read of Pater Mayer's confinement in the same concentration camp as Pastor Niemöller. It was probably his punishment for preaching against the restrictions on Church Worship as the *Universe* records in its notice. Previous to the war the Jesuit had been more mildly treated than his Protestant colleague, the onetime U-boat commander. That he survived such an experience is extraordinary and is perhaps a testimony to his influence on his captors. His health, never good, had been seriously impaired by his war injuries ; and his face when I saw it in 1934 still bore, seventeen years after his experiences at the front, traces of continual physical suffering. But his voice remained full and strong, its marked south-west German flavour giving it an attractive homeliness. His manner was kind and friendly, making a direct approach easy for a foreigner like me. Indeed, after a few minutes in his company, I forgot that I was a foreigner.

I did not think then and I do not think now that this heroic man's Swabian origin was an " accidental ". It seemed to me an essential of his personality and of what I like to call his prowess. Swabia played a remarkable part in the history of Das Heilige Römische Reich Deutscher Nation. It was the cradle of the Hohenstaufen and partly also of the Habsburg emperors. Its towns, with their sonorous names, had always jealously defended their rights and privileges against the feudal lords, so that the German ballad is full of their clashes and clamours. The country has many of the cultural and physical features of the Scotch Border. Its early Celtic inhabitants may have left their mark on its mountains, plains, and even people before they were finally driven out by the Teutons. When I read in the notes of Pater Mayer's trial the priest's answers to questions put to him, I thought I could detect, in the challenge to injustice and wrong, the very accents of the Swabian fighters of long ago. For there are many fields on which a fighting race may give battle ; the weapons too are varied—secret or revealed. Pater Rupert was girt with the sword of the spirit, which he surrendered only to Him, Whose " man " he was and in whose name he worked to the end. He died at the altar. May his valiant spirit rest in peace !

MARY M. MACKEN

THE BOLLANDISTS: PAST AND PRESENT

BY AUBREY GWYNN, S.J.

ONE of many pleasant memories is my memory of a visit to Brussels on my way through to Louvain in the autumn of 1919. The war that we now know as World War I had ended less than twelve months before our arrival in Belgium, and tragically devastated war-areas were all too visible : not least in Louvain, our final destination. We lodged for a few days at the Jesuit College of Saint-Michel, built on one of the great boulevards which old King Leopold had planned as part of his general scheme to make Brussels not too unworthy a rival of Paris. The college is a vast affair of brick, with endless corridors ; but two Irish Jesuits on their way to Louvain were sure of a welcome, for there had been a long tradition of friendly contacts between the two " Provinces " of Belgium and Ireland. My most vivid memory is of an old, but still amazingly vigorous priest, whose name was famous throughout Europe as president and principal organiser of the small group of Jesuit scholars who were carrying on the work, then more than three hundred years old, of the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum*. Father Hippolyte Delehaye was never a man who sought to impress strangers by an assumed or artificial dignity. As soon as he heard that two young Irish Jesuits had come to the house, he was down at once to meet them over their first hastily-prepared supper, eager to hear news of his Irish friends and to make sure that we had everything we needed after our journey from London. It was my good fortune that Father Delehaye had been personally interested in my grandfather's work on the Book of Armagh—for he himself was then working on an elaborate study of the vast materials that have come down to us from the Middle Ages concerning the life and legend of St. Martin. I thus carried personal greetings from one who had died during the recent war-years to one who had survived, but who was destined to die himself in the spring of 1941, when World War II was at its height and the future of Belgium was once again darkened by the shadows of conquest and foreign occupation. When I first met Father Delehaye in 1919, he was still fresh from his experiences of a German prison-camp ; and all Belgium knew that he had been one of the principal organisers of the illegal newsprint, *La Libre Belgique*, which was so powerful an element in fostering Belgian national resistance to the German army of occupation. It is sad to think that he lived to see his country once more overrun by German soldiers and that he died at a moment when hopes of freedom must have seemed remote, even to so staunch a believer in the political future of his fellow-countrymen.

Father Hippolyte Delehaye had joined the Bollandist community as far back as 1891, when Father Charles De Smedt was the senior member of the little company. By birth he was a native of Antwerp, and he had been taught his humanities at the Jesuit school in that city. Even as a young Jesuit student (he had entered the novitiate of Arlon in 1876) he had shown special aptitude for historical research : it was typical of the man that, when they sent him to teach mathematics and natural science at Ghent, he produced an essay for the *Précis historiques* on " The Plants of the Bible." His first serious effort at historical criticism was even more characteristic. In 1885 Father Franz Ehrle (later Cardinal and Librarian of the Vatican) published a short biographical study of the famous scholastic theologian Henry of Ghent. More than one local family in Ghent claimed kinship, however distant, with the *Doctor Sollemnis* of the Schools, and Father Ehrle's essay started a good deal of amateur discussion in the newspapers of Flanders. Young Hippolyte Delehaye (he was not yet a priest) could not resist the temptation. He set himself to study the question seriously from authentic documents, and ended by publishing his *Nouvelles Recherches sur Henri de Gand* which were not always to the taste of some well-to-do families in Ghent, but which immediately drew a letter of congratulation and encouragement from Father De Smedt in Brussels. It was the beginning of a friendship which soon opened the way to the Bollandist Library, and eventually to work which was to make the name of Hippolyte Delehaye almost synonymous with the critical study of hagiography.

Godefroid Kurth had already organised his historical Seminar at Liège, and Henri Pirenne was lecturing on the history of Belgium in Brussels ; Cumont, Bidez and Parmentier were teaching in the classical faculties of Ghent and Liège. Belgium had good reason to be proud of her scholars, and Father De Smedt was rightly eager to renew the ancient but somewhat dilapidated glories of the Bollandist tradition. Father Peeters has recently published a critical survey of more than three centuries of Bollandist history, which he read before the Académie royale de Belgique in the summer of 1941.[1] The tercentenary of the publication of Rosweyde's *Vitae Patrum*—a work which may justly be claimed as the starting-point of the long Bollandist tradition—should have been celebrated in 1915, but was postponed owing to the occupation of Brussels by the Germans. In 1920 Father Delehaye published a popular sketch of Bollandist history under the title : *A travers trois siècles : l'oeuvre des Bollandistes*, 1615-1915. Father Peeters makes free use of this earlier narrative in his more recent volume, but he has had the advantage of greater leisure for preparation, and has made full use of contemporary records and diaries, as well as of the printed biographies of various Bollandist scholars which have

[1] *L'Oeuvre des Bollandistes.* Par P. Peeters, S.J. Mémoires de l' Académie royale de Belgique, (XXXIX : 1942).

appeared from time to time in one or other volume of the *Acta Sanctorum*. His essay may thus be taken as a final estimate of the gigantic work accomplished by a long line of Belgian Jesuit hagiographers, from Rosweyde and Bollandus in the early seventeenth century to De Smedt and Delehaye and Poncelet—and others who are still happily with us and who maintain the same noble tradition. Those who know Father Peeters personally will recognise the man in the grace and distinction of his style, the alert sensitiveness to every critical problem, and (last but not least) the quiet sense of humour.

Rosweyde was the first to plan a complete *Acta Sanctorum*, which was to include the lives of Our Lord and Our Lady and be complete in twelve folio volumes, one for each month of the year ! His edition of the Roman Martyrology, which was printed at Antwerp in 1613, was no more than a foretaste of what was to be expected from a vaster scheme ; it was followed in 1615 by his *Vitae Patrum*. But seventeenth-century controversies were endless in their ramifications and complexities ; and Rosweyde, who let himself become entangled in these disputes, had got no farther with his projected *Acta Sanctorum* when he died in 1629. Father John Bollandus was then Prefect of Studies at the Jesuit college in Malines. He was ordered to leave Malines for Antwerp, look through Rosweyde's papers and notes, and report to the Father Provincial. Those who insist that prudence is the Queen of Virtues—and who act accordingly —will smile cynically when they read that Bollandus offered to undertake the work of editing the *Acta Sanctorum* from Rosweyde's rough notes whilst, at the same time, acting as ordinary confessor in the Jesuit church at Antwerp and directing a sodality for which he had to prepare a Latin exhortation every week. But the Belgian Provincial, Father James Van der Straeten, was a man of big ideas, and he gave his full sanction to the proposal. Daniel Papebroch, who was to do more than any other man in the next three centuries to forward this immense enterprise, was perhaps justified in commenting on this decision when he wrote a formal obituary notice on Bollandus in 1665 : " Thank God that neither Bollandus nor his Father Provincial knew just what they were undertaking ! " That is always the way. You cannot get big work done unless you have big ideas.

The first two volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum* appeared simultaneously in 1643, sixteen years after Rosweyde's death. They covered, more or less adequately, the saints whose feast-days fall in January. Godfrey Henschenius had joined Bollandus in 1635, and his name appears beneath the name of Bollandus on the title-page of these first two folio volumes. Daniel Papebroch, whom Father Delehaye always honoured as the ideal Bollandist (and who could be a better judge ?), did not join the small company until 1660, five years before the death of Bollandus. From that date to the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773, the work went

forward under a succession of Belgian Jesuit editors. Henschenius lived to see his name on the title-page of fourteen folio volumes, and he had collaborated in no less than twenty-four volumes, some of which appeared after his death. Papebroch, who lived to begin his eighty-seventh year and collaborated in the publication of nineteen volumes, did battle for full forty years in defence of the *Acta Sanctorum* which were threatened, throughout almost all his lifetime, by a formal condemnation of the Holy Office. *Erant gigantes in diebus istis* !

The majestic progress of publication was uninterrupted during the first half of the eighteenth century, though the quality of the work undoubtedly declined. Prudence was then, more than ever, an inevitable counsellor, since the Spanish Inquisition had condemned Papebroch's opinions as heretical in 1695 ; and the Spanish Inquisition claimed jurisdiction in the Netherlands ! This unjust sentence was not revoked until a year after Papebroch's death (1714). Nor is it humanly possible to maintain for ever the first fine careless rapture of days when great work is planned with the zest and youthful enthusiasm of pioneers. Father Peeters is as conscientiously critical in his survey of this period as in his narrative of the great days when Papebroch was at the helm ; and he has done full justice to the less spectacular work of men like John Baptist Du Sollier and John Pien (*Pinius*). By this time the Bollandist community had established an organised correspondence with all the scholars of Europe, Lutheran and Calvinist as well as Catholic ; and Father Peeters notes that Father Du Sollier left registers or letter-books in which he had summarised the contents of more than twelve thousand letters. These international contacts, which are to-day a much-valued inheritance of the modern Bollandists, had been initiated in an earlier generation when Henschenius and young Daniel Papebroch had gone abroad through the libraries of Italy and France, and had noted a vast quantity of manuscript material which still awaited critical investigation. These tours of inspection have been renewed in our own day. They are indeed an urgent necessity for workers whose inquiries must cover so wide a field of Western and Eastern European history.

There is little to be gained from re-telling here the sad story of the Suppression as it affected the small Bollandist community. For many years before the date of the actual blow Jesuits had felt that disaster was at hand ; and there was a very natural desire to save the Bollandist tradition from total extinction. For a few years it seemed possible that the three surviving Bollandists of the suppressed Society—Fathers Cornelius De Bye, James De Bue and Ignatius Hubens—might be permitted to continue their work under the high patronage of no less a personage than the Empress Maria Theresa. It is characteristic of this " Age of Enlightened Despotism " that the Empress made it plain that the *Acta Sanctorum* should be finished, once and for all, without further delay. (The third

volume of the series dealing with the feasts of October had appeared in 1770 ; it covered no more than three days, October 5-6-7). Maria Theresa died towards the end of 1780, and her ' enlightened ' son had no interest at all in hagiographical studies. Various efforts were made to keep the work from final collapse, but an ecclesiastical commission of the type which understood the mind of Joseph II better than the Lives of the Saints decreed the suppression of the work in the autumn of 1788—adding insult to injury by naming All Saints Day of that year as the date on which the editors of the *Acta Sanctorum* should finally cease from their labours.

Father Peeters tells the rest of the story in a chapter which makes sad reading to-day, for one cannot help thinking of more recent disasters when one reads of the casual way in which notes that represented a century and a half of unremitting labour were carted from town to town, from one country to another. Much was lost in the next forty years ; but enough was saved to make it worth while, once Belgium had won her national independence in 1830, to contemplate a restoration of what then seemed to be a lost tradition. As early as 1826 a Dutch Minister of the Interior, acting on the orders of King William I of the Netherlands, had sent instructions to all the Governors of the various Dutch, Flemish and Walloon provinces, ordering them to collect and save from further destruction all surviving manuscripts and printed volumes from the former libraries of the Netherlands. The Bollandist library, or one great section of it, had been lodged for a while in the Premonstratensian Abbey of Tongerloo near Louvain. The few surviving members of this once famous community had saved a considerable mass of materials, among which were discovered no less than 392 volumes which could be identified as having once belonged to the former Bollandists. The Dutch plan was that everything should be transported to The Hague, but local feeling proved too strong for the Dutch administration to have its way. The Bollandist volumes—with much else that had been discovered throughout the southern provinces—were finally lodged in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, where they remain to this day. Most precious of all these relics were the *Collectanea Bollandiana* : great registers which contain, in strict chronological order for each day of the Christian year, all the manuscript materials which the older Bollandists had prepared for the completion or revision of their great work.

From 1830 onwards it became plain that an effort would be made for the reconstitution of the Bollandist community. After some rather naive proposals from other quarters, the Belgian Jesuits were formally invited by the new Belgian government to take up once more the task which had been so rudely interrupted more than fifty years earlier ; and a small annual subsidy was promised as a token of the nation's interest in the great work. There were all sorts of reasons for doubting the possible success of such a venture in a world that had been so much

altered since the days of Rosweyde and Bollandus and Henschenius and Papebroch. But the Jesuit Provincial, Father Peter Van Lil, had something of the spirit of the old days. He looked round him to see whether, in the midst of so many demands for more immediately practical work in school and church, he could spare the men who might give some hope of renewing a very ancient glory. His choice was made in 1837, when he nominated Father J. B. Boone, who had been Rector of the Collège Saint-Michel in Brussels, with Fathers Joseph Van der Moere, Joseph Van Hecke and Prosper Coppens as the first four members of a new Bollandist community.

Nominations of this kind do not carry much weight unless the men who have been chosen are equal to their task. The initial difficulties that faced the new Bollandists in 1837 were enough to discourage more than one of the first team of four. Name follows name in the list that Father Peeters publishes, with personal comments that reveal his own very human understanding of the almost intolerable burden that had been placed on their shoulders. There were no survivors of the old school, no books, no notes—save those that had been deposited in the Burgundian Library. The new Bollandists were not free to initiate a system of their own, but were perforce compelled to follow the ancient, strictly chronological system which meant in practice that each new volume of the series dealt with saints of every period and every country—thus imposing a gigantic task of critical research on each new editor. Man after man went down in the struggle. Some gave up in discouragement ; others threw themselves generously into the work only to find that their physical strength broke under the incessant strain. At last Father Victor De Buck joined the community in 1850, and the new Bollandists gained a worker whose intellectual gifts and unbounded enthusiasm, illuminated by a rare touch of genius, soon won them a secure place among the critical scholars of nineteenth-century Europe. Father Peeters, whose loyalty to the Bollandist tradition never stands in the way of his critical insight into the true scientific value of work done by his predecessors, does not hesitate to name Father Victor de Buck as the ablest Bollandist between Papebroch and Delehaye ; and his judgment commands respect. This valiant Belgian scholar gave twenty-five years of devoted work to the great task and collaborated in the production of six folio volumes. His own services to scientific hagiography—notably in a troublesome controversy as to the authenticity of many so-called relics of martyrs that had been discovered in the Roman catacombs—won him European fame. He was also the first Bollandist to appreciate the importance of Celtic hagiography.

For Father Peeters, as for Father Delehaye, the turning-point in modern Bollandist history comes with the nomination of Father Charles De Smedt in 1876. Father De Buck had died in that year, worn out in the end by his labours as consulting theologian to the Jesuit Father General during the sessions of the Vatican Council. Father De Buck had done work for

hagiography which no other man but himself would have dared to attempt ; but his success was the measure of his own great gifts and apparently boundless energy rather than of his ability to plan work as head of a corporate school. Father De Smedt was a far more cautious worker, who believed in looking well ahead before rashly venturing on some tempting but perhaps impracticable scheme. He had been a professor of theology in Louvain for some years, and had also worked as one of the editorial board of the French Jesuit review *Etudes religieuses*. Those who have read his short but masterly treatise *Principes de la critique historique*, first published at Liège in 1883, will know the man from his book. Less gifted than Father De Buck, he was far better suited for the work of training a school of critics. His greatest achievement, as he himself would be the first to admit, was that he trained workers like Father Hippolyte Delehaye, Father Albert Poncelet and Father Paul Peeters himself. The characteristic methods of modern Bollandism are an increasing tendency towards specialisation in some chosen field of hagiography ; priority given in plans of work to such necessary *subsidia* as the *Catalogus codicum hagiographicorum graecorum* or the *Bibliotheca hagiographica latina, graeca et orientalis* ; the foundation (in 1882) of a new and highly specialised periodical publication, known to all scholars as *Analecta Bollandiana*, in which critical texts and discussions can be printed that are unsuitable for publication in the great volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum*, and which at the same time makes it possible for modern Bollandists to undertake at least a partial revision of earlier and less scientific texts printed in the folio volumes of the old series. All these new ventures, and many others, are the direct result of Father De Smedt's bold planning and careful execution. He ranks with Godefroid Kurth, Franz Cumont, Henri Pirenne and a few others as one of the great names of Belgian scholarship in the last decades of the nineteenth century. His influence was carried forward to the first decade of this century, for death did not end his labours until the spring of 1911—a few weeks after the publication of the third volume of the *Acta Sanctorum* for November, on which he and his colleagues had been working for more than twenty years.

One inevitable result of these new methods was that publication of the great series of folio volumes inevitably became slower. During the thirty-five years of Father De Smedt's presidency (1876-1911), three folio volumes were published for the month of November. The first (1887) covered the first three days of the month ; the second (1894) covered one day and a half ; the third (1910) covered four days. Since then a fourth volume (1925) has covered two more days (Nov. 9-10) ; and Father Peeters tells us that Father Delehaye had left a fifth great folio volume, entirely devoted to the feasts of November 11, in so advanced a state of preparation that publication can be expected as soon as war-conditions make such a venture possible. The rate of progress is indeed slow ; but

a host of scholars have been unstinted in their praise. Those who jibe at the modern Bollandists, contrasting their productivity with the work of giants in earlier days, are treading on dangerous ground. Apart from the five folio volumes for November, in all of which he was himself a principal contributor, Father Delehaye produced, almost single-handed, three great folio volumes which are devoted to special problems of *Quellenkritik*; and it is the bare truth to say that each of these volumes has given future scholars a master-key with which to open innumerable closed doors.

The first of these three volumes appeared as far back as 1902. It contains a critical edition, with commentary, of the vast and most complicated Greek text of the *Synaxarium Ecclesiae Constantinopolitanae*. That work alone would place Father Delehaye's name high among the few great scholars who have devoted themselves in modern times to the problems of Byzantine history. But it has been supported and complemented by a long series of valuable texts and critical discussions, which Father Delehaye never ceased to contribute to his chosen organ, the *Analecta Bollandiana*. Turning from Byzantine to more general studies, Father Delehaye gave us two memorable essays in historical criticism when he published his *Légendes hagiographiques* in 1905 and his *Origines du Culte des Martyrs* in 1912. The long series of more technical articles and contributions was continued without interruption in the *Analecta* for the next thirty years; but Father Delehaye was concentrating more and more, during the last years of his life, on a task that was bound to attract, indeed to fascinate, a scholar of his personal interests and attainments. This was nothing less than a full critical text and commentary of the official Roman Martyrology, with its endlessly complicated textual history and its rabbit-warren of chronological and hagiographical problems. By a most apt coincidence he was thus drawn to attack, with all the multiple aids of modern science, the problems which Rosweyde had attacked in 1613. Those who venerated Father Delehaye in his lifetime for his courageous and persevering devotion to the duty that had been laid upon him by his vocation, will rejoice to know that this great task had been completed in 1941, when he died in his eighty-second year. A preliminary *Commentarius* had been published as a folio volume of 721 pages in 1931, taking its place in the series of *Acta Sanctorum* as a *Propylaeum* to the volumes on the month of November. The full critical text of the Roman Martyrology, with elaborate historical notes, was published in the last days of 1940, a few weeks before Father Delehaye's death. It is counted as the *Propylaeum* to a yet unpublished series of volumes on the month of December. Two such noble volumes are indeed a worthy climax to a great scholarly life—and we have yet to receive the unpublished folio volume on the feasts of November 11, with its elaborate study of the legend of St. Martin on which Father Delehaye had already been working for

some years when I first met him in 1919. Father Peeters, who was with him in his last illness and who was better able than any other to appreciate the intense religious fervour and faith which animated this great worker for the honour of the Saints, is surely justified when he suggests as a suitable epitaph for his friend the simple words which Father Delehaye had himself used in dedicating his work on *Les Origines du Culte des Martyrs* to the memory of his two colleagues, Fathers De Smedt and Poncelet, both recently deceased in 1912 : *In pace cum sanctis*.

Father Delehaye and Father Poncelet, like Father Paul Peeters himself, had been trained in the modern specialised methods of Father Charles De Smedt. It was my good fortune to live for a time in the company of the Bollandist Fathers during a period of transition at the end of World War I, when Father Delehaye was deliberately organising a new group of younger scholars to take his place and the place of his contemporaries, when need should arise. Those who have seen the more recent volumes of *Analecta Bollandiana*, with their fine array of critical texts and commentaries covering so many wide fields of specialised erudition, will recognise the names of men who twenty-five years ago were young students who gave promise of good things to come. On the cover of the most recent issue (1944) five names are printed : Paul Peeters, now *doyen du corps bollandiste*, Maurice Coens, Baudouin de Gaiffier, Paul Grosjean and François Halkin. Each has his own appointed sphere of specialised work, with Father Halkin as immediate successor to Father Delehaye in the wide field of Byzantine studies. Father Peeters has devoted a long lifetime of intense study to work in which he is of necessity almost always a lonely pioneer ; for there are few who can appreciate his critical examination of Old Slav or Georgian or Armenian texts. Father Coens and Father de Gaiffier have been assigned the more familiar ground of medieval and renaissance Latin Europe ; whilst there is no need to tell Irish readers that Father Paul Grosjean has been working most fruitfully for the past twenty years on our own familiar problems of Celtic hagiography. But he has been almost as keenly interested in his parallel work on Anglo-Saxon ecclesiastical antiquities ; and the conjunction of these two fields of study, which our political nationalism tends to keep so rigidly apart, bears witness to the high intelligence and bold planning of the Bollandist school. We are all of us far too apt to assume that England had nothing to teach Ireland, or Ireland nothing to teach England, even in the more remote ages of early and medieval Christianity. Comparative study of the two national traditions, which so often are fused into one single insular tradition, is frequently the surest way of throwing light on dark places or suggesting new angles of approach. Irish scholars who have perhaps been wondering what has happened to this particular branch of Bollandist activity during World War II will be glad to know that the most recent issue of *Analecta Bollandiana* (1944)

contains a critical analysis of the contents of the Book of Armagh, with some valuable notes on the most ancient Patrician documents, from Father Grosjean's unwearying pen; whilst two earlier numbers (1942 and 1943) contain the unpublished text of a Latin *Vita S. Secundini* and some important notes on the evidence for Irish devotion to the Immaculate Conception and other similar problems.

What of the future? The names I have cited give promise that a tradition that has now entered on its fourth century is not likely to fail in the immediate future, however gloomy the outlook may be in many European countries. Belgium has been spared some of the worst ravages of the recent world-war, and we can most heartily congratulate the Bollandist Fathers on the courage and perseverance which have enabled them to carry the good work forward in the midst of so many grave anxieties and in the face of serious material difficulties. Perhaps we can do more. The Bollandists have a very definite contribution to make towards the investigation of ancient and medieval Irish history. Twenty-four years ago, when I was fresh from my years of study in Louvain and Brussels, I wrote a short essay on the Tercentenary of the Bollandists which was occasioned by the publication of an American translation of Father Delehaye's little book on that subject.[1] I make no apology for copying here words that I wrote almost a quarter of a century ago :—

> Were I writing in 1921, I should conclude this article by suggesting that the same ministry of Dáil Eireann which honoured itself by granting a subsidy towards the publication of Dr. Thurneysen's recent work, should offer similar assistance to the Bollandists for the purpose of research work in the field of Celtic hagiography. . . . . Perhaps some day a patriotic Irishman, if not a national government, will offer help for a work which badly needs doing and which would reflect credit on all concerned with it. Readier and more capable workers than the Bollandists could certainly not be found.

Those who read the fine tribute that Father Peeters has paid to the most illustrious of all modern Bollandist scholars,[2] will not need to be reminded that government subsidies or private benefactions are not all that is needed to guarantee success for work of this kind. You cannot create at will a second Hippolyte Delehaye, with his unusual combination of personal qualities: great physical endurance and strength of will, keenly critical insight into problems that had puzzled many a scholar of the past, instinctive sureness of intuition when there was need of a boldly original solution, moral courage that never faltered in the determination to serve the honour of God's saints by telling simply and bravely the truth as he saw it from his study of authentic documents, vision to plan generously for great results, and fidelity to a cause for which he thought it a small offering to give all that he had and was. *Requiescat in pace!*

AUBREY GWYNN

[1] "The Tercentenary of the Bollandists," in *Studies* (September 1922) pp. 457-462.
[2] "Le R. P. Hippolyte Delehaye," in *Analecta Bollandiana*, t. LX (1942), pp. i-lii.

IRISH LINKS WITH NAPOLEON

BY DR. RICHARD HAYES

AMONG the papers of John O'Donovan, the illustrious Irish scholar, is a letter written to him by his uncle in the year 1841 which contains a number of genealogical details regarding some members of their family. One of these latter, according to the letter, was a priest of the Franciscan Order who flourished in the middle of the eighteenth century and was educated in France, where he spent most of his life. In some manuscripts left by him the friar writes that a son of Edmund O'Donovan (who was the first of the family to settle in Co. Kilkenny) went to sea and was the maternal grandfather of Napoleon Bonaparte! John O'Donovan states that, after reading his uncle's letter, he searched in vain for the manuscripts of his Franciscan relative. The story is too whimsical, it seems to me, to be taken seriously; but it leaves one wondering how such fantasies originate.[1] In a similar category must be placed another legend, equally without any mark of authenticity. This tells that Father Edward Redmond, who was parish priest of Ferns (Co. Wexford) from 1786 till his death in 1818, had, like most Irish priests of his time, gone to France for his education. As a boy he studied there in the same college as Napoleon. One day, while young Bonaparte was experimenting with a small model machine on a river that flowed by the college grounds, he over-reached himself and fell into the water. He was unable to swim and was in such peril that, had not young Redmond who saw the accident hurried to the river, plunged in and rescued him, the world would have lost one of its great men. But, apart from these fantasies there are, however, certain Irish associations with Napoleon and the Bonaparte family which, based on historic fact, are of a varied character—military, genealogical, social, ecclesiastical, etc.

I

As one would expect, the most important links of Ireland with Napoleon are of a military nature and are chiefly connected with his various projects for a descent on this country during the war between France and England. The first of these projects was in 1798, when a militant movement for national independence was strong in Ireland and hopes were high that

[1] In this connection the supposed Irish ancestry of Robespierre comes to the mind. A widespread tradition does exist round Arras in north-eastern France—the home of the Robespierres—that the great Revolutionary's progenitor was an Irish gentleman driven, like thousands of his countrymen, from his native land in the sixteenth century. Regarding the tradition, it is of some significance that this corner of France was a popular refuge for Irish exiles during the Elizabethan persecutions. I may mention that I have seen a detailed genealogical table of the Robespierre family that goes back to the sixteenth century, but it contains no Irish name among its marriage alliances. On the other hand, a tradition exists in Ireland regarding Robespierre's ancestry which states that part of the marital contract between a Mademoiselle Robespierre and her Irish *fiancé* was that the latter should abandon his Irish name for hers.

help would come from France for the planned insurrection. In the early months of that year Napoleon, flushed with success after his brilliant Italian campaign, was back in Paris. Soon after his arrival he went on a long tour of inspection along the northern French coast with a view to an expedition to Ireland. It was at this time that Wolfe Tone was having interviews with him and was furnishing him with maps and reports. The Irish patriot tells in his *Journal* that, while the great soldier was perfectly civil to him, it was " impossible to augur good or bad " from their conversations. He states too that Napoleon appeared very uninformed about Ireland and seemed convinced, for example, that its population was not more than two millions.[1] Soon afterwards, at any rate, he changed his intention regarding the Irish project and in May, within a few days of the outbreak of the Irish Insurrection, he sailed for Egypt with the object of striking instead at English power in the East. In the *Memoirs* of Morris, the United States minister in Paris at the time, that diplomat attributed his change of mind as due to the contradictory reports on Ireland which he received from the Irish envoys in Paris. Years later Napoleon, when a prisoner in Saint Helena, told Las Cases that his decision was one of the great errors of his career. " On what," he said, " do the destinies of Empires hang ! If instead of the expedition to Egypt I had gone to Ireland, if slight deranging circumstances had not thrown obstacles in the way, what would England have been to-day—and the political world ? "[2] Later, however, he acted generously towards many of the victims of the Irish Insurrection. He endowed Tone's widow with a pension and conferred a commission of officer of cavalry on her son. When Napper Tandy and his comrades were handed over to the British government by the Senate of the free city of Hamburg, where they sought refuge, he threatened reprisals on English officer-prisoners if they were executed. And at the same time he inflicted a heavy fine on Hamburg and wrote :—

To the Burgomaster and Senate of Hamburg.

We have received your letter, Gentlemen, in which you fail to justify yourselves. Courage and the virtues preserve States. Cowardice and the vices destroy them. You have violated hospitality—a thing that has never happened among the most savage hordes of the desert. Your action will be for you one of eternal reproach. The unfortunate men whom you have handed over will die illustrious, but their blood will cause more evil to their persecutors than an army could have done.

Bonaparte [3]

Five years later he revived the project of an expedition to Ireland,

[1] As another example of Napoleon's lack of knowledge of Ireland may be mentioned his conversation a little later with General William Lawless the Franco-Irish soldier. He was making inquiries about the country and remarked : " It is a pity that so fine a country should be so horribly infested with wolves." When Lawless assured him that such was not the case, his only reply was a contemptuous " Bah ! "

[2] *Mémoires de Sainte-Hélène* (Las Cases).

[3] *Correspondance de Napoléon*, no. 4482.

and from 1803 to 1805 there are many letters and dispatches in his correspondence bearing on it. One of the earliest of these is in April 1803 when he ordered Berthier, the Minister for War, to have communications opened with the Irish leaders in Paris, to find out their numbers and " to see them frequently with a view of their acquaintance." [1] Soon afterwards he writes to Admiral Decrès, the Minister of Marine, as follows :—

> The affairs of Ireland, Citizen Minister, impress me with the importance of having special conferences with the chiefs of the United Irishmen who are in Paris. You can inform them that there will be offered to them 25,000 men, 40,000 muskets, and all the necessary ammunition and artillery ; that the government pledges itself not to make peace with England unless the independence of Ireland is included—provided, however, that at least 20,000 United Irishmen join the French army within the first few days of its landing in Ireland.[2]

A few days later he inquires of the same Minister as to the number of frigates and large transports necessary to carry at the same time 20,000 men ; in October he gives orders to assemble at Brest and Rochefort the means of transport for the expedition—in which, he thinks, that 1,500 horses should be sufficient ; and finally there is to be formed a corps of " interpreter guides " (French-speaking Irishmen and English-speaking Frenchmen) as an indispensable auxiliary for a French army operating in junction with a native army in Ireland.

Early in 1804 the Minister for War submits a plan for the formation of an Irish battalion to be composed of all Irishmen in France who expect to embark with the expedition. This led immediately to the formation of the " Irish Legion " which was to be the nucleus of the Irish army after landing. In it were the '98 refugees and the sons of officers of the old Irish Brigade in the French service.

Amid these letters and orders it is curious to find the following letter from Napoleon to His Holiness Pope Pius VII :—

> Paris
> 13 January 1804
>
> Most Holy Father
>
> I have at this moment a considerable number of petitions from the Catholics of Ireland, who are suffering under an oppression truly intolerable and very incompatible with those philosophical principles about which the English boast. I would wish to know if your Holiness has any means of receiving information from Ireland and if you have any legates or representatives there, and in what manner your Holiness influences the aforesaid Catholics. I do not think that they are entirely deprived of communication with the Holy See.[3]

Napoleon was a subtle diplomatist, and it is difficult to interpret his

[1] *Correspondance de Napoléon*, no. 6692.
[2] *Correspondance de Napoléon*, no. 6994.
[3] *Correspondance de Napoléon*, no. 7472.

letter clearly. Two years previously he had concluded the Concordat with Rome, an event which was received with acclamation throughout France. Was the letter a preliminary to the negotiations with the Holy See regarding the church in Ireland which would take place in the event of the expedition being successful?

On the same date as this letter Napoleon writes to the Minister for War requesting him to inform again the Irish leaders that he will make no peace with England unless the independence of Ireland is acknowledged; that every Irishman embarking on the expedition will be commissioned as French and will be, if captured, treated as a prisoner of war—otherwise there will be reprisals on English officer-prisoners; and finally he wishes for the formation of an Irish committee in Paris which would be the nucleus of a future Irish government. This latter plan subsequently failed owing to the bitter jealousies and quarrels between O'Connor, Emmet and the other Irish leaders in Paris.

Various other letters in the last months of 1804 make final arrangements for the Irish project. In September Napoleon orders an admiral of the fleet to see Arthur O'Connor and discuss with him the places for disembarking. At the same time he informs the Minister for War that "the Irish expedition is resolved on" and that, "if the information that I have from the Irish refugees and from the men whom I have sent to Ireland prove correct, a great number of Irishmen will range themselves under our banner on landing." And there will be a "straight march to Dublin."[1]

The long delay in the starting of the expedition began by this to cause some disillusionment among the Irish in France, and the hopes of all but the most optimistic began to fade. Thomas Addis Emmet, convinced that Napoleon was playing a double game with his countrymen, left France for America at the end of 1804 and was followed later by others. He wrote bitterly that "France is the headquarters of fraud, deceit and despotism, and under its present rulers no nation or people that loves liberty need look for honest co-operation." By the summer of 1805 all plans for an Irish expedition were abandoned. A European coalition had formed against France, and her armies moved eastward into Germany.

Was Napoleon sincere in his declarations about an independent Ireland? Was he really serious in his project for a descent on the country? Did he believe in the probable success of the venture? These questions are debatable, and limitation of space prevents their discussion here. It should be mentioned, however, that he seems to have disliked the Irish leaders on account of their republicanism and their friendship with the Jacobins. During the two years of preparation for the expedition he never granted an interview to any one of them. And after his downfall

[1] *Correspondance de Napoléon*, no. 8048. Perhaps it may be mentioned here that it was at this period (1804) that Martello towers were erected around the Irish coast by the British as a defence against the expected French descent.

during his captivity in St. Helena, discussing the matter with his Irish physician, Dr. O'Meara, he expressed himself thus :—

> If the Irish had sent over honest men to me, I would have certainly made an attempt upon Ireland. But I had no confidence in either the integrity or the talents of the Irish leaders that were in France. They could offer no plan, were divided in opinion and continually quarrelling with one another. I had but a poor opinion of the integrity of that O'Connor who was so much spoken among you.[1]

II

In these years and later during his campaigns against England and the European coalition down to Waterloo the sympathies of the mass of the Irish nation were with Napoleon. They looked to him as their possible deliverer and saviour, and he came to occupy in the popular imagination the place which Prince Charles Edward filled in that of the previous generation. This is reflected in many of the ballads of the time, which are often, in their sentiments and cadences and symbolism, an echo of the songs in Irish of the Jacobite poets. The spirit of such lines as the following is typical of that in many other songs :—

> Oh may the wind of freedom
> Soon send young Boney o'er,
> And we'll plant the flag of liberty
> Upon the Irish shore.

A popular allegorical ballad, *The Bonny Bunch of Roses O*, which was set to a beautiful old Irish air, was regarded as treasonable in Napoleonic days by the British authorities—the " Bonny Bunch of Roses " was a symbol of Ireland. Here are two of its verses :—

> When first you saw great Bonaparte you fell upon your bended knee
> And you asked your father's life of him, he granted it right manfully,
> And 'twas then he took his army and o'er the frozen Alps did go,
> And he said—" I'll conquer Moscow and return for the Bonny Bunch of Roses O."
>
> He took three hundred thousand men and kings likewise to bear his train
> He was so well provided for that he could sweep the world for gain ;
> But when he came to Moscow he was overpowered by sleet and snow
> With Moscow all-ablazing, and he lost the Bonny Bunch of Roses O.

Allegorical, too, was another equally popular ballad entitled *The Old Gray Mare* which begins—

> At break of day I chance to stray
> All by the Seine's fair side,
> Where to ease my heart young Bonaparte
> Came forward for the ride—

and ends—

> Brave Bonaparte on her did start
> He rode too fast, *is truagh !*
> She lost a shoe at Moscow fair
> And fell lame at Waterloo.

[1] *Napoleon in Exile* (Barry E. O'Meara). Vol. I.

When she comes o'er to Erin's shore
She'll have good farrier's care,
At the very next chase she'll win the race
My sporting old gray mare.

Some of the songs were in Irish—a verse of one of them like the following tells of Bonaparte's coming :—

Tá jug ar an mbórd is beoir ag teacht
Is arm go leor ag Bonaparte,
An Franncach go láidir ar bhruach na trágha
Is b'fhearr liom go mór é na cómhrádh ban.

Another by a western poet laments the failure of the French expedition under General Humbert, but it ends on a note of hope :—

Acht tá dúil mhór agam as Rígh na Grásta
Is as Bonapartaidh nach ndearn' ariamh feall,
Go dtiocfaidh ar gcaraid imeasg na namhaid,
Is go mbainfidh siad sásamh as Clann na nGall.

Fifty years ago two Irishwomen of letters, during their travels through the country, reverently gathered many of the floating traditions of an earlier time which they embodied in their writings. An old man, who remembered Waterloo, gave Lady Gregory his memories of Bonaparte :—

Napoleon the First was a great man ; it was given out of him there never would be so great a man again. But he hadn't much education and his penmanship was bad. Every great man gave in to superstition. He gave in to it when he went to ask the gipsy woman to divine, and she told him his fate. Through fire and rock she said that he would fall. I suppose the rock was St. Helena, and the fire was Waterloo. . . . He took Malta one time and landed there, and by treachery with the knights he robbed a church that was on the shore, and carried away the golden gates. . . . And two popes he brought into exile. But he was the friend of Ireland, and when he was dying he said that . . . I was in the island where he was interred ; it is a grand place, and what is not natural in those parts, there are two blackthorn bushes growing in it where you go into the place he was buried.

And there is a narrative in verse by Alice Milligan in which she tells of an old woman, Grey Margit, who also remembered Napoleonic times and whom she heard singing *The Bonny Bunch of Roses O* :—

Grey Margit sits beside the hearth,
The oldest woman, I think, on earth ;
. . . .
Yet she's lilting loud, and she's lilting low
Of " the bonny little bunch of Roses, oh ! "
. . . .
If Margit's voice is weak and low,
Sure she learned that song in the long ago ;
It was made for them that longed to see
Great England fall and poor Ireland free.

Yet Margit sings it as if she knew
Great news not heard by me or you
Of a lover brave called Bonaparte.
Ireland's the darling of his heart;
He will work the tyrant's overthrow
And gather " the bonny bunch of Roses oh ! "

III

Various marriage alliances at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century established intimate links between the Bonaparte family and Ireland. The Bonapartes came from Corsica to reside at Marseilles in 1793 and became very friendly with the family of Francis Clary, an Irish silk merchant established in that city. He had several daughters, two of whom were to become the queens of old European kingdoms. In 1794 one of them, Julie, married Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's eldest brother, and by her marriage became queen of Spain. Her younger sister, Désirée, was courted by Napoleon for a year while he was still an unknown soldier, and she was generally regarded as his fiancée. She jilted him, however, and by her marriage with Bernadotte became queen of Sweden. Bernadotte was one of Napoleon's marshals, and between the two great soldiers a bitter jealousy and a rivalry for military supremacy developed. In the clash between them Napoleon declared that only his affection for Désirée prevented him more than once from having Bernadotte shot. Throughout his life he retained a tender regard for this Irish girl—Montholon in his *Memoirs* of Saint Helena states that she was his first and only love. When he rose to power and greatness, he showered benefits on her to atone for what she had lost by not marrying him. It is interesting to speculate whether the career of Napoleon might have been different if he had married her, with her splendid character and qualities, rather than Josephine—an adventuress of dubious morals.

While Napoleon's eldest brother married an Irish girl in France, his youngest brother, Jerome Bonaparte, was to marry another in America. In 1803 Jerome, who was an officer in the French navy, met Elizabeth Patterson at Baltimore in the United States. She was in her eighteenth and he in his nineteenth year. She was the daughter of William Patterson, who came of farming stock and emigrated from Kindrum near Fanad in the Co. Donegal. He settled at Baltimore, where he prospered as a merchant. Soon after their meeting, Jerome and Elizabeth married. Her father opposed the alliance, but eventually relented and, though a Presbyterian, insisted on the marriage ceremony taking place in a Catholic church. Napoleon, on hearing of the *mesalliance*, refused to recognise it and, when Jerome arrived at Lisbon in 1805, he parted there with his wife, who proceeded to London where her child was born. Napoleon had other matrimonial projects for Jerome and, maintaining that the

marriage was nullified by secrecy according to the decrees of the Council of Trent, asked the Pope to quash the alliance. The Pope replied that, as the decrees of the Council of Trent had never been published at Baltimore, he could not do so. By an imperial edict Napoleon then declared the marriage illegal. Two years later Jerome was made king of Westphalia and married Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg. Napoleon endowed Jerome's Irish wife with an annual pension of 60,000 francs, and in the following generation their son was recognised as legitimate by Napoleon III, but his right to succession was disallowed.[1]

Another Irish genealogical link with Napoleon was established in 1821 when Sir Thomas Wyse of Waterford married Letitia, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother. In 1825 Wyse returned with his wife and child to Waterford, where another child was born soon afterwards.[2] Some time after their marriage signs of estrangement appeared and these became more marked with the years. Finally, after a deed of separation was signed, Madame Wyse left Waterford, and she and her husband never met again.

A still further association of the Bonaparte family with Ireland was the marriage of Napoleon III, nephew of Napoleon I, with the Countess de Montijo. She was a descendant of an Irish Jacobite family named Kirkpatrick which migrated from Ulster to Spain, where some of its members married into the Spanish nobility. In her old age she visited Ireland.

IV

During the troubles of the Revolution in Paris and other French towns the Irish colleges there underwent many vicissitudes. In 1794 all of them had ceased to function and their doors had closed. By the end of that year, however, the college at Paris was leased to an Irish priest, the abbé MacDermott, who conducted it as a lay establishment till 1800. In it he had as pupils the sons of many distinguished French families, among whom were Jerome Bonaparte and Eugene Beauharnais, brother and stepson respectively of Napoleon. In an interesting book, *Reminiscences of an Emigrant Milesian*, a humorous story is told regarding Jerome Bonaparte, to whose marital entanglements reference has been made in a previous page. Napoleon had returned to Paris from his Italian campaign and, anxious about the progress of Jerome in his studies, summoned him to his presence :—

> Jerome presented himself at the Tuileries and opened the interview by asking for employment. "What are you fit for?" asked Napoleon. "Everything." "A la bonne heure. Nous verrons." In five minutes Jerome was seen flying from

[1] A grandson of Jerome and Elizabeth—Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte—was Secretary of State in a Roosevelt cabinet in the U.S.A.

[2] This child, William Bonaparte Wyse, born in Waterford in 1826, settled in Provence, where he became a friend of the poet Mistral; he published several volumes of poetry in the Provencal dialect. He had a Civil List pension from his relative Napoleon III.

the cabinet of the First Consul, the latter in pursuit of him in a towering passion. Napoleon instantly ordered the abbé MacDermott to be summoned before him. "How comes it, Sir," asked the irritated Chief of the State of the meek priest, "How comes it, Sir, that I find my brother so utterly ignorant? . . ." "It is unfortunately but too true," replied the abbé, "but I cannot help it. Discipline has long ceased to exist at the Irish College." "Very well," said Napoleon, now a little cooled, "I'll take him in hand." Accordingly the First Consul adopted the course often pursued elsewhere in similar circumstances with wild *gamins*. He sent the young *étourdi* to sea.

While at sea, as we have seen, Jerome contracted a marriage which led to much contention. It is pleasant, however, to know that years later, when he became king of Westphalia, he conferred a pension of 10,000 francs on the abbé MacDermott in the latter's old age.

Though the abbé MacDermott in 1800 ceased to conduct the Irish College as a lay institution, its affairs were for many years to remain in a state of comparative chaos. For one thing, its almost entire revenue had been invested in French funds and, owing to the Revolutionary troubles, were temporarily lost. An interview, given by Napoleon to Dr. Hussey the bishop of Waterford, was one of the first steps that led to its re-establishment on its old status.[1] In connection with its management a Board of Surveillance was nominated, and Dr. Walsh, a former superior, was re-appointed. In May 1805 Napoleon issued a decree by which the Scottish and English colleges in France were joined to the Irish to form one common establishment, and this latter was to be the Irish College in the *Rue des Irlandais*. As the war prevented Irish students from coming to Paris, Napoleon further suggested that the representatives of old Irish families in France should be invited to send their sons to take advantage of the burses in the College. The Napoleonic decree and suggestion were not received favourably by the English ecclesiastical representatives. One of them, Bishop Milner, described the college as "now a nursery of treason," as almost all the students educated there, being sons of Irish officers, looked forward to fighting against the English. Eventually, however, difficulties gradually disappeared, and the college resumed its old position as an entirely ecclesiastical establishment.

V

In the great Napoleonic campaigns from 1796 down to the defeat at Waterloo Irish soldiers maintained the traditions which their countrymen in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had made famous in the military annals of France. Little more than a casual reference to the more distinguished among them, on whom Napoleon conferred favours and honours, can be given here. To General Charles Kilmaine, already a renowned soldier of the Revolution, high commands were given by

[1] At this same period Dr. Hussey is said to have played a part in the establishment of the Concordat between the Vatican and Napoleon.

him in the Italian campaign. Henry Clarke, son of a Kilkenny man, was created by him Duke of Feltre and was his Minister of War, while he conferred the title of Count on Clarke's uncle, Colonel Henry O'Shee. Colonel Oliver Harty of Limerick he made Baron de Pierrebourg, and a similar title—Baron of the Empire—was conferred on Colonel Patrick Murphy and on Colonel Thomas Nagle for their courage and efficiency in the German and Russian campaigns. And on other Irishmen, like John Lynch of Bordeaux, for their services in civil administration, he conferred the title of Imperial Count.

During his continental campaign Napoleon made a temporary peace with Alexander of Russia in 1807. One of the latter's most brilliant officers was General Maurice Lacy of Limerick, with whom Napoleon became acquainted after the peace and to whom he wrote the following letter :—

General

Your illustrious master permits me to address you. Your country and your faith have all my sympathies. The noble devotion of Ireland's sons, which has produced such sacrifices through so many generations, inspires the hope that you will seek to benefit your country and your faith and restore her proscribed sons. Your name will inspire confidence, thousands would flock to your banner, and the ancient enemy of our common faith might be humbled to the wishes of both your Royal master and myself. Think of this and, if favourably, let me hear from you. Accept my high consideration of your renown and your ancestry.

Napoleon

Reading the letter, one wonders if the mind of Napoleon was still running on a possible Irish expedition—or was it merely part of the flattery which he was showering at the time on Lacy's master, the Tsar Alexander?

VI

Within a few months from the downfall at Waterloo[1] in 1815 till his death in 1821 Napoleon, surrounded by guards and keepers, was a prisoner at Saint Helena. On his surrender the allied Powers had handed him over to the custody of England, whose government heaped continuous ignominies on their fallen foe. " Victory," writes Lord Rosebery, " had not taught them [the English government] magnanimity. They had caught their great enemy ; their first wish was to get somebody to shoot him or hang him, failing which they were determined to lock him up like a pickpocket." [2] There is no exaggeration in Lord Rosebery's forceful words, and little trace of generosity or chivalry can be found in England's treatment of her illustrious prisoner.

During his six years of captivity in the lonely island fortress Napoleon had associations with Irishmen in various official capacities. The most

[1] It may be mentioned here that Napoleon's favourite war horse, purchased for one hundred guineas, was bred in Wexford. The horse was named " Marengo " after the great victory in Italy in 1801.

[2] *Napoleon : The Last Phase.*

notable of these functionaries was Sir Hudson Lowe, an English army officer who was born at Galway. Immediately after Napoleon was brought to the island Lowe was appointed its governor, and from the beginning a bitter mutual hatred developed between them. A tactless, ignorant, unsympathetic man, Lowe seemed to take a perverse pleasure in making the great soldier's life as miserable as was possible, and the needless annoyances to which he subjected him are almost incredible. In his favour, however, it should be remembered that he was but the instrument of his masters in London.

Another Irishman, Major Poppleton, a native of Galway like Lowe, was orderly officer in Napoleon's prison enclosure in the island. His duty seems to have been to keep a continuous watch on the movements of the imperial captive. Unlike the governor he would appear to have performed his unpleasant duties with tact and consideration and, at the end of his term of office, he was presented by his prisoner with a silver snuff box.[1]

In quite a different category must be placed the relationship between Napoleon and the Irish doctor, Barry O'Meara, who was his medical attendant at Saint Helena for three years. O'Meara was a naval surgeon in the English service and was on board the English warship the *Bellerophon* when that vessel received the royal captive in 1815. His pleasing manners seem to have attracted Napoleon, who asked that he should be allowed to accompany him to Saint Helena. The English authorities granted the request, and between doctor and patient an intimate and affectionate friendship developed. In O'Meara's interesting book, *A Voice from Saint Helena*, there is a record of their almost daily conversations on a variety of subjects, and in it he tells of the continuous humiliations to which his patient was subjected. On account of the close friendship between them Sir Hudson Lowe dismissed O'Meara, who returned to England in 1818. On his arrival he wrote to the Admiralty stating that Napoleon's life was not safe in Lowe's hands. The Admiralty's reply was a dismissal of the doctor from the naval service.[2] After O'Meara's departure from Saint Helena the governor appointed another Irish physician, Dr. James Verling of Cork, as medical attendant to Napoleon—who, however, refused to see any nominee of Sir Hudson Lowe.

Another Irish association with Napoleon in his exile should perhaps be mentioned. A few French officers gallantly volunteered to accompany Napoleon to Saint Helena and share his hardships there. Among them was General Count Bertrand, who was accompanied by his wife. She

[1] Major Poppleton was buried in the graveyard of Killanin, Co. Galway. The inscription on his tombstone states that he was "honoured by the estcem of Napoleon, who was under his personal charge for two years at St. Helena."

[2] O'Meara had several uncles in the Irish Brigade in the French army. On retirement from the English service he became a zealous supporter of the Repeal movement under O'Connell. His grand-daughter, Kathleen O'Meara, author of many biographies and novels, resided in Paris all her life and was French correspondent of the *Tablet*.

was a daughter of the Irish Brigade officer, Colonel Arthur Dillon, who was guillotined during the Revolutionary Terror in 1794. A lady of singular beauty and charm, she had been a leading figure in the brilliant Imperial court, and during her years in the desolate island she had not even the companionship of a fellowcountrywoman.

A short time before his death Napoleon drew up his will and, among various bequests, was one of 10,000 francs to an Irish subaltern in the French army named Cantillon. He belonged to the illustrious family of that name whose ancient home was at Ballyheigue, Co. Kerry.[1] He was a zealous Bonapartist and in 1818 made an attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington in Paris. On trial he was acquitted by a Paris jury. Napoleon declared that " Cantillon has as much right to assassinate that oligarch Wellington as the latter had to send me to perish upon the rock of Saint Helena. Wellington, who proposed this outrage on me, attempted to justify himself by pleading the interest of Great Britain. Cantillon, if he had actually assassinated that lord, could have excused himself and have been justified by the same motive—the interest of France."

RICHARD HAYES

[1] See *Studies*, June 1942, " Biographical Dictionary of Irishmen in France."

LEIBNIZ THE FATHER OF GERMAN PHILOSOPHY 1646—1716

BY ARTHUR LITTLE, S.J.

IT seems certain at the moment of writing that, in the tercentenary year of the birth of Leibniz, the hostile army of occupation of the Allies will still have its headquarters at Lüneburg. That occupation will then be an event of spectacular irony. For Lüneburg was the second city of the duchy in whose service Leibniz spent the last forty years of his life. Two years before his death his patron had assumed the English throne as George I. Leibniz had attempted to interest him in philosophy, but George found it a bore and refused to take Leibniz with him to England. And now Leibniz's native country has been overwhelmed in war and occupied by the country still ruled by the family of his patron. Two points indicate the complex drama of that situation. One is that it was indirectly the Leibnizian philosophy despised by George that largely caused that war. The other is that that philosophy had been devised expressly and sincerely to promote the formation of a brotherhood of all mankind inspired by Christian principles. The Apostle of Universal Friendship had by his own teaching in two centuries raised two ruinous wars between the two political powers to which most of all in the modern world he would have been loyal. For he had failed to take just one thing into consideration—that his philosophy might be wrong.

I. Leibniz in Public Life

Leibniz lived in times distinguished by a spirit of enterprise, selfish indeed but well disguised by the mask of philanthropy. Prussia had wriggled into a position of political independence. Frederick William, the Great Elector, and his son had taken advantage of the rivalries of Sweden and Poland on the one hand, and of France and the Empire on the other. By allying with one side on condition of the public recognition of his independence and then transferring his alliance to the other side on the same condition, and repeating the manoeuvre with the other pair of enemies, Frederick William enabled his son to declare his sovereignty with the assent of all interested parties. It was the Age of Projectors, of the Darien Scheme and the South Sea Company and others satirised in *Gulliver's Travels*; and Germany under the stimulus of freedom had devised its own grandiose scheme of colonising Africa and had founded the Brandenburg Trading Company to traffic with the colonies. Descartes had aroused well-founded hopes of advance in natural science by proving the possibility of mathematics as an instrument of scientific discovery. At the same time the German universities had degenerated, largely because

the foreign professors, who were nearly all Catholics, had been dismissed by intolerant Protestant town councils (who held most of the university patronage) after the Thirty Years War. Moreover most intelligent Germans realised that the enmity between Protestants and Catholics afforded Louis XIV an excellent excuse to intervene and so advance his imperialistic designs on the German states. It was natural for an intelligent boy to be impelled by these circumstances to patriotic endeavour to reconcile parties at home and to interest himself in international affairs, so as to learn from other nations and to attract their friendship to his own.

That intelligent boy was born in 1646, son of the Professor of Morai Philosophy in Leipzig University. Young Leibniz lost his father six years later and was brought up by his pious Protestant mother. Presently she discovered that he had taught himself some Latin. He had found an illustrated Livy and, guessing the sense of the words from the pictures, had puzzled out the meaning of the text. So his startled mother gave him the freedom of his dead father's library; and here he read Cicero, Quintilian, Seneca, Pliny and eventually, when he had mastered Greek, Xenophon, Plato, and the Fathers of the Church. He was about ten when he composed his rule of practical life: *In verbis claritas, in rebus utilitas*. It might almost be included in the first principles of philosophy as the Principle of the Excluded Muddle.

After his secondary self-education Leibniz went to the university, where he read Bacon, Kepler, Galileo, and Descartes. He also studied the philosophy of Suarez, which had at that time ousted Thomism in general European esteem. In consequence he probably knew and appreciated Scholasticism better than any other non-Scholastic writer since Descartes, though his knowledge of it was confined to the works of Suarez. He took his degree in philosophy with a thesis in defence of Suarez's theory of the principle of individuation. After that he thought of becoming a lawyer and studied jurisprudence at Jena under Weigel. But Weigel's hobby was mathematics and, like most people, he preferred it to his profession; he soon infected Leibniz with his enthusiasm. So, though Leibniz gained his doctorate in law, he lost his heart to mathematics and refused the chair of law in the university that he was offered. He then wandered aimlessly for a year.

At last in 1668 he became Assistant Revisor of Statutes to the Elector of Mainz. Apparently revision of statutes was a rare necessity in Mainz, for now Leibniz devotes almost all his time to the role of philanthropic diplomatist. And never were good intentions so faithfully carried out and so constantly defeated. His first effort was a correspondence with Bossuet on the union of the Catholic and Protestant Churches, a movement of which Leibniz may claim to be the father. But Bossuet's plan was to make the Protestants Catholics, Leibniz's to make the Catholics Protestants. He could not understand why Bossuet should make such bones over a

detail like the Papacy. But his benevolent genius, at once touching and amusing, wrung from Bossuet the cry: *Utinam ex nostris esset!* Again the throne of Poland fell vacant, and Leibniz published a treatise proving by mathematics that only a German king would serve Polish interests. The Poles however, who seem to have been rather backward in mathematics, elected a Pole.

His next essay in diplomacy was to lure him further afield. In 1672 Louis XIV made it plain that he intended to invade the Netherlands, and his treaty with Brandenburg deceived no one about his resolve to continue the drive into Germany. Leibniz, with his employer's blessing, visited Louis in France and pointed out that it would be a much better idea to invade Egypt. An unpublished work of Leibniz's arguing this idea was later accidentally discovered in a German drawer by Napoleon himself—unfortunately, for dramatic effect, not until 1803. But Louis was as unreasonable as the Poles, until the Dutch later convinced him by one of earliest uses of a "scorched earth" strategy. Meanwhile Leibniz remained in Paris and visited Huygens, Malebranche, and many Jesuits including Père de la Chaise. He then crossed to London, where he met Robert Boyle and Newton. He did not visit Hobbes who was then over eighty, doting and murderous. Hobbes and marriage were the only things that Leibniz was ever known to fear. At the Royal Society he exhibited a machine of his own invention for adding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing, and extracting square roots. It was at least less ambitious than Blessed Raymund Lully's machine for constructing and disinguishing syllogisms. Ecclesiastical students will regret to learn that it is off the market.

Before returning to Paris Leibniz called on Spinoza in the Hague, but they parted each in a huff at the stubbornness of the other. In fact Leibniz, always a deeply religious man, was beginning to feel too great an attraction for the Catholic Church to feel any sympathy with pantheism. He never became a Catholic, partly because he was unwilling to believe that any mystery of religion was insoluble to him, partly because he interpreted certain injudicious attempts at his conversion as efforts to bribe him. (He was even offered the librarianship of the Vatican, it is said). His attitude towards Rome was almost what would now be described as "High Church" in England: that Rome was right, but he was more so.

In Paris in 1676 Leibniz discovered the Calculus. Newton had already discovered it, but had kept it a close secret. Some writers think that Leibniz's discovery was a coincidence; others that, in spite of Newton's secrecy, he had got wind of his device. The likeliest opinion perhaps is that the influence of Descartes had led both these thinkers to the same discovery almost together. Descartes had shown how to understand a geometrical figure, which may be regarded as something that *has* happened (namely, an outlined area), by analysing it into ultimate parts and thence

reconstructing it. A lesser genius than either Leibniz or Newton (in fact Wallis had been on the trail before either) might have seen the possibility just about this time of applying Descartes's method to a *motion* that has just begun in order to construct the whole motion and thus forecast what *will* happen. The meaning and use of Descartes's hint flashed upon Newton and Leibniz at the same time merely because each had the acuteness to recognise what was in the air.

Leibniz returned from his more or less triumphal tour to find himself without honour in his own country—or at least without a job, for his patron had died in the meantime. However he soon found the position in which he passed the rest of his life. He became librarian at Hanover to the Duke of Brunswick—Lüneburg with unlimited freedom to travel " in order to buy books "—the traditional excuse of librarians for doing what they like. Here he published innumerable treatises in French or Latin on science and philosophy, history and philology. He suggested the development of mining in the Harz Mountains and studied and wrote on geology to support his views. He wrote pioneer works on steam-power and the currency. He was commissioned by the Duke to trace his genealogy and to discover (this was imperative) that his patron was no petty princeling but the equal in rank of the Electors of the Empire. After ransacking the Italian libraries Leibniz, fortunately for himself, discovered that George was a descendant of the House of Welf, of the same origin as the great Este, the Renascence despots of Ferrara. The knowledge must have helped George to keep his nose in the air when, in 1714, he became king of England.

In that year Leibniz wrote his *Monadology*, the work that has most contributed to his present under-estimation as a philosopher. Its readers should bear in mind the purpose for which it was written. It was written for Prince Eugene of Savoy, admirable soldier and admirable Catholic gentleman, but of no great name as a philosopher. The *Monadology* may therefore be regarded as the military edition of Leibniz's philosophy, a simplified summary adapted to the comprehension of valiant colonels. No wonder that those who ignore this purpose and take the work literally think that they are reading a philosophy of fairyland written by some teasing leprechaun when they come on such passages as this : " Whence it appears that in the smallest particle of matter there is a world of creatures, living beings, animals, entelechies, souls. Each portion of matter may be conceived as like a garden full of plants and like a pond full of fishes. But each branch of every plant, each member of every animal, each drop of its liquid parts is also some such garden or pond. And though the earth and the air which are between the plants of the garden, or the water which is between the fish of the pond, be neither plant nor fish ; yet they also contain plants and fishes, but mostly so minute as to be imperceptible ".

But most of his activity during these years was devoted to his life-

work as a philosophical projector, the promoter of a scheme for universal knowledge. The discovery and spread of truth, he believed, would reduce to a minimum all evil, sin, war, poverty, and disease, and would realise the maximum of earthly and heavenly happiness through a world-wide society of perfect Christians—Protestants for choice. We shall see that his hopes of making his philosophy an infallible instrument for calculating any truth by mathematics had been defeated. He now substituted for it a plan to recruit all learned bodies, each to exhaust one particular branch of science. For instance the Jesuits, towards whom he had a great affection, were to concentrate upon theology. He was deeply interested in the Jesuit Mission to China, in which he found ready-made to his hand a channel for the spread of truth. He supported against Malebranche the Society's view in the controversy over the Chinese Rites. Meanwhile he visited the rulers of Europe to persuade them to found academies to cooperate in his scheme. All received him cordially, the Polish king, the Czar Peter the Great, and the Emperor (to the disgust of George I, who disliked the Emperor and might have dismissed Leibniz had George not been distracted just then by Walpole's good whiskey and bad Latin). But only Frederick I of Prussia supported him actively by the foundation of the now famous Academy of Sciences at Berlin, of which Leibniz was first president.

Yet when Leibniz came to die in 1716 neither the Berlin Academy nor the Royal Society of London took any notice of the event. The medical men attributed his death to gout. But we shall not probably be wrong if we include as another cause the disappointment of a long life and a rare genius devoted without avail to the defence of law, human and divine, and the common cause of truth and charity, a life (he must have thought) " full of sound and fury and signifying nothing " in the way of practical achievement. Only his faithful secretary, Eckhart, attended his funeral. One solitary mourner followed to the grave the remains of a man who had been great as mathematician, philosopher, theologian, lawyer, politician, diplomat, physicist, historian, strategist, philologist, and economist. But it is time that we considered his philosophy and justified the opening paragraph of this article.

II. His Philosophy

Leibniz's ruling idea was to discover the truths of philosophy and put them beyond controversy by making them demonstrable by mathematics. Descartes had already considered this possibility, but Leibniz's calculus was a far more promising instrument than analytical geometry. To understand Leibniz's philosophy therefore it is essential to understand the general method of the calculus ; so a preparatory article on this subject was written in Studies (September 1945, pp. 369-376).

Briefly the differential calculus is a method of measuring a rate of change which rate is itself continuously changing. (The integral calculus computes the result of such a rate of change at a certain point). A typical example is the rate of a train starting and gathering speed. The notion of increasing speed involves three elements: (1) A standard of measurement which will be a motion whose speed is regarded as constant, for instance the movement of the second-hand of my watch; this is called the independent variable or x; (2) The actual motion or change whose rate is to be measured, or in the case of the train the distance covered while the watch-hand is completing a certain part of its motion (say, eight yards in the first ten seconds); this is the dependent variable or primary function of x, for the distance covered by the train will be greater as the distance covered by the measuring hand is greater; (3) The rate of the change or the law by which the successive parts of the standard motion, constantly the same, are related to the successive parts of the other motion, measuring them as constantly *increasing*; thus in the *second* second the train will cover a greater distance than in the first and will increase thus in speed by some law of mathematical progression which is to be discovered; this rate is called the derived function of x. The difficulty of discovering it is clear, since it is *continually* increasing or in no length of time constantly the same; (at only one moment in the first ten seconds is the train actually going at the rate of eight yards in ten seconds; before that moment it is slower, and after it faster). Leibniz's solution was to measure the motion in the smallest possible part of time where the rate will not have time to change, and use this measurement (the differential of the derived function) as a unit to calculate the increase at any subsequent moment he desired, as if that increase were not continuous but realised by infinitesimal jumps. He believed that there was a shortest possible time.

Now this principle may be applied to any gradual change or "becoming," the law of whose increase depends on some independent known extended standard. Thus I can know what any extension (whether of time or space, movement or quantity) will evolve into at any given point if it depends in a way I know for its evolution on the development of another extension whose intrinsic law of evolution I also know. Now the first question Leibniz asked was this: Can the whole field of ideas be treated as a continuous extension so that, by mathematical calculation from a known truth, I can learn *any* truth of which I am ignorant? In other words can I find a differential or law in any truth that I know so that the nature of this truth, by varying according to that law, will determine the nature and variation of any unknown truth?

Yes, replied Leibniz. He justified his answer by showing to his own satisfaction the possibility of what he called the logical calculus. Truths are either necessary or contingent. Necessary truths are all truths that must be if anything exists at all—for example the principle of identity

hat everything is what it is, 2 and 2 are 4 or other mathematical truths; eibniz contended that St. Anselm's argument put the existence of God mong the necessary truths that we could know independently of the vidence of contingent facts. Contingent truths are not necessarily true, ut merely true in fact: for instance if this tree did not exist and were ot true, there would be no contradiction in terms. I find however that n fact it does exist though it need not. Now, if I can show that contingent ruths come about not by any inward necessity of their own but by a law f dependence on necessary truth, then they will borrow necessity from ecessary truth; and so, if I know the necessary truth and the law ccording to which it determines contingent truth, I can calculate what hat contingent truth will become at any point, or in other words infallibly redict any contingent truth, even the result of a horse-race. Here, having een given x and its derived function, I should be calculating its primary unction, as in the integral calculus. Now Leibniz found the law of the lependence of contingent on necessary truth in the Law of the Better—r philosophical optimism.

According to this doctrine God is constrained by His wisdom and oodness to create the best possible world. If therefore it were possible o cause all possible good things and events, God would be constrained o do so. However there are some possible good things that are contra-lictory or not *compossible* with other good things. For instance at two 'clock I can be either playing tennis or drinking beer but not doing both; hese two possibilities are not compossible. Hence God is constrained nly to cause that group of compossible possibilities that is best of all nd in the best order. The Law of the Better, therefore, is that only hat possibility actually happens which is best for the whole of things.

Now I have the elements for solving any problem or discovering any ontingent truth even in the future. My independent variable is God letermining by His being (or, as it were, varying or evolving into) other ecessary truths. Its derived function or law determining the variation f the dependent variable or primary function is also known to me, namely hat what is best for the whole world will necessarily be brought to pass y God. Hence I can compute by the calculus the variation of the ependent variable (contingent truth) at any point, in other words discover ny contingent truth. My procedure will be as follows: I take my ecessary truth in order to discover with certainty what contingent fact ecvitably will result from it by the Law of the Better. I therefore consider series of possible effects each member of which is better and better by ontinuous differentials or for more and more things. The members are etting more and more like the best for all, the necessarily true, more and nore *probable*. By proceeding to the limit I get the absolute best for all r infinitesimally close to it. I can then foretell that this is certain to appen.

By this means Leibniz hoped to be able to sit down at his desk and to settle once for all by mathematics all controversies religious, political or scientific, or reveal any knowledge useful to man; but he had to admit himself defeated. The whole difficulty lies in calculating the differential of the derived function and expressing it in significant notation. How can I conceive and express the infinitesimal increment of goodness? In other words how can I represent to myself the very least that one can possibly do? Leibniz never solved this difficulty. He left the technique for a later genius to devise, content that he had stated the principle correctly. Yet no one who considers the denial of divine liberty implied in his argument can rightly even concede his principle.

Leibniz's second question was: Can the whole field of reality be treated as a continuous extension both of quantity and of quality or species (as in the spectrum) and so explored by mathematics? Yes, he answered again, and in confirmation explained the universe on the model of his theory of continuous extension.

To illustrate his two main principles, suppose that we take a sheet of notepaper and suppose too that the sheet is in fact as continuous as it looks, quite devoid of holes or gaps. Now moderns (and ancients too) say that you can tear that paper in half, and the half again in half, and so on for as long as you like without ever coming to a part that cannot be further divided. Not so Leibniz. If you tear off a corner of the paper, he would say, you do not *make* the part torn off; you only make a new position for it detached from the original sheet—*you dig it out*, as it were from the original. But what is merely *dug out* must have first existed in that *from* which it is dug. And what makes that corner torn off to be what it is now is its outline or border. Hence in the original sheet it existed with its outline actually defined, though not visibly or so as to detach it. Hence even the smallest possible parts exist thus actually outlined in that paper continuum. And so there *are* smallest possible parts, not further divisible. (For criticism of this view see the article cited).

Now his second principle concerned the way in which these parts are distinguished from one another. If I mark on the paper a part, no ultimate (say, if I draw anywhere on it a pentagon), now that part *is* that part by having a certain shape and position. But it only has shape and position by having relations of distance to the whole sheet, for example to the edges, and to any other part whatever that are peculiar to my pentagon alone and cannot belong to any other part. Any other part with just those relations would coincide with my pentagon and *be* my pentagon. And so each part is *specifically* different from any other for each is what it is by fulfilling a function necessary (by the Law of the Better) for the perfection of the whole, but not fulfilled by any other.

Leibniz called this constitution of the part by its relations to the whole

nd the other parts the *perception* of the whole and the other parts by ıe part so constituted. In the higher monads this perception becomes onscious perception or knowledge ; in the lower ones it is subconscious. ınd in that way the smallest part of matter contains the whole universe, ot physically, but in a way analogous to the way in which the knower ontains the thing known.

On these lines Leibniz conceives the whole universe as an extension omposed of simple and indivisible units or monads each specifically istinguished from all the others by the function which its nature is made y God to fulfil. These monads "have no windows," as Leibniz icturesquely put it. In other words they cannot receive any change rom other monads, for change involves some destruction of reality and he reality of a thing that has no parts can only be destroyed if the whole s destroyed. Hence too no monad can act on anything outside itself. The monad's action is therefore confined to the more or less vital action f perception and to its own self-caused behaviour and locomotion. Even n the mineral or "bare" monads perception is an action, Leibniz ontended, on the ground that rest itself is infinitely slow motion, the nfinitesimal of speed realised. But how can monads fulfil a function owards the whole, cooperate with other monads, unless they act upon hem? Leibniz answered with his theory of pre-established harmony. ust as two clocks wound up and set to the same time keep mutual correspondence with each other but without interaction, so the monads ıre equipped by nature at their creation by God with an activity that ıutomatically adapts itself to the changes outside of them that God has oreseen. The monad perceives differently or acquires different relations ıs the universe changes not by any influence on it of the changing universe ut by its own internal apparatus or nature set by God like a time-bomb o produce changes corresponding to the changes of the outer world.

Hence (to conclude this mere skeleton of Leibniz's rich thought) ollowed the fatal doctrine that was to be the origin of the idealism of vhich we are accustomed to think as the specifically German philosophy. The human body itself is a collection of monads presided over by the upreme created monad, the human soul, which rules the body by pre-stablished harmony. But the soul itself does not derive its knowledge rom external things since these, being unable to act upon it, cannot eveal themselves to it. God, however, in creating each soul has so ırranged its powers of acting or knowing that automatically and indepen-lently of other things it produces solely from its own resources the know-edge requisite at any given time. Is it not clear that, to explain the vhole experience of the human soul in such terms, it is unnecessary to lemand that the universe should really exist or be anything more than omething that is thought of *as* existing by the mind of man?

Now Kant was brought up on the philosophy of Leibniz and of his

disciple, Wolff. In a letter to Eberhard he acknowledges his debts to Leibniz, among them that his own doctrine of the *subjective* necessity of the judgement was but a revision of the doctrine of pre-established harmony in knowledge. And Fichte's philosophy of absolute idealism was a revision of Kant's doctrine. But Leibniz also influenced Fichte directly. Fichte expressed his approval of Schelling's words: " The time is come for reviving the philosophy of Leibniz. The first of his thoughts and his starting-point is that the representations of external things arise in the soul in virtue of its own laws, as in an isolated world, and as if nothing were present to it but God (the Infinite) and the soul (consciousness of the Infinite)."

And Fichte with impressive and, some may think, coercive logic pushed his pantheistic idealism to very practical ethical conclusions. For him the whole worship of God was the performance of duty. And the state, the organism of human minds and the instrument of the highest expression of the Absolute or God, was the highest object of duty. Indeed to do one's duty to the state was in practice one's only obligation; for, he added, since the state was only the expression of the nation (as this was of the Absolute), to obey the state was at deeper levels to obey the nation and God. The state was destined to be one and universal, if possible by world-domination by one nation, though Fichte could not see how this was practicable. Meanwhile it had the right to exact any sacrifice of personal prerogative or conformity with any code of conduct from individual subjects. It had the right to use compulsion to obtain its ends; so that wars of aggression were justified. These ends are socialistic; for the nation, since it is the end and purpose of the private individual and his possessions, is also their supreme overlord and owner of the means of production. But not all nations have the same rights. The German nation is an elect people; for it alone has preserved its originality, a property of the Absolute Mind. Rival claimants to be chosen peoples are therefore reprobate, and Fichte gave as examples the Jews and the Christian churches. It may be significant at present, but probably is not, that this teaching owed its enthusiastic reception by the Germans of his time to the presence of another army of occupation (Napoleon's) in Berlin.

It is impossible not to recognise in these ideas a prevision of National Socialism and, perhaps, the general directive of German policy during this century. Leibniz, though he would have deplored them, was yet their unsuspecting ancestor. " A small error in the beginning (of a logical train of thought) becomes great in the end " wrote St. Thomas. He has been dramatically justified, if a simple mistake about the nature of continuous extension has logically led to two European wars.

ARTHUR LITTLE

IRISH AND SCOTCH-IRISH IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICA

BY PROFESSOR T. W. MOODY, F.T.C.D.

'N a recent article in this journal, I attempted an outline of the Ulster-Scottish emigration to America in the eighteenth century and an stimate of its general significance for American history.[1] I stated that lster Scots formed the largest group of immigrants to arrive in the ghteenth century and that the immigration of catholic Irishmen to America uring the same period was comparatively small in volume. This view, ased on what seemed the best authorities available, is borne out by the ost recent work on the subject, *The Scotch-Irish of colonial Pennsylvania*, y Wayland F. Dunaway.[2] The author is professor of American history nd college historian at the Pennsylvania state college; he has written a *istory of Pennsylvania* (New York, 1935); he is of Ulster-Scottish escent, and his latest work 'is presented to the public as an authorized ublication of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society' (p. vi). Each of ese facts is relevant in an assessment of a book whose sources, for the ost part, we have no means of testing in Ireland.

Professor Dunaway is manifestly a trained historian, learned in the eneral history of America, with a specialist's intimate knowledge of the istory of Pennsylvania and of the Scotch-Irish in the eighteenth century. lis information is drawn from an abundance of original sources, printed nd unprinted, and of secondary authorities, the manuscript material eing almost entirely located in Philadelphia and the printed material, hich includes innumerable local histories, being mainly American-ublished. Dr. Dunaway has made an effective and well-documented nthesis of his subject. Though his style is pedestrian and lacking in umour, the book is thoroughly readable: much is compressed into small ompass without loss of clarity or coherence; the general structure is rm and well-proportioned; and the author's transparent sincerity and oderation hold the reader's confidence. At the same time, there is an nmistakable touch of filial piety in Dr. Dunaway's attitude to the Scotch-ish: the dust jacket speaks of his 'rare combination of fervor and cholarship'.

In an introductory chapter Dr. Dunaway discusses the use of the rm 'Scotch-Irish' to describe that element (he calls it 'race' or 'race-ock') in the American population which was drawn from Ulster and as preponderantly of Ulster-Scottish extraction. He insists on the

[1] 'The Ulster Scots in colonial and revolutionary America', above, vol. xxxiv. 85-94, 1-21 (March and June, 1945).

[2] Pp. viii, 273. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press; London: Milford. 944. 18*s*. 6*d*.

distinction between the Scotch-Irish and the Irish in America, against the strictures of Dr. M. J. O'Brien [1] and other champions of the latter, and shows that the term Scotch-Irish was used by the Ulster immigrants as early as 1728. He goes on to sketch the seventeenth-century Ulster background of the emigration. While accurate in the main, he is here on relatively unfamiliar ground: thus, for example, he fails to bring out the importance of the connection between Scotland and Ulster in the revolutionary years between 1641 and 1660, when a Scottish expeditionary force was sent to Ulster to protect the Scottish colony against the resurgent Irish and when that colony was decisively reinforced.

With Dr. Dunaway's third chapter we come to the emigration itself, and from this point onwards the book never lacks sureness of touch. In the causation of the exodus, though political and religious grievances were a strong contributory factor, the most vital and constant impulse was economic. Dr. Dunaway lays due emphasis on this fact, and correlates the peak-periods of the emigration with economic crises—1717-18, when there was a wholesale raising of rents in Ulster on the falling-in of leases; 1727-8 and 1740-1, periods of famine; 1771-3, years of acute agrarian trouble and a slump in the linen industry. At such times the stream of emigration was enormously swollen, but it never ceased to flow throughout the eighteenth century. The Ulster immigrants settled in all thirteen of the American colonies, but Pennsylvania was by far the most attractive region to them: there, as Dr. Dunaway writes, 'they found to a greater degree than existed elsewhere the political, economic, social and religious conditions that appealed to them. Only in Rhode Island was religious liberty equally secure, but that was a small colony, already well settled, and land was neither so abundant nor so fertile as in Pennsylvania' (p. 47). By the time of the American revolution, the Scotch-Irish constituted nearly one-third of Pennsylvania's white population.

The progress of Scotch-Irish settlement in Pennsylvania is surveyed in two stages, the first covering the movement up to the Allegheny mountains, the second the trans-Allegheny advance. The dividing-line in time is somewhere around 1768, after the seven years' war had expelled the French from the trans-Allegheny country. In the region south-east of the Alleghenies and west of the River Susquehanna, the Scotch-Irish soon became the most numerous group of settlers. During the second stage of their expansion, they played a dominant part in opening up the new territory beyond the Alleghenies—where, by 1790, they preponderated among the settlers in the south-western counties. Besides being the principal region of settlement for the Ulster Scots, Pennsylvania was their great distributing centre in America. From Pennsylvania they spread

[1] In his quotation from Dr. O'Brien, on p. 4, 'by' is a misreading for 'for'; and in the title of Dr. O'Brien's book, '*nationality*' should read '*history*' (p. 4, note 3; p. 247, line 2 from foot).

nto Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas, and into the western territory ıter formed into the new states of West Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky,)hio, Indiana, and Illinois. It is typical of the thoroughness with which)r. Dunaway has tackled his subject that he devotes a chapter to 'the cotch-Irish of the dispersion', even though this leads him far beyond ıe chronological limits indicated by the title of his book. This is also ue of his remaining chapters, which deal with particular aspects of cotch-Irish history—politics, war, economic activities, social life and ustoms, religion and culture.

The chapter on politics is a concise but comprehensive account of the truggle that developed between the Scotch-Irish, representing the new, ggressive, democratic society of the frontier and the old Quaker oligarchy f Philadelphia and its neighbourhood, a struggle that culminated in the ecisive victory of the democrats in 1776, which turned the scale in favour f the adoption of the declaration of independence by congress. Here, s in the vigorous share which they took in the war of independence, the cotch-Irish were conspicuous in the American resistance to Great Britain. hey belonged pre-eminently to the frontier, a zone that cut across rovincial boundaries and served as a melting-pot in which diverse elements ere fused and a common American type for the first time produced. he Scotch-Irish, who made no attempt to maintain a separate national dentity, played an important part in this process. Their most marked haracteristics were those of the frontier class as a whole—self-reliance, esourcefulness, courage, persistence, aggressive vitality, and impatience f government interference. They formed a progressive society with its wn distinctive culture centring on their churches and schools—the stablishment of presbyterian churches was one of the normal accompani- ıents of Scotch-Irish settlement. Dr. Dunaway does justice to this ather neglected aspect of Scotch-Irish history.

The book is an unpretentious and serviceable performance, rounded ut with a good classified bibliography and a useful index. The one bvious deficiency is the absence of maps: where geography enters so eeply into the story as it does here, a series of detailed physical maps nd of maps showing population distribution would have been invaluable.

Still more regrettable is the absence of any discussion of the elative numbers and importance of Irish and Scotch-Irish immigrants, problem which Dr. Dunaway should be well qualified to investi- ate in his own special field of Pennsylvania. Though aware f the pioneer work of Dr. Michael J. O'Brien[1] on the catholic

[1] *A hidden phase of American history: Ireland's part in America's struggle for liberty* New York, 1919); *George Washington's associations with the Irish* (New York, 1937); *Iercules Mulligan, confidential correspondent of George Washington* (New York, 1937); *Pioneer Irish in New England* (New York, 1937); *Timothy Murphy, hero of the American evolution* (New York, 1941); and many contributions to the *Journal of the American-rish Historical Society*, from vol. vi (1906).

Irish in America in the eighteenth century and though presenting diametrically opposed conclusions, Dr. Dunaway does not join issue with Dr. O'Brien. The latter may be taken as the founder of a school of writers, associated with the American-Irish Historical Society, which claims that the emigration from catholic Ireland to America in the eighteenth century was on a far greater scale and of vastly greater importance than historians have recognised. Of an estimated total of 96,000 immigrants from Ireland in the years 1767-74, he assigns 34% (or 32,640) to the Scotch-Irish and 66% (or 63,360) to the catholic Irish.[1] But according to what may be called the orthodox view, the overwhelming majority of the 96,000 were Scotch-Irish. Dr. Dunaway, who is nothing if not orthodox, reckons the total Scotch-Irish immigration into America in the eighteenth century at 250,000, and thinks it probable that the catholic Irish did not exceed 10,000 in the colonial period (p. 41).

The orthodox view has an apparently solid foundation in contemporary Irish evidence of the wholesale exodus of Ulster Scots from Ireland and in contemporary American evidence of their arrival and settlement in America. The former type of evidence is well known from Arthur Young's *Tour in Ireland* and Thomas Newenham's *Inquiry into . . . the population of Ireland*; Dr. Dunaway's book reveals many samples of the latter. Dr. O'Brien bases his claims on American local records and newspapers—and especially on the muster-rolls of the revolutionary armies. He relies chiefly on the evidence of surnames, and has collected thousands of Irish names to prove his contention. He has put enormous industry and considerable enterprise into his researches, which have extended over nearly forty years. His conclusions unquestionably deserve serious consideration from historians, but this they have not generally received. In five recent works on American history by American writers of established reputation, the orthodox view of the Scotch-Irish immigration is maintained.[2] In none of these works is Dr. O'Brien's thesis discussed; in only one of them is he mentioned by name, and then with the remark: 'M. J. O'Brien . . . has gathered interesting data, but . . . makes sweeping claims which are not substantiated'.[3]

The truth is that Dr. O'Brien writes in a spirit of such violent partizanship that he both repels the unprejudiced reader and injures his own power of weighing evidence. The late Professor J. F. Jameson, who for half a century was the doyen of American historians, reviewing Dr. O'Brien's *Hidden phase of American history* in the *American Historical*

[1] *A hidden phase of American history*, p. 289.

[2] J. T. Adams, *Provincial society, 1690-1763* (A history of American life, iii, 1927); C. A. and M. R. Beard, *The rise of American civilization* (1927); M. L. Hansen, *The Atlantic migration, 1607-1860* (1940); H. C. Hockett, *Political and social growth of the American people, 1492-1865* (3rd ed., 1940); S. E. Morison and H. S. Commager, *The growth of the American republic* (3rd ed., 1942).

[3] J. T. Adams, *Provincial society*, p. 333.

Review,[1] pointed out that O'Brien's method of handling statistics, and especially the statistics of the revolutionary muster-rolls, was amateurish and uncritical; and that, whereas O'Brien concluded (pp. 134-5) that 38% of the soldiers of the revolutionary armies were Irish, the true average warranted by O'Brien's own totals was only about 4% or 5%. Dr. O'Brien fails to show how the testimony of such authorities as Young and Newenham is to be explained away. He affirms that multitudes of catholics emigrated from Ireland to America before the revolution, but that 'the majority . . . did not practise their religion in America'.[2] Yet he holds that these Irish gravitated to the frontier, where there was no state interference with religion. It is hard to believe that Irish catholics were any more inclined to abandon their religion on settling in America than were Ulster presbyterians. Irish surnames, especially in the eighteenth century, are not in themselves conclusive evidence of religious identity. Moreover, though there is no doubt that individual Irish catholics such as Charles Carroll of Carrollton played a notable part in American public life before and during the revolution, it is not clear from Dr. O'Brien's work what distinctive contribution was made by the catholic Irish as a whole.

In the Pennsylvania section of the immigration, Dr. Dunaway and Dr. O'Brien are on common ground, and here the issue might well have been joined. Dr. O'Brien states that nearly all the settlers in the Cumberland valley (the modern counties of Cumberland and Franklin) down to the revolution were 'from Ireland or of the first generation of American-born descendants of Irish immigrants',[3] and he implies that these settlers were Irish in his sense of the term. Dr. Dunaway has five pages on the Cumberland valley (pp. 59-64), which he describes as 'the headquarters of the Scotch-Irish not only in Pennsylvania but in America. . . . It was the seed-plot and nursery of their race, the original reservoir which, after having been filled to overflowing, sent forth a constant stream of emigrants. . . . It was estimated that in 1751, when there were about five thousand people in the valley, all except fifty families were either Scotch or Scotch-Irish, principally the latter' (p. 59). If this is true—and Dr. Dunaway cites his authorities, as Dr. O'Brien does not—it would seem that the two are referring to the same people. But Dr. Dunaway does not take up the challenge implicit in Dr. O'Brien's references to Pennsylvania.

To clear up the problem as a whole, much further research is called for on both sides of the Atlantic. It is to be hoped that Professor Dunaway will develop his work on the Scotch-Irish with more detailed studies of particular regions, illustrated by maps. Many scholarly articles on special aspects of the Irish immigration have been published by Professor R. J.

[1] Vol. xxvi (1921). 797-9.
[2] *A hidden phase of American history*, p. 266.
[3] Ibid., p. 255.

Purcell,[1] of the Catholic University of America, who has succeeded Dr. O'Brien as historiographer of the American-Irish Historical Society. But the task is one for many scholars, working in some kind of understanding with one another. A full and systematic investigation and correlation of all the available evidence for the departure of the emigrants from all over Ireland is necessary in order to determine, especially, their places of origin, their religion, their social and economic circumstances, and their numbers.[2] Corresponding investigations into their arrival in America and the location and history of their settlements throughout the colonies need to be completed by American scholars. In all such work, no consideration of 'racial' or religious claims should be allowed to impede the search for historical truth. It may well be that the catholic and protestant emigrations from Ireland were more closely intermingled than is commonly supposed. However they may be distinguished, they most certainly should not be made the subject of rival and mutually exclusive researches. The concern of historical scholarship should be not to score points for Irish or Scotch-Irish, but to determine their numbers in relation to each other and to the colonies where they settled, and to interpret their respective contributions to the life of those colonies and to the revolution which produced the American republic.

T. W. Moody

[1] e.g. in *Studies*, 1938-42, and in the *Journal of the American-Irish Historical Society*.

[2] Fr. Aubrey Gwynn, in his valuable collection of documents relating to the Irish in the West Indies, has given a useful pointer to relevant material in the English Public Record Office (*Analecta Hibernica*, no. 4 (1932), p. 286).

Two postgraduate students, Mr. R. J. Dickson, of Queen's University, Belfast, and Miss A. McFetridge, of Trinity College, Dublin, are at present working on the emigration in relation to Ulster and the rest of Ireland respectively.

BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

BY P. G. KENNEDY, S.J.

PART XII.—PLOVERS

THE GOLDEN PLOVER.—From autumn to spring the Golden Plover is widely distributed and often very numerous both on the coast and inland. It breeds sparingly on mountains in many places as well as on bogs in West Connaught. In March and April our nesting birds move to the hills, but for long after their departure certain lowland fields and estuaries are visited by passing flocks of birds which breed farther north and later in the season. In August our nesting birds and their young form flocks and leave the breeding ground. In September migratory flocks from overseas begin to arrive, but the chief immigration takes place early in October. Besides these regular migrations there are often during the winter the so-called " weather movements ". During hard weather the birds leave their inland haunts for the sea-coast, and if the severe conditions continue they have been seen leaving the country in a southerly direction. A cold spell in Great Britain or on the continent will often bring Golden Plover in considerable numbers to this country.

The most striking case of weather migration which came under my notice was on February 16th, 1929. I find in my notes under that date : " For the past week there have been reports of arctic conditions on the continent and in Great Britain, while in this country the weather has also been severe. Mr. P. E. Dunn and I went to the North Bull which we found to be open feeding ground, though the mainland of Co. Dublin was still covered with snow. There were on the island birds of all sizes from the Twite to the Brent Goose, but far out-numbering all others were Golden Plover. From the moment we crossed the bridge we found them everywhere. Even while we were on the bridge one Golden Plover, feeding among others, caught our attention. It was hopping about on one leg, the other hanging limp and shrivelled. The bird looked lean and hungry but, as we found later, no worse than others which were sound of limb. There must have been thousands of Golden Plover present. This was the impression produced, but there was no actual count made. They were on every part of the island from the Bull Wall to the Point and from the lagoon to the edge of the water on the sea-front. They were spread out over the golf courses, feeding so intently that they would scarcely move out of our way. On the links we met a fowler who had a few Golden Plover in his bag (the island was not made a Bird Sanctuary until two years later), but they were in such poor condition

that he had refrained from killing more. The birds had evidently had little to eat for some time and had probably travelled far to find this open feeding ground."

This species is a typical plover, with rounded head and straight, slender bill of medium length. At all seasons the black and gold of the upper-parts is quite distinctive. In summer the face and throat are dusky and mottled, and the breast is black more or less mixed with white or yellow. In winter the black is lost, and the under-parts are whitish with golden and dusky mottlings. There is no wing-bar. The axillaries are pure white, the under-wings whitish and the legs greenish grey. The ordinary note is a liquid, musical whistle which has been rendered as " tlui ". It is often heard from single birds or flocks flying high and sometimes at night from migrants passing over cities.

The flight is rapid with quick, regular wing-beats. A flock flying down wind gives the impression of tremendous power and speed. For this reason the flight evolutions over marsh lands and estuaries are very striking. The birds go through the usual formations of other waders, but with greater precision, opening out and packing together in quicker succession. When they alight, they hold their wings perpendicularly for an instant as if performing a ritual. Then when they fold their wings, so well do they harmonize with the faded grass that they disappear completely from view. I remember one remarkable instance of this vanishing trick. Mr. P. E. Dunn and I stopped one April day to watch a large flock which we saw flying over marsh land near the road. The birds circled around for some time and finally alighted in the middle of the field. As they stood facing us we saw that they were all in summer plumage, the black of the under-parts showing up clearly. We both raised our glasses to examine them more closely, but in that instant they had disappeared completely. The birds had just squatted on their breasts, hiding the black, while the gold and black of their backs conformed so perfectly with the colour of the ground that we could detect no shade of difference.

The nest of the Golden Plover is a mere depression in the ground, with scanty lining of grasses or heather-twigs. Normally four eggs are laid, though three are common in some places. If the first nest comes to grief a second is often made, when also three eggs are the usual complement. Otherwise it is single-brooded. The eggs are pear-shaped, of a buff or yellowish-stone ground colour, boldly blotched with black-brown, heaviest at the larger end and tending to form a zone. The young leave the nest a few hours after hatching and are attended by both parents until they are able to fly in about four weeks. During the nesting period one of the pair stands sentinel on some small eminence and gives its mate a warning note if anyone approaches. The sitting bird slips quietly off

the nest, runs some distance before taking wing and then answers the call. Both birds keep flying around, calling plaintively, until the danger has passed.

There are two races, the Southern and the Northern Golden Plover, which are indistinguishable in winter, but which are very different in summer plumage. The northern form has in summer a more clean, clear-cut pattern of black and white on the head and under-parts. It has also a broad, white band from the forehead over the eye and down the neck and the breast to the flanks. The face, cheeks and under-parts are black without any admixture of white or yellow. The Southern Golden Plover is the form which breeds in Ireland as well as in Great Britain, Holland, Denmark, southern Scandinavia and northern Germany. The northern form breeds in Iceland, the Faroes, northern Scandinavia, Finland, the Baltic States, northern Russia and Siberia to the Yenesei. In winter the Northern Golden Plover visits many parts of Ireland from October to February, with the two extreme dates of September 29th in Tyrone and March 4th in Roscommon. Apparently a large proportion of our wintering Golden Plover are of this northern form.

There is also the American Golden Plover which has been obtained only once in this country, at Belmullet, Co. Mayo, on September 13th, 1894. It is a rather smaller bird than the European species, in summer very like the Northern Golden Plover, but with smoky-grey, instead of whitish, axillaries and under-wings. In winter the feathers of the upper-parts, instead of being notched with yellow as in our winter birds, have simply yellowish edges which are said to give it a less spangled appearance.

THE GREY PLOVER.—The Grey Plover is a winter visitor and passage migrant to this country, usually from September to May, but sometimes arriving in August and a few remaining until June or July. When inland fowlers speak of shooting Grey Plover, they generally mean the Golden Plover in winter plumage. This indicates a certain similarity in size and general colouring of the two species. But the Grey Plover has very well-defined characteristics by which it can be readily distinguished at all seasons. It has black axillaries, which show up well in flight, a conspicuous white patch at the base of the tail and a whitish wing-bar. When feeding it has the habit, like the Ringed Plover, of standing erect in a listening attitude, running a few paces, stooping to pick up something and again lifting its head. This behaviour on the mud-flats usually betrays the Grey Plover at a distance and when the colouring and other traits cannot properly be seen. At close range it looks a somewhat larger bird than the Golden Plover, more bullet-headed, with a stouter bill and in winter with more uniform brownish-grey plumage on the back.

In summer plumage the Grey Plover is a boldly marked bird with silver-grey spangling on the upper-parts, with a white forehead and a

white band running over the eye to form a large white patch at the side of the breast. The cheeks, sides of the neck and the rest of the under-parts are black. Except in the west, it is rarely seen in summer plumage in Ireland. Warren tells us that many birds on their return in autumn to Killala Bay have black breasts but very soon lose that colour. The late Mr. E. Williams on August 28th, 1898, saw a bird in full nuptial plumage on the North Bull, and Dr. Patten adds : " Specimens have been obtained from the same locality exhibiting a transition plumage between winter and nuptial, many black feathers being still visible." (*Aquatic Birds*). Mr. J. P. Brunker reports that on September 2nd, 1945, when he was on the North Bull, five Grey Plover alighted near him, one being in summer plumage and the others without the black breasts. Records of summer dress are equally rare in birds before their departure. Thompson and Watters reported a few for June and July. Warren tells us that on June 29th, 1860, he saw thirteen Grey Plover only two of which had black breasts. On March 17th, 1900, Dr. Patten " saw two beautiful birds, in full nuptial dress, among a flock of fourteen in ordinary winter plumage." (*loc. cit.*) On June 6th, 1932, Mr. W. F. Crowley and I had a very good view of one in its striking summer colours on the North Bull. It flew in from the sea and alighted near us, holding its wings perpendicularly for an instant before folding them. It looked a restless and excited bird and soon flew away again, calling loudly as if it had lost its companions on migration.

Some of the Grey Plover seen in autumn are young birds of the year, having the upper-parts spangled and tinged with yellowish, and these might easily be confused with Golden Plover. But again they can be distinguished in flight by the black axillaries, white rump and the wing-bar.

The Grey Plover is fairly well distributed round the coast, especially on oozy shores and estuaries. In the south of Ireland it is more rare. It seldom wanders inland. Ussher and Warren could record only one certain instance, though they considered other reported occurrences along the valley of the Shannon quite likely, as many sea birds use that route on migration. On September 28th, 1945, Major R. F. Rutteldge found one on Lough Carra, Co. Mayo. It appeared to be a very tired bird and remained resting on the shore the whole day.

Unlike the Golden Plover the Grey Plover is not as a rule gregarious preferring to feed by itself though often near waders of other species. Dr. Patten writes : " I have frequently counted as many as fifty birds on a salt-water marsh of the Dublin coast, but they have been invariably scattered over a considerable area." (*Aquatic Birds, p.* 231). Sometimes however, parties of 20 or 30 are met with, but flocks of 50 or more are said to be exceptional. Mr. G. R. Humphreys once saw 68 together on the North Bull. The largest flock I have seen was on March 2nd, 1945

also on the North Bull. The birds were resting on the beach near the water's edge in a long line two or three deep. As they remained quiet except for an occasional stretching of a wing, I thought it would be an easy matter to get their exact number. But when I had counted up to 120, they all rose together and flew away. Since I had reached near the end of the line in my count when they took wing, I put down the figure as between 120 and 130. I had no doubt about the identification even before I saw them in flight. They remained quite silent both on the ground and on the wing, though they are said to be noisy when a number are together. Single birds feeding on the mud-flats are at times noisy enough, and the note which I frequently hear from them is the high-pitched, trisyllabic call, rendered in some books as " tlee-oo-ee ".

The Grey Plover breeds on the tundras of Russia and Siberia north of the Arctic Circle and in arctic North America from Alaska to Baffin and Southampton Islands. In winter it is almost cosmopolitan, occurring on the coasts of Europe, Africa, southern Asia, the Malay Archipelago, Australia and North and South America.

THE DOTTEREL.—The Dotterel is a very rare passage migrant to Ireland, having been recorded only about eighteen times. It has occurred chiefly in autumn, but there are four spring records, one in early April 1848 when a " trip " (as a party of Dotterel is called) of about 20 was seen at Ballywalter, Co. Down, another in April 1919, when Mr. G. R. Humphreys saw three at Kilbarrack, Co. Dublin, a third at the Maidens Lighthouse, Antrim, on April 22nd, 1925, as reported by Dr. C. J. Patten, and lastly a party of 20-30 seen in mid-April 1940 near Tullamore, Offaly, by Mr. K. Kennedy. As most of the recorded occurrences were in the last century and as birds are less likely to escape notice now, it would seem that the Dotterel was formerly a more frequent visitor. It has been remarked that the status of many migratory species in Great Britain is reflected in their numbers found in this country. The Dotterel was once a much more common migrant in Britain than it is now. For long it had been regarded as a delicacy for the table, and as it was in better condition in spring than in autumn, whole trips were shot down on their arrival from their winter quarters. At a later period many were killed for their plumage, while in more recent times egg collectors are said to be responsible for further diminution in numbers—all of which perhaps explains why there have been only two records of the bird here for a quarter of a century.

The Dotterel, as seen in pictures or mounted specimens, looks a very conspicuous bird indeed, but in its natural haunts it might easily pass unnoticed, so well does it harmonize with its wild surroundings. But it is very tame and, if once sighted, it will permit of close approach so that all the details of its colour scheme can be noted. It may be mentioned

that its tameness, which old writers took for stupidity, led to its being given the English name Dotterel, the diminutive of dolt, and the Latin *morinellus*, a diminutive of *morus*, a fool, though probably the latter title had reference also to Morini, the ancient name of the people of Flanders, where Caius, who first used the name, found the bird to be common.

The Dotterel is a plump, medium-sized plover, round-headed and short-billed. Its most prominent colours in summer are the white stripes passing over the eyes and meeting on the nape, the white band that divides the slaty-brown upper breast from the chestnut of the lower breast and flanks, and the black abdomen. The tail is bordered with white, the bill is black and the legs dull yellow. In autumn and winter the eye stripe is duller and more buff, and the striking pattern of the under-parts is lacking, the breast and flanks being brown, but the pectoral band, though obscured, is more or less visible. The flight is strong and swift, with rapid wing-beats, and somewhat resembles the Golden Plover's. On the ground it behaves like other plovers, when resting often raising or stretching one or both wings, and when feeding running quickly for a few paces and then pausing to pick up food.

The Dotterel has some of the peculiarities of the Phalaropes. The males in summer are usually not so brightly coloured as the females and the area of black on the abdomen is smaller. But they vary individually, some males appearing to be quite as richly coloured as their mates. Then the males do all, or almost all, the hatching and the tending and brooding of the young, while the females form into small bands on or near the nesting ground.

This plover breeds sparingly in Westmorland and Cumberland, in the Cairngorm and the Grampian ranges and in east Ross. On the continent it breeds in Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia, and very locally in the mountains of Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Romania. It also breeds in the southern Urals and in Siberia east to N.W. Mongolia. It nests high up on mountains (in Great Britain from 2,500 to 4,000 ft.), on stony ridges and plateaux or in stunted heather and tussocky ground. The nest is a mere depression in the ground, unlined or sparingly lined with mosses, lichens or grasses. The Dotterel is single-brooded and, unlike the other waders which generally have clutches of four, normally lays only three eggs. On the continent, however, four are sometimes, though rarely, found to the clutch. After the breeding season the parent birds and their young migrate through Europe and Asia and winter in North Africa, Arabia, Sinai, Iraq and Persia.

THE KILLDEER PLOVER.—The Killdeer Plover is a common and well-known bird in North America. It breeds in Canada and the United States south to the Bahamas, Florida, central Mexico and Lower California

nd winters in southern British Columbia and in many of the United States, south to the Greater Antilles, Venezuela and N.W. Peru.

Like other American species, the Killdeer Plover is only a rare and ccidental visitor to these countries. It has occurred only about ten times n Great Britain and three times in Ireland. The first Irish occurrence vas at Naul, near Balbriggan, Co. Dublin, on January 12th, 1928, when he bird was observed running about a grass-field in the company of Thrushes and was shot. I examined it in the flesh at No. 2 Dame Street, Dublin, where it was sent for preservation. It resembled the Ringed Plover more than any other Irish bird, but was bigger with longer legs nd a longer tail. It had a white forehead, a white streak behind the ye, a white collar, two black bands across the breast and the rest of the nder-parts white. The crown and back were dark brown. The most onspicuous features were the reddish-brown lower back and upper tail-overts and the graduated tail, which was sepia with a subterminal black and and white tips and with the outer pair of feathers mostly white. There was a well-defined wing-bar. The bill was black and the legs nd feet greyish-yellow. The specimen is in the possession of Mrs. Brangan of Naul, and there is a photograph of it in the National Museum. The second occurrence was on November 30th, 1938, when Mr. Henry ohnson saw a strange bird and shot it in a field at Carrigeengoure, about mile N.E. of Mizen Head, Co. Cork. The bird was identified as a Killdeer Plover and is now a specimen in the National Museum. The hird bird was picked up dead by Mr. Florence McCarthy a few yards rom his house in Crookhaven on March 19th, 1939. This bird is supposed o have been the Killdeer Plover which was identified on the previous December 11th and was seen at intervals since in the district. It may ossibly have been a companion of the bird which was shot not far away n November 30th. This specimen is also in the Museum.

It is an excitable and noisy bird, and this is indicated by the epithet f its specific Latin name, *Oxyechus v. vociferus*. The name in English s derived from the bird's call, which is said to sound like " kildeeah, ildeeah, kildeeah ". The flight is rapid and usually low down. In general ehaviour it resembles the Ringed Plover. When feeding, it has the same abit of running and stopping with head up and of picking up food with he same quick tilt over of the body. The scattered birds when startled sually unite to form a compact flock, but small parties are more common han large flocks. It nests in meadows, arable land or bare gravelly ground, ften near water, inland or coastal. The nest is of the usual plover type, nd the clutch is the normal four eggs.

THE SOCIABLE PLOVER.—The Sociable Plover is also a rare and accidental isitor, having occurred only twice in this country. The first was obtained n August 1st, 1899, near Navan, Co. Meath ; the second was shot near

Brownstown Head, Tramore Bay, Waterford, at Christmas 1909. The latter specimen is in the National Museum.

This plover is not unlike the Lapwing, but it has longer legs and less rounded wings, and is without the crest and the metallic green back. There is a white stripe from the forehead to the nape, the primaries are black, the secondaries white and the tail white with a subterminal black band. The bill and legs are black. In summer the cheeks and lower throat are warm buff, the breast smoky, the abdomen black turning to chestnut behind, and the under tail-coverts are white. There is little difference between summer and winter plumage, but in winter the crown and eye-stripe are duller and the under-parts are whitish with some dark markings on the breast. The sexes are often alike, but some females are duller in colour and some are less black on the abdomen than the males. Immature birds have light edgings to their feathers, giving a less uniform appearance above, and the under-parts are more buff, with dark streaks more pronounced on the breast and throat. The flight is like the Lapwing's, but usually low, and the bird is said to spend much time on the wing.

The English name, the Sociable Plover, and the Latin *Chettusia gregaria* are derived from the fact that outside the breeding-season the species nearly always goes in flocks. The flocks, however, are never very large, 400 together being unusual. It breeds in S.E. Russia, rarely in the Ukraine or Sea of Azov region, and in S. Siberia. It winters in S. Russia, Arabia, Iraq, Persia, Baluchistan and N.W. India.

P. G. Kennedy

FATHER JOHN KENYON AND YOUNG IRELAND: 1812—1869

BY DERMOT F. GLEESON, M.A., D.LITT.

Genteel nobodies in jaunting cars who passed, wondered to hear that this unkempt gure in long slovenly coat, delving, spade in hand, into the soil or picking up the eeds from the garden path, was the priest of the parish. There he was, working lently, his large greyhound Lufra (called after the favourite of Sir Walter's pack) pering by his side; but where were his thoughts? Who can divine? For ather Kenyon was a poet—' There be poets (and perhaps the best)
That never sung, but crushed the God within.'
oetry is not rhymed endings; it is the double sight of nature, the seeing in it of ore than is visible to mortal ken—a sort of supernatural power of vision. And at had this amateur husbandman. A lover of the beautiful in God's work and an's work; of the stormy ocean, the tall cliffs where the seamews build; of the lack gorges, the rustling green groves, and the silvery streamlets in the meadow acts; of a good book, a beautiful picture, music and Etruscan vases: such he as, and to this appreciation of the symmetries he added the nicest critical taste nd the largest sense of enjoyment. Therefore, think I, he was a true poet.

IT was in such phrases as these that the famous Nenagh War Correspondent, John Augustus O'Shea, writing from Paris in *The Irishman* of o April 1869, fulfilled the duty he felt laid upon him to " twine a chaplet f sad flowers over the new-made grave in the Tipperary mountains," hen his friend Father John Kenyon of Templederry was dead. He as under the further obligation that Father Kenyon had charged him, ome years before, to " say what you think of me when I die ". He did ot write alone. Almost every national newspaper in Ireland carried its bituary notice of the priest who had lived a hermit-like existence on a Tipperary hillside since the noble failure of Smith O'Brien in 1848. To-day little is heard of Father Kenyon. In the recent celebrations or the centenary of Thomas Davis, his name was scarcely mentioned; ndeed, but for the fine effort of his biographer some twenty years ago,[1] here would have been substance in John Mitchel's fear that his memory night fade with the generation that knew him, and that nothing would ow be left but " rumour that fades like a mist ".

The son of Patrick Kenyon and Mary MacMahon, John Kenyon was orn in the City of Limerick in 1812. His father was in comfortable ircumstances and owned some house property of value. John was sent o Maynooth and, after a fashion not uncommon at that time, he ffiliated, not to his native diocese, but to the neighbouring one of Killaloe. He was ordained priest in 1834 and was appointed curate in the united arishes of Doora, Kilraghtis, and Templemayley in Co. Clare, his parish riest being Father Malone. In the same year he was removed to Ennis

[1] *Father John Kenyon: A Patriot Priest of '48*, by L. Fogarty, M.A., Dublin: Whelan & Sons 1920. Most of the quotations in this essay are taken from this work to which I am greatly indebted.

and served there for three years until, on the 13 December 1839, he became curate at the Silvermines in Co. Tipperary to Father Edward Magrath. Here he remained for three years more and, on the 11 December 1842, was transferred to Templederry, where he spent the remainder of his life.

The name of the parish in those times was Meenagh—indeed it was Father John himself who changed it to Templederry. It comprises the old parishes of Kilaneave, Templederry, Latteragh, and the greater part of Dolla, with a small portion anciently known as the parish of Kilderry-dhadrum. To the south of the town of Nenagh lies a long line of blue hills, plainly visible to the traveller by road or rail between Limerick and Roscrea. They stretch in a long chain from the Bearna of Eli (the Devil's Bit) to Slieve Ciamaltha (Keeper Hill) and the old village of Tulla (Newport), and look down on the whole valley of the Ormond baronies and the wide sweep of the Shannon from Portumna to Limerick. The chain is broken by a gap where the main road from Nenagh to Thurles passes by Latteragh to Borrisoleigh (Glankeen). The hills rise again to the west of the gap to the little village of Meenagh or Templederry, set almost amongst the heather. Hither, in the dark and evil days of Cromwell and Charles II, came the old O'Kennedy chieftains when they were driven from their ancient demesnes in the valley. With them came Ryans, Fogartys and Carrolls, and to this day you may see the long funerals winding down the hillsides to the graveyards of their ancestors many miles away. The sound of the Gaelic speech lasted here almost to within living memory, when it had long departed from the rest of Ormond and Eli, and the old people who spoke it were almost a race apart. Even in our time they stand out in fair and market amongst their fellows. It seems to have escaped all the biographers of Thomas Davis that it was amongst them in this place that he first felt the stirrings of liberty and nationhood. For there can be no manner of doubt that it was one of these hardy mountaineers whom he had in mind when he wrote :—

> Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
> His spirit light as any fairy,
> His wrath is fearful as the storm
> That sweeps the hills of Tipperary.

The Templederry men were stirring in 1798. Their parish priest, Father Kennedy, was arrested, and Musgrave tells how some of his parishioners were bullied and tortured by the locally recruited " Imperial Yeomanry ". Nearby, the parish priests of Nenagh and Portroe (Fathers O'Meara and Talbot) and the Protestant clergyman of the Silvermines (Revd. Mr. Fulton) were arrested as United Men, ordered for transportation, sent to the hulks, and never heard of again. Davis's aunt, Mrs. Hastings Atkins, was wife of the Rector of Templederry, and so it was that he came hither in his youth to spend his vacations on the Tipperary

ills. From the local gentry he strayed to find companions amongst the ocal tenants, and many memories of him are still preserved amongst the ld people. It is no accident that some of his finest ballads were inspired y these hillsides and the fine people who inhabited them. Whether he ver came there in Father Kenyon's time (*i.e.* between 1842 and 1845 hen Davis died) there is nothing to show—nor indeed that Father enyon was ever personally in contact with Davis at all. But, having egard to the associations mentioned and to Father Kenyon's later ctivities, it is almost certain that they knew one another.

Father Kenyon came to Templederry in the first instance as curate o Father Kennedy. After some vicissitudes, hereafter to be related, he ventually became parish priest and remained there to the year of his eath in 1869. When Father Kenyon first came to Templederry, the 'Connell Association was still in command of the Irish electorate. There s no evidence that he had engaged in any political effort until about a ear before the General Election of 1847. The Young Irelanders were y then very much in evidence; but—mainly owing to the death of 'Connell—they had not yet finally broken with the older movement. ather Kenyon had by this time been a priest for some fourteen years and ad spent eight of these in two Tipperary parishes where the poor members f his flock had suffered grievously from rapacious landlords and, simul- aneously, from the plagues of the great Famine—typhus and cholera. Ie has left us no record of his missionary work at this time; but to a an of his temperament it must have been galling in the extreme. He as—as all his writings show clearly—a man who " loved justice and hated niquity ". Indeed, as a result, he very nearly " died in exile ". What he ust have suffered in the sore trials of his afflicted flock in these first ight years in Templederry, it is difficult now to even imagine. Kickham owever knew it and knew Father John, and so it is that from Kickham's en we have a glimpse of it :—

> You knelt beside the peasant on his straw, Father John,
> And your heart was thrilled with thankfulness and awe, Father John,
> When he prayed in death's last throes
> For forgiveness for his foes,
> Ah, you knew that he was murdered by the law, Father John.
>
> And the fever-stricken wife in that abode, Father John,
> And the group of shivering children on the road, Father John,
> Oh, turn your thoughts away
> From such pictures, if you may,
> Or your heart will soon be broken with its load, Father John.

Here, no doubt, is the beginning of Father Kenyon as a publicist and revolutionary. Hence arose that " saeva indignatio " which breathes rough all his writings in the *Nation* and elsewhere. Like many another f his time, this high-spirited man could stand it no longer. The same

urge that drove William Smith O'Brien from the comfort of Cahirmoyle and Dromoland into the felon's dock, moved the poor curate of Templederry from his mountain parish into public life. In later years we shall find him seeking happiness and peace in his natural element—in his garden and amongst his beloved books and with his friends. Now he was in the prime of his manhood. Day after day he went amongst his people, finding them oppressed by cruel injustice and every form of human misery. Many of his fellows had become so accustomed to it that they could at least content themselves with deploring it and, by supplication, attempting to obtain some of the rights of human beings. John Kenyon was not built that way. He was one of Davis's " righteous men ".

There were others—the Unitarian solicitor from the north, the tall bearded man from Sligo with a face like one of the prophets of the Old Testament, the very Protestant landlord from Limerick in whose veins ran the blood of Brian Boru. They were idealists all and, as such, they were dangerous men from the point of view of the existing order. They had no thought of self, and they were prepared to sacrifice every earthly consideration to the pursuit of their cause. In their own time many men contemned them—even in ours there are not wanting cynics who decry them and their efforts as futile and visionary ; but no man, either then or now, has questioned their honesty of purpose or gainsaid their unquenchable courage. Widely separated in origin and upbringing, differing fundamentally in religious outlook, they came together—almost, as it were, in obedience to some natural law—and pursued their end without fear in the same magnetic spirit of fellowship and understanding. Theirs was the knowledge of the true meaning of human dignity and of what the late Tom Kettle has called " the secret scripture of the poor ". In the last analysis, in the measuring of a nation's greatness, it is men like them who make the count. In 1847, when these men could stand no longer what Father Kenyon later named " balmy O'Connellism," they stood out on their own and Kenyon was with them. In 1846 he had stood on a platform at Kilrush with William Smith O'Brien. In August 1847 he journeyed to Limerick and nominated Richard O'Gorman against John O'Connell. His man was beaten by a large majority, and he himself was hooted and mobbed through the streets of his native city.

This first experience of his in the public arena might have daunted any man of lesser courage and determination. But Father Kenyon was cast in a different mould. In a letter to the *Limerick Reporter*, which might have been penned by Pearse, he writes : " I have secured all the essential good which I aimed at effecting, or which I could have hoped to effect, by a contest in Limerick. This proud truth is at least upholden Limerick shall not become any man's property (to sell for five pounds) without a determined struggle and resistance to the death. If the men of Limerick have not joined this present struggle in sufficient numbers

o make it effective, that is their own concern. . . . . Whatever estimate ıay be formed of their conduct, the honour of the brave old city is at ɛast redeemed from the infamy of a mute submission to tyranny, and the ɔundation is laid and an omen auspicated of some future and perhaps not distant victory." Kenyon and his fellows saw very clearly that Conciliation " had failed. It had not kept alive or fed or clothed the oor wretches in the hillside cabins in Templederry or the thousand Templederrys throughout Ireland. It had not prevented the death on he roadsides or in the poorhouses, in a few short years, of one-third f the population of the Union of Kilrush in the diocese to which Father Kenyon belonged. Moreover, the seeds of corruption had already clearly ɔecome manifest in the O'Connell movement. The Liberator was dead, nd the only prop his son and the " Conciliators " had left was, as again Kenyon set out, " to rattle his bones ". He wrote again in reply to the laim of O'Brien (the second O'Connell candidate in Limerick) that his ntervention could have no issue other than to delay his (O'Brien's) lection : " It has had another and widely different issue indeed. It ıas kindled in many a disbelieving mind a faith in human honour and ıonesty which the vile faction at Conciliation Hall had almost extinguished. t has warmed many a torpid heart with a fresh infusion of hope in the inal triumph of freedom."

The issue was now knit between the advocates respectively of physical nd moral force, Father Kenyon being very openly on the side of the ormer. He had defended it with William Smith O'Brien at the meeting t Kilrush in 1846 and again in a letter to the *Limerick Reporter*, which vas reprinted in the *Nation* and issued as a Young Ireland pamphlet in December of the same year. His speech at Kilrush had been challenged ɔy two priests and by others, and the pamphlet is Kenyon's reply. The vhole character of the man stands revealed in it. It is full of close easoning, apt and ample quotation, the most devastating forensic xpression, and a sarcasm which recalls Swift. Dealing with the suggestion f John O'Connell and the Revd. Fr. Power that, while physical force night have been justifiable in times past, it had become unnecessary and vil in the circumstances then existing, he writes : " Before Mr. O'Connell ɔroclaimed himself the apostle of this new creed, men might be saved hough they fell, sword in hand, battling with the oppressors of their ountry. We need have no misgivings about the present happiness of the oldier martyrs or the warrior saints of old. But now that Mr. O'Connell ıas assumed the office of an apostle and declared that the moon is made f green cheese—I mistook but no matter—now it is modestly expected hat, like the simpleton in Molière, we are to take it for granted that here are no hearts in our breasts—or, at least, they are no longer where hey used to be. ' Nous avons changé tout cela.' Go to bed, Mr. Power, nd brighter dreams to you."

The pamphlet contains a clear statement of the moral issues surrounding the use of physical force; if the style is somewhat verbose and florid to our modern notions, it was in tune with the age in which it was written. It contains moreover reflections of a wide reading and of a culture too often, one fears, despised in the public life and utterance of our own day. What modern politician, one wonders, would illustrate his line of reasoning by quotations from Shakespeare, Molière, and Ben Johnson or, for that matter, what body of his readers would appreciate them. There is invective indeed, fierce and devastating, but it never oversteps the fair limits of debate. He writes, for instance, of Tom Steele: "Mr. Steele seems to me at present, a melancholy monument of the wretched condition to which even the highest order of minds may fall when they lose their virtue and independence." Addressing his brother priest, Father Wynne, who had quoted the opinion of ten other clergymen of his acquaintance against Kenyon's propositions, he says: "When you go into Conciliation Hall, don't imagine that you have all the sense of the country in your pocket-book. Reflect that there are many, many, clergymen besides the ten you know. Rude fellows to be sure—many of them in Cork County, and wild fellows in Tipperary and vulgar enough in Limerick, yet who—but enough. . . . . I wish you, my dear Fr. Wynne, a thousand years to improve yourself." Reading this pamphlet—and the same spirit and expression appear in all of Father John Kenyon's writings and speeches—one wonders how narrowly he escaped fame. The same thought struck O'Shea, who wrote in his obituary: "Poor Father Kenyon—Henry Grattan said of the Revd. Anthony O'Leary 'If I had not known him to be a Christian priest, I should have taken him to be a philosopher of the Augustan era.' The same might be said of thee, but there is no Grattan to say it." John Martin was of the same mind. Writing to John Mitchel on the 27 March 1869, when the news of Father Kenyon's death became known: "I think Father Kenyon had the finest intellect of all the men I have known in life. Nobody had a more genial nature, nobody a richer humour, nobody brighter spirits and a keener sense of enjoyment. Beautifully witty he was and wonderfully wise. What a memory he had—what accomplishments of literary education. And then what an imagination, boundless as creation; and the nobleness of his character and of all his judgements in human affairs. But I could not, with hard trying, note down half the qualities that made him so charming and dear to us."

Father Kenyon had spoken in Conciliation Hall in 1846, and he left it with the Young Irelanders. At a general meeting of the new Confederation on 30 August 1847 he was selected to propose the resolution "respecting the incompatibility of patriotism and place-begging". His speech on that occasion is, in all respects, a model of plain statement of fact with abundant and picturesque illustration. He took up the Conciliation Hall arguments one by one, examined them dispassionately, and

early demonstrated their uselessness and futility. " Did they think that, y repeating the phrase ' I am a Repealer,' they would achieve anything. man might as well say ' I am an immaterialist.' If a man said ' I n a Repealer ' and at the same time dined three times a week with a linister and continued to beg for a place in the Excise for this person nd in the Customs for that, he did not think that such a man would epeal the Union. The O'Connellites spoke of ' nailing their colours the mast '. That used to mean standing by the cause on which men ad embarked. Now [continued Fr. Kenyon] it means a half-starved ur with his tail between his legs running away from the light with a outhful of kitchen stuff." The bitterness of the Famine spoke again: The golden treasure of their fields was taken and in its place a dole pigs' meal was supplied them—and not enough even of that." The olitical economists who defended this situation he compared to a juggler ho put a loaf under his hat and his hands behind his back, and then, fting the hat, revealed a mouse or a sparrow. " I would not believe " id the speaker " but that the juggler (by whatever juggling trick he did) had taken away the bread."

By the beginning of 1848 Father Kenyon was in the very forefront of ie Young Ireland movement. He was writing constantly in the *Nation* nd had become intimate with both John Mitchel and John Martin in friendship which was to last until his death. The " Three Johns," as ey have come to be called, might indeed have been three brothers, as eir photograph—the only one extant of Father Kenyon—clearly reveals. ather Kenyon, with his clean-shaven face and white hair, bears little cial resemblance to the other two, but there is something in the whole pect of the three which suggests the tried and trusted comradeship of hich there is such ample testimony. In later years Father Kenyon often isagreed with Mitchel and told him so in no uncertain manner, but this ade no difference in their subsequent relationship. In the 1848 period e was with Mitchel heart and soul. The situation was not dissimilar that which preceded 1916: the same spirit animated the men of '48 hich later inspired Pearse and his companions. The people as a whole ere no more behind the one movement than they were behind the other. enyon said of them then: " They will yet come round. They shall. nd, when they do, the sacrifices they have hitherto made in the dark, nly to advance the interests of a few heartless schemers, will merely ave foreshadowed those sterner trials which, with a clearer insight and nearer aim, they shall endure and surmount for the disenthralment of eir native soil and of their children's children." At this time Father enyon was in the forefront of the Confederation. His strong personality nd great charm of manner were such that he carried most weight of all their councils. " Father Kenyon exercised decisive authority in critical ses," writes Gavan Duffy at this time. When John Mitchel was arrested

and a new Council was elected, the two who headed the lists were Father Kenyon and Thomas Francis Meagher, each with thirty votes.

The crisis of the Young Ireland movement and of Father Kenyon's personal life was now at hand. When Mitchel was taken, Kenyon—with Martin and some others—seems to have made up his mind that action was necessary; others of the leaders were of the opinion that it should be deferred. It was ever thus. There can be no doubt that Father Kenyon at this time had envisaged a widespread rising in which he himself and his Templederry men should play the part of Father Murphy in the Wexford of 1798. It is doubtful, however, if he then thought that anything of use could or would be done for some considerable time. For one thing the people were unarmed and the leaders insufficiently united on a common line of policy. Nevertheless, he advocated physical force in no uncertain terms and the preparation for rebellion. He was not alone even of his own order. Father Bermingham, P.P. of Borrisokane (the biographer of Father Mathew) stood by his side, if somewhat in his shadow, and there were doubtless others of his " wild fellows of Tipperary " with him also. At Templederry, in his own parish (he was now administrator), was the best organised Confederate Club in the country. On Sunday 16 April 1848, he and Father Bermingham addressed a large meeting in words still remembered on the hillsides. Father Kenyon told them that their first business was to appoint a delegate to the Council of Three Hundred Irishmen—adding " who shall be Irishmen and not Irishwomen ". He said that Mitchel, Meagher, and O'Brien were of three different religions, but they were there to support them and their determination " to oppose the Government, to fight the Government—yes, and to conquer the Government ". He then asked his audience if they had come there to take off their hats and cheer or whether they were ready to die for Ireland. The meeting left him in no doubt of the answer. He asked the question : " Do you fear—you starved, whipped and lashed wretches—do you fear death ? " and was greeted with loud cries of " No ". He continued : " I tell you, my countrymen, that if things go on as they are another million of you will have died of starvation within the year. You have zealously resolved upon this day to stand by and support John Mitchel Thomas Francis Meagher, and William Smith O'Brien in any way or anywhere Government may render it necessary for them to require your services." He concluded his speech by telling his hearers to get arms and be prepared when they were called upon. Representatives were there that day from nineteen parishes of Killaloe and Cashel dioceses.

One inevitable result followed this speech, Father Kenyon was suspended from his office by his Bishop—together with Fathers Bermingham and Nolan. He had been suspended in the previous year for a short time—so at least I read the entry in the Templederry Register under date of 27 September 1847 by the parish priest, Father Kennedy

'Bishop's letter relieving me of the services of Mr. Kenyon." It may be at he was then transferred ; but he does not seem to have left Templerry and he was still administrator at the time of the April meeting in 848. Now, however, the die was cast indeed. The Bishop (Dr. Kennedy) as no Whig. He had supported Daniel O'Connell and had spoken at s meetings. Like the vast majority of the older generation he had llowed the Conciliators. But he could not pass over what was in effect n open incitement to arms by one of his priests, addressed to nineteen arishes in his own and his Metropolitan's dioceses. What happened ill never be known. But quite clearly Father Kenyon was given a choice, nce and for all, between the exercise of his priestly functions in the ocese and his leadership of the Young Irelanders. What the decision st him no one will ever know, for he has left us no record of it. Torn etween the conflicting loyalties, he undertook to take no leading part any rising that should ensue, but reserved to himself the right to take s place in the ranks if an armed force took the field. He kept his word, hich was ever his bond. Charles Gavan Duffy, without mentioning e circumstances, criticises him unduly for having retired from the field hen the time for active measures had come. Nothing could be more reign to his nature, and the hardest trial of all to him must have been foresee that this criticism would inevitably be made. One mistake deed he made—in which Irish history shows him clearly not to have een singular—that he did not foresee in time that this choice would ave to be made sooner or later and that it might have been better if had been made sooner. His friends understood and especially the nitarian Mitchel ; his parishioners understood ; let us hope that with at his proud spirit was satisfied. He at once denied, in a letter to the *imerick Reporter* (16 July 1848), the report that he had retired from olitics, and said that no Irishman could do so until his country was elivered from its plagues. These he enumerated as the cruel and greedy overnment of foreigners and " balmy O'Connellism ". He expressed the elief that an end would be seen of these plagues within the ensuing six onths ; but if by that time " foreign sway and native humbug " continued flourish and " English law and Indian meal and fever sheds " still emained, then, indeed, he would abandon politics and occupy his leisure " cynical writings and amassing coins ".

There can be no doubt that here really ended the career of Father ohn Kenyon as an active Young Irelander. On July 27 he entered in he Parish register of Templederry : " This evening I have heard of a ebellion in south Tipperary under William Smith O'Brien—may God peed it." The feeble nature of the attempt and the failure of the people support it drove the iron further into his soul. Thereafter he held is peace except that, now and again, he descended from the hillside to Ienagh to speak again to the Tipperary people on some public occasion.

He took no part in the Fenian movement—indeed he opposed it because, in his opinion, it had no hope of success. In 1862 at a meeting at Nenagh of the short-lived Society of the Brotherhood of St. Patrick, he said: "We, being slaves, how can we become free? Can we do it by Parliamentary agitation? No, No. Do you mean to say that we can do it by moral force? Certainly, never. The third question is: Can we win it by fair fight? (Cries of 'Yes'). No, no, you are in the wrong there. But circumstances may arise; Providence may arrange matters if you are true to the faith of nationality, just as it arranged that the French, Prussians, and English assailed the Turks at Navarino because the Greeks deserved freedom." He appealed for tolerance and denounced those who would draw a political line between a Catholic and his Presbyterian and Protestant fellow-countrymen. There was a striking incident during the Fenian rising. One day while he was at dinner the door opened and the most hunted man an Ireland walked in. It was James Stephens the Head Centre. Father Kenyon, ever a man of strong feeling, was furious that Stephens should have come to his parish. According to Peter Gill, who was at the table with him, he lifted his knife and ordered Stephens to quit the house. Gill reminded him of the rights of hospitality. There was a cellar under the dining room, and Gill lifted the carpet and flooring and motioned Stephens to go down. He was supplied with a portion of Father Kenyon's chicken. Hot on his heels a police sergeant entered and stated that he had orders to search every house for Stephens. Father Kenyon told him that he was welcome to do so; but Stephens was not found and later escaped to spend two months at Nenagh with Gill.

Father Kenyon became parish priest of Templederry on the death of Father Kennedy. The remaining years of his life he devoted to parochial work. The results stand to this day. He built two churches and two parochial houses. One of the churches was for the mountaineers of Curreeney, who had not had a church since the Reformation. The parochial house at Templederry, only abandoned as such in recent times, was a curiosity. He designed and built it himself, with the aid of his parishioners and with only one skilled man to assist him. It is a two-storeyed edifice; but, characteristically, he forgot to add a stairs. When the building was complete and this became apparent, he put in an iron staircase around a pole, up which he and his successors, and even the Bishop on visitation, ascended to rest. Not the least interesting study of his life is the more intimate part of it, spent amongst his own parishioners and friends. In his own parish he was a king and father to his people and even now, in the third generation, they remember him. His housekeeper "Sal o' the Wig" has become a legend. She wore her hair in curls over her forehead and drove the priest around the parish and to the train at Templemore in a battered sidecar. He kept open house. Says O'Shea: "When Bishops are consecrated, hospitality is enjoined on

em as a virtue. Kenyon was not a Bishop—if it rained mitres, not one uld fit his head—yet he was most archiepiscopally, arabaically hospitable. y man who knocked at the door of the famous Chapel House at Templerry, if he was thirsty and looked an honest man, was welcome to the st vintage of Johannesburg." Father Kenyon was always something a problem to his brother priests and to his Bishop—his temperament d not make his political opinions more palatable to those who did not are them. But he did not want for good friends amongst his own order. sides Father Bermingham, Father Meagher of Toomeveara and his old rish priest Father Ned Magrath stood by him in strength and affection. addition to his political friends, he had many others amongst the laity. e loved companionship, although this and much of his spontaneous iety died in him under the strain of the choice forced upon him in 1848. usic he also loved—although, as Mitchel tells us, he was no musician : He sings a great deal, badly indeed, but heartily and with right goodll."

The greatest friends of his lifetime were John Mitchel and John Martin, d his friendship with both lasted until the day of his death. When died, Mitchel wrote : " In serious conversation I think him the wisest an I ever met ; I reckon Kenyon the finest fellow, lay or cleric, I ever ew." Long after that he wrote on the death of Thomas Crawford : I had more affection for him than for any of my County Down friends ; ay County Down, for there was a Tipperary man I did love still better." th Mitchel and Martin and their wives and families spent happy days th him as guests in the Chapel House at Templederry. When Mitchel's cond daughter joined her sister by becoming a Catholic, Father Kenyon rneyed from Templederry to Paris to baptise her. It is again characteric of him that he should have entered the record in his own parish gister at Templederry under the date September 27th 1860. There it ds : " At Paris, Isabella of John Mitchel and Jane Verner. Sponsor, nrietta Mitchel. John Kenyon." On the last occasion he visited the itchels there, in 1866, took place the historic visit to the Irish College corded in the *Jail Journal.*

When Father Kenyon died, the two sides of his parish fought for the nour of having his remains interred amongst them. The Bishop (Dr. wer) decided that he should lie at Templederry ; and there, beside e " Chapel House " where Mitchel and Martin came to him to discuss e ills of Ireland, and not far from Monaquill and Cloghonan where avis spent so much of his youth, he awaits the resurrection.

It would indeed be surprising if all his contemporaries took Father nyon at Mitchel's valuation. He was a man born before his time and ed in a world of his own. He was a dreamer and an idealist, as were his fellows among the Young Irelanders. He had no art of compromise her in his views or in his actions. In his remote parish there was no

one of his own calibre to whom he could or would look for assistance or advice. He scorned to trim his sail to any wind however harshly it might blow. It may be that, if he was to fulfil his mission in life, he should never have been a priest; yet, in the end, it was in his priesthood that he most nobly fulfilled it. His was no narrow nationalism, but rather, as O'Shea rightly says, his crowning attribute it was that he was " courageous enough to be singular ". " He had the courage to trample underfoot despotism of mob or mediocrity, as he defied and spat in the face of despotism of laws and kings. While bold enough to sing the ' Marseillaise ' with Barbaroux, he was keen-sighted enough to penetrate the truth of Seneca's maxim—*male imperatur cum regit vulgus duces*. He knew that, if the populace was so often right, it would be claimed that it was always right; that they who represent themselves as the people are not seldom not the people." So he lived and died, priest and politician, orator and poet, admirer as well of Shakespeare, Keats, Landor and Napier as he was of Balmez. He was as proud as he was humble and as simple in his life and outlook as he was diverse in his reading and study. Looking back now, in the perspective of perhaps the most remarkable century in the history of our nation, we can appraise him and his noble fellows with a more certain voice than their contemporaries. They were indeed " courageous enough to be singular ". They were more than that. For when they were gone, that courage at least survived them and has lived again in every generation of Irishmen who came after them. That is the epitaph of Kenyon and his companions—they would ask for nothing more.

DERMOT F. GLEESON

ENTENARY OF THE CHURCH IN SAMOA

BY CHARLOTTE M. KELLY

N 1845 the Marist missionaries sent by Pope Gregory XVI to evangelise the islands of the Pacific had been at work for eight years. At Wallis, tuna, Tonga, Vavau, and Fiji the seed of the true faith had been sown l, with blood and tears, watered. But the missionaries' thirst for ıls was unallayed, and they turned longing eyes towards unknown moa. The future martyr of Tonga, Blessed Peter Chanel, had written 1839: "A young Samoan just arrived tells me that the archipeligo been completely converted by the Protestant ministers. Will it not ase God to send Catholic missionaries there?" And some years er Père Roudaire declared: "All the natives that come from Samoa ak of their great desire for Catholic missionaries. . . . . Fifty thousand ıls await the light."

Mgr. Bataillon, Bishop of Enos and Vicar Apostolic of Central Oceania, l had too bitter experience of the difficulties encountered in the other ınds to be over-optimistic. Even as he prepared to answer the call, asked soberly: "Will we be received with open arms? I dare not pe it. Provided that they meet us *sans trop montrer les dents*, then with ıe, patience and prayer we will succeed in establishing the Kingdom Jesus Christ in all our islands."

Yet on that August day in 1845 as Père Violette and Père Roudaire, companied by a Brother, two young Wallisians, and two Samoan couples ıo had been converted on Wallis, set sail in the *Etoile de la Mer* their pes were high. Samoa was renowned throughout the Pacific for the auty of its volcanic islands and for the intelligence, good looks, and spitality of its natives. Cannibalism, though still practised in some ands, had been given up in Samoa for centuries—if indeed it ever isted there—and almost sixty years had passed since the murder of the mmander and crew of the *Astrolabe*, the ill-fated frigate that had companied La Perouse's *Boussole* to the South Seas in 1787. The moans were Polynesians, almost wholly unmixed with darker Melanesian ood. Robert Louis Stevenson, who put Samoa on the literary map d proved himself a good friend to its people, described them as "easy, erry, and pleasure-loving; the gayest, though by far from being either e most capable or the most beautiful of Polynesians." They were vays singing. "The boatman sings at the oar, the family at evening rship, the girls at night in the guest house, sometimes the workman his toil." Cook christened the islands "The Navigators" because the natives' skill at seamanship and their fondness for travel. They re essentially a maritime race, and since their migration from Indonesia ore than twenty centuries ago they had been making journeys, often

thousands of miles long, exploring the Pacific in their pirogues. There were few traces of ancestor worship, but the Samoans believed in the survival of the soul after death, though they did not appear to have very definite ideas as to its ultimate fate. Such were the people whom the missionaries hoped to convert.

From the outset they encountered trouble. Their boat was caught in a violent storm and took twenty-eight days to make the journey of eighty leagues. When at last they anchored off the coast of Savaii, the largest and most westerly of the three big islands, they had the disconcerting experience of seeing the natives flee from them in terror. The Wesleyans had been in Samoa for fifteen years, and their campaign of calumny against the Catholic religion included lantern slides in which Catholic missionaries were depicted burning Protestants at the stake or boiling them in cauldrons. The natives were warned that the advent of the "French devils," who worshipped idols of stone and wood, would be followed by the arrival of warships bringing death and destruction to the islands. "We two poor priests," wrote Père Roudaire later, "armed only with our humble bags and apostles' staffs, without setting foot on their inhospitable land caused consternation among these sixteen Protestant ministers, despite their body of trained catechists and the native chiefs' support." Only the presence of the Samoan converts induced the natives to come aboard the boat to see for themselves that the dread visitors were innocent of horns and hoofs. Once reassured, their fear gave place to indignation at the deception practised upon them. The missionaries, without landing, decided to sail on to Mataoutou, where their reception was somewhat similar. Finally, in the teeth of the ministers' open antagonism a foothold was established at Lealatere, where on 12 September 1845 Mass was said for the first time in Samoa. The next objective was the island of Upolu, and at Apia an ally was found in the person of Tuiatua, a provincial chief, to whose protection the missionaries had been recommended by the king of Wallis. Ten years before Tuiatua had been wrecked off that island and, in gratitude for the hospitality he received then, he made the party welcome. The subsequent conversion and edifying life and death of this chief were to have an important effect on his nephew, Mataafa, future king of Samoa.

In 1846 Bishop Bataillon visited the islands, bringing with him two more missionaries. Later came some Picpus Fathers, refugees from Tahiti. But in those first years progress was miserably slow. The presence of the Protestant ministers, with their fifty-three catechists, their printing press producing thousands of Bibles, and their three papers, made the task of the newcomers one of immense difficulty. The character of the natives added to that difficulty. The Samoans, while lacking the ferocity of the natives of New Guinea, the Solomons, or Fiji, were indolent, rapacious, and vicious to a degree. They presented smiling but inscrutable

ountenances to the missionaries, politely agreeing to all that was said; ut it did not take the latter very long to discover just how much reliance ould be placed upon such acquiescence. Materially life was full of ardship. The climate, though unpleasantly hot at times, was mparatively healthy; but the frequent storms damaged the mission ouses and blew their pirogues out to sea. Rain destroyed the missionaries' mple belongings, the volcanic surface of the ground wore out their oes and injured their feet, while their boat, the *Etoile de la Mer*, was constant danger of being dashed to pieces on the hidden reefs that rrounded the islands. Samoa has a plentiful supply of tropical food ants, yet the missionaries were often hungry. Turtle as a diet was onotonous if more palatable than the white worms and bats that were fered them on special occasions. " They travelled unceasingly," writes Ionfat, " often barefoot, their clothes in tatters, climbing over rocks on ands and knees, drenched by waterfalls, engulfed by floods, seeking a ay, guideless, over burning lava, without water or shade, scorched by e piercing rays of the tropical sun; or again, crouched in a canoe afraid move lest they be precipitated into the sea. Moreover they were nearly ways in a state of exhaustion from fatigue and hunger."

But the Vicar Apostolic was not unmindful of their trials, and he turned to Samoa in 1851 where his first act was to consecrate the islands the Sacred Heart of Mary. Then accompanied by a band of neophytes, mongst whom were several native chiefs, he set out on a pastoral visitation the twelve mission stations. The development of the mission convinced m of the necessity for a church at Apia and, on the 8 December 1852, e laid the first stone of a cathedral. Suitable material was not to be und in Samoa, so he had it brought from Sydney, and with it came a oung Irish mason, John Shee, who took an important part in the work construction. Bishop Bataillon himself directed and supervised the atives, and when in 1854 ill-health obliged him to return to Europe he as able to say: " This edifice will be the foundation of the Church these islands and the source of its progress."

Five years later Bishop Bataillon came back, to find new stations tablished and a great increase of conversions. Yet the opposition from e Protestant ministers was as strong as ever, and one of the reasons r his visit was to refute the latest calumny—that he had joined the ondon Missionary Society. This time his tour of the islands was a iumph, if an arduous undertaking in that climate for a delicate man. ut his apostolic soul rejoiced and he used his energies without counting e cost. It was now that he found his coadjutor and eventual successor. hree years previously a young missionary, Père Louis Elloy, had come ut from France to Samoa, where his untiring labours on the island of avaii were to earn him the title of " Apostle of the Navigators ". He tablished the faith at Falealoupo, scene of the missionaries' first contact

with the Samoans ; and at Toapaipai on the north of Savaii he now had 150 neophytes and had just completed a church to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour. Bishop Bataillon, man of swift decisions, recognized his abilities. " *Sic vos non vobis.* I need you at Apia. Pack your bags." Père Elloy was the perfect complement of his Superior—they were called " The Lion and the Lamb "—and as provicar and procurator at Apia his gifts both as missionary and administrator were to have full scope.

In 1864 Père Elloy's consecration as Bishop of Tipasa took place with a solemnity and a splendour hitherto unknown on the islands. A new church had been erected, its sides left open that the 2,000 spectators might have a full view of the ceremony. The missionaries were there in strength—twelve Priests, four Brothers and two Sisters—the French and Papal flags hung together before the church, which was decorated with draperies and banners that had been sent from France for the occasion. There was even a harmonium—the first in Samoa—which the ingenious Père Luoyot had constructed from the debris of an accordion picked up in the port of Apia. In a touching speech to his people the old missionary introduced his coadjutor : " He loves you as I do ; he will devote himself to you as I have done. One day he will take my place. At present he is my right hand, the support of my old age. You will receive Tipasa as a second Enos."

This year, 1864, marked the arrival of the first Sisters to Samoa. In 1845 a valiant Frenchwoman, Françoise Perroton, from Lyons, had come out to the Pacific where she worked for eleven years at Wallis and Futuna, the only white woman in the islands. Companions joined her then as members of the Third Order Regular of Mary, and two of these went on to Samoa to open a school.

It was to Bishop Elloy that in 1868 Mataafa, king of Samoa, made his submission. Mataafa is one of the most colourful figures in the history of Samoa. A magnificent specimen of his race, tall above the average and extremely handsome, he had while formally embracing Christianity continued to live a pagan life, enjoying the privileges and pleasures due to him as a chief of importance. He had always been friendly to the missionaries however, and on the appeal of Bishop Elloy, made at the deathbed of Tuitua, Mataafa's uncle, he declared : " I swear to follow in the footsteps of my uncle and to be a christian king." He kept his word. Abandoning his pagan practices, he became an ardent Catholic. Throughout the years of civil war that were to follow, the name of Josefo Mataafa was respected on every side as that of a great christian chief.

Samoa's position on the direct route between Australia and San Francisco made it of strategic importance, and so three Great Powers—Great Britain, America, and Germany—established consuls there in 1847, 1853, and 1861 respectively. Their presence further complicated the war that broke out among the natives in 1868. The missions suffered

ritually and materially, during the war. Converts lapsed, schools re deserted, villages burnt and catechists dispersed. Yet in the midst scenes of terror and renewed paganism many of the natives continued frequent the sacraments, while the Catholic chiefs gave a striking example fidelity. The Church had subjects on both sides, and Mgr. Elloy rked as hard as his youngest missionary, succouring the wounded, nistering to the dying, and burying the dead. He hastened to the help all without distinction, and all hailed him as a friend.

In 1873 the belligerents met for a conclave in which Mgr. Elloy took important part, reconciling conflicting claims and urging the natives make their own laws independently of the consuls, laws based on the nciples of Christianity. As a result the government of the islands was trusted to a council of chiefs with Mataafa at their head. But peace s short-lived in that atmosphere of political intrigue, and before Mgr. loy left Samoa in 1878 Mataafa, three times elected king by the natives, s deposed in favour of a rival chief backed by the consuls, and Samoa s once more plunged into war.

The death of Bishop Bataillon, after forty years of fruitful apostolate, ok place in 1877 ; but Mgr. Elloy, who had for some years been Vicar ostolic of the newly created Vicariate of Samoa, did not survive him ng. In 1878 he was obliged to go to Rome and there died, far from e people he had served so faithfully.

" It is less difficult to make a foundation than to maintain it when tablished," Mgr. Lamaze had often said when urged to make new tions ; and he was now to have ample proof of the truth of his words. cceeding Bishop Bataillon as Vicar Apostolic of Central Oceania, he s also appointed Administrator of Samoa in the place of Mgr. Elloy— formidable task for a man whose sixteen years of missionary work had therto been confined to the island of Tonga. With two vicariates in s charge frequent absence from one or the other was inevitable, and this sulted in a certain lessening of the bond between prelate and people. t he summed up his first visit to Savaii, Upolu, and Tutuila—in which t he found five hundred neophytes—in these words : " The faith has en solidly established at Samoa by my two venerable predecessors and eir missionaries. I had not expected to see such excellent results." ne Apostle of the Navigators was still a living memory in Samoa, and evitably his successor suffered at first by comparison. " Mgr. Elloy ptured souls by his burning zeal," says Mgr. Blanc ; " Mgr. Lamaze s to win them by his sweetness and gentleness."

Mgr. Lamaze is best remembered by the number of churches he ilt throughout the vicariate, amongst them one on the Baie du Massacre, ene of the *Astrolabe* tragedy. In 1884, he laid the first stone of the fine thedral that stands on the site of Bishop Bataillon's church, which had come too small for the increasing congregation. A visitor to Vailima,

Stevenson's home, has given a vivid description of a Christmas Day Mas in the new cathedral : " The great building, one mass of brilliant colouring was completely filled in every corner with human beings. The beautifu decorations were very unlike what is generally associated with Christma in our Northern minds, the walls and columns being almost completel covered with scarlet and cream-coloured hibiscus blossom, yello allamandas, and ropes of jessamine and moss. From the ceiling hun strips of thin bark, pink and cream being the predominating colours Then the vast mass of humanity, many clad in native tapa, severa of the women decked out in gaudy calicoes and velveteens—introduce by the traders—purple, sky blue and red. And then, conspicuous among this kaleidiscopic throng, were the chiefs of the surrounding villages i their pure white lavalavas." One of Mgr. Lamaze's greatest joys durin his episcopate was the ordination in 1892 of the first native Samoa priest, who had made his studies at Wallis. To-day the future Samoa priest still goes to prepare for the priesthood at this seminary, but *Petit Seminaire* has been established in the archipelago.

While affairs spiritual prospered thus, the political horizon darkene in Samoa. English and American interests clashed with those of Germany chief was set against chief, and the islands were kept in a turmoil. I 1888 open warfare broke out, and the contending powers sent warship to Apia. Seven of these—three American and three German togethe with the British *Calliope*—were lying in and outside the treacherou harbour on that day in 1889 when a ninety-miles-an-hour gale sent si of them crashing on to the hidden reef. The escape of the *Calliope* t the open sea and safety was due to the skill and courage of its Iris commander, Captain Kane, second son of Sir Robert Kane.

It was then, as his enemies lay struggling in the water, that Mataaf showed his qualities as a christian chief. He led his soldiers to the rescu of the drowning men, for whom he provided food and shelter until ship were sent to take them away. Robert Louis Stevenson has given memorable description of the occasion, paying tribute to the nobility o Mataafa, to the heroism of his men, and to their honesty in regard to th valuable and tempting harvest cast up from the wrecks. Mataafa's actio was universally recognized and applauded, and he was given a whalin boat and a gold watch as a token of the American government's gratitud Some months later, following a conference held at Berlin, Germany too Western Samoa under her protection and America took the island o Tutuila. In 1893 there was an outburst of what Stevenson called " hedg warfare " and Mataafa was exiled to the Marshall Islands—much in th news during the late war and now (as I write this) selected to be the scen of the first testing of the atomic bomb on warships. Only through th intervention of Mgr. Broyer, then provicar at Apia and the counsello and friend of Mataafa, was further bloodshed avoided. Mataafa ha

wn himself throughout entirely devoid of personal ambition, thinking y of the welfare of his country, and when the Germans repatriated n in 1898 he received the title of " Alii Sili " or High Chief of Samoa. ce 1920 Western Samoa has been under a mandate of New Zealand, ile Tutuila is administered by the American Navy.

In 1896, after sixteen years during which he had visited Samoa thirteen es, Mgr. Lamaze relinquished his vicariate into the hands of Mgr. oyer, who became Vicar Apostolic. When the latter returned from consecration in France, the Samoans said of him : " He has the dignity Mgr. Bataillon, the devotion and zeal of Mgr. Elloy, and the gentleness Mgr. Lamaze." His name will always be associated with Moamoa, great centre of the mission, which is situated some miles from Apia. e property of three thousand acres was acquired in 1896. When in 31 three days' celebrations took place to commemorate the completion the new church, the establishment included the Bishop's residence, a ive seminary, a catechists' college, a boys' school, a convent, and a ive novitiate. The development of Moamoa was largely due to Mgr. oyer's organising skill and his talents for administration. He displayed cial ability in dealing with the problems of church property that arose owing the division of the islands, and on his death he left the various nches of the mission work established on a firm basis. As he lay dying 1918, after forty-three years in Samoa, he sent this message to his k : " Tell them to be faithful to their religion. I am facing death l judgement ; one day this hour will come for each one of them. Let m learn to serve God well. Nothing else matters."

The Church in Samoa has just celebrated a double anniversary : the tenary of the coming of the faith to the islands and the twenty-fifth iversary of the consecration of the present Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. eph Darnand. Samoa has now one Bishop, nineteen European and Samoan priests, twelve Brothers, thirty-four European Sisters and nty-six native Sisters. There are seventeen schools under the Brothers l Sisters, while in the hundred schools taught by catechists more than thousand children are being educated. Of the population of over enty thousand, some fifteen thousand are Catholics and they are reasing rapidly. A greater and more rapid expansion of the mission ure to follow the advent of the flying-boat which has brought Samoa hin a few days of America and New Zealand. Meanwhile, in war l in peace, the work goes on.

" The Catholic Church is divine," wrote a missionary from Apia in 1, " and therefore has eternal youth, ever renewing herself from eration to generation. She will not grow old and pass away as kingdoms e passed—but the ever-present is hers, and youth will ever serve her. grow old—but the Church does not."

CHARLOTTE M. KELLY

REVIEWS

Apologetics

THE THIRD DAY. By Arnold Lunn. London: Burns Oates. 1945. pp. xxxv—145. 10s. 6d.

In the *Third Day* Mr. Arnold Lunn takes up the tried and true method of apologetics, which is to demonstrate the divine authority of the Christian faith by showing that God gave a sign to confirm it. The sign is the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. As a historical fact, it can be established by the ordinary resources of scientific inquiry, and this is the theme of the book. Realising, however, that the chief obstacle to an objective appraisal of the evidence is the conviction that the Gospel story is too incredible to merit serious attention, Mr. Lunn first tries to break down some widespread prejudices. He begins by what is practically a demonstration of the need of revelation, in view of " the bankruptcy of secularism ". In the Liberal " dawnism " of the nineteenth century, with its belief in the inevitability of progress, the only vital elements were by-products of repudiated Christian ideals—to be replaced in the twentieth by a despairing abandonment of all ideals. The flight from faith ended in a flight from honour and justice and mercy in morals, and even from beauty in art. Hence he concludes that " nothing but a religious revival can reintegrate a dying civilisation ". Thus, in the spirit if not in the style of the beginning of the Epistle to the Romans, the need for faith is shown by the failure of paganism to secure salvation even in this world.

" One great obstacle to a Christian revival is the traditional reluctance of ninety-nine Christians out of a hundred to make the smallest effort to convert their non-Christian neighbours." This Mr. Lunn attributes to the lack of conviction on the part of Catholics that they really possess the one key to the world's problems, a diffidence which often takes refuge in the formula " Nobody is ever converted by argument." The formula is unknown, he observes, to politicians and Communists. Hence he determines to show his fellow Catholics how manageable and devastating are the weapons with which they can take the offensive. Chapter one examines " the scientific approach to the miraculous," which until recently, at least, was a refusal to hear the evidence. The grounds for this negative attitude are discussed: the materialism which assumes that every earthly happening can be adequately explained by natural causes; the deism which refuses the Creator the right to intervene again in the universe which He made. The possibility of miracles being established, Mr. Lunn takes up the standard objection to their recognisability that, as Lord Haldane repeated (in his correspondence with Lunn, " Science and the Supernatural "), with reference to the Rudder case at Lourdes, " sooner or later science will explain such alleged miracles in terms of natural law ". In other words, no matter what miracles occur, we can always absolve ourselves from recognising them by appealing to the science of the future. Mr. Lunn contends that it is unscientific to assume as non-existent the agencies whose demonstration is the object and occasion of research. To the objection that miracles are not within the scientist's terms of reference, he answers that a positive verdict is not asked for but simply an answer to the question: " Can this phenomenon be explained in terms of natural agencies "? Finally, the objection that many things believed to be miraculous in former ages are now explained naturally he answers (1) by denying that the proportion of the credulous to the critical was ever greater than in the twentieth century and (2) by showing that incorrect classification of miraculous and natural phenomena does not disprove the existence of the two classes, but rather

)poses them. He resists the temptation, to which so grave an author as Pesch :cumbs, to point out that " many miracles have been wrongly asserted, just as ny scientific dogmas were set up wrongly. But just as science is not to be rejected :ause of false theses formerly accepted, neither are miracles to be rejected without tinction because some miracle-stories were fables."

Having thus shown that miracles are possible and recognisable, Mr. Lunn ims attention for Lourdes because of the quality of the medical evidence available d because at least the cures of organic lesions remove the facts from the class of th-healing. The unimpeachable evidence for certain modern miracles disposes the negative dogma that " miracles do not happen " : so the records of the surrection can be approached with an open mind. Then follows the proof of e genuinity and credibility of the main documentary sources, the Gospels, examined by the exact standards of scientific history ". Early witnesses guarantee e authorship, while the impossibility of forgeries being imposed upon a Church ich read the Gospels every Sunday—and to a public quick to detect and reject y innovation, testify against any change in the contents of the documents. The ique standing of the Gospels, both as regards early testimony to existence and thorship and as regards proximity of manuscript to autograph, is brought out a contrast with other monuments of ancient literature. Chapter four takes up e " internal " evidence : no writers of fiction or collectors of legends could have eated " a character who lives as no character in fiction lives," who has the timeless, iversal appeal of Jesus. If the parables and discourses of Our Lord had been vented, why has no one ever succeeded in imitating them ? The Apocryphal ospels, ruthlessly rejected by the early Church, show how miserably all attempts imitation failed. To rebut the suggestion that the sayings are authentic, the iracles fictitious, he can point to the organic unity of both elements in style and ntent. The action cannot be excised without making the dialogue meaningless : en Strauss confessed that the book was " woven without seam ". Then there is e unity of the picture presented by four different writers, impossible for imaginative iting ; and the Gospels are " full of gaps which a fiction writer would have led in ". The main objective " internal " criterion of authenticity—familiarity d agreement with contemporary social, political, historical and topographical ta, as known from other sources—is treated mostly in a chapter on " The ndication of Saint Luke," and also with reference to Saint John.

From these reliable sources, then, it can be established that Jesus claimed to God, offered a clear proof of His claim, and made it good in the Resurrection. r. Lunn examines theories put forward to explain away the undeniable firmness the witnesses. He must be congratulated on the brilliance of his analysis of the collective hallucination " hypothesis. He shows that nothing like what is postulated this theory can be paralleled in human experience. Again, " could an illusion ve had more effect on history than any recorded fact " ? he asks. Could it have ovoked and maintained the " spiritual dislocation " which Christianity involved r pious Jews ? Could anything but objective certitude have so worked, to transform norous weaklings and persecutors like Saul into the great Apostles ? And this face of the nostalgic pressure of the sublime Jewish religion and the sobering nctions of persecution. Mr. Lunn quotes Pascal's famous " I rely on witnesses io get their throats cut for what they say." Then there is the empty tomb. No e can deny it ; no one could explain it. The reserve of the Jewish leaders towards e disciples after Pentecost is added proof that they knew their own version was lse : they seem no longer sure of themselves.

Their follows an examination of modernism, " Christianity without miracles," hich strives to maintain some elements of Christian piety while eliminating the surrection and divinity of Christ. Mr. Lunn argues that, if the noblest of religions

originated in myth, it would seem that God permitted, what modernists admit, the fullest revelation of Himself to be based on deception: the God of Truth would be communicating Himself through falsehood. From his own experiences with what Bishop Barnes calls an "empirically reached theism," Mr. Lunn concludes that this emasculated Christianity has "no survival value". Then "miracles without Christianity" is discussed: the phenomena of spiritism—levitation, ectoplasm, telepathy etc. They are not genuine miracles, because they are futile in themselves, ugly and even idiotic in their concomitants. Intervention of "unclean spirits" may be permitted by God, but their marvels are marked with the sign of the beast, which readily enables them to be distinguished from true miracles. To range modernism and spiritism opposite each other, as equidistant aberrations from Christianity, is a lapidary summary of their mentalities, in which Mr. Lunn is as profound as he is entertaining. The book ends with an interesting account of modern scientific pronouncements against Darwinism. Mr. Lunn contrasts the readiness of many "lay" minds to accept the transformist hypothesis, in spite of the huge gaps in the evidence, with their reluctance to consider miracles, though "the evidence for the latter is incomparably more impressive than the evidence for the former".

Mr. Lunn's apologetics must be greeted with full approval, both of his method and his style of exposition. The summary here given has merely followed the argument. It does not represent the vivacity and appeal of the original, whose wise saws and modern instances transform what might have been an academic abstraction into a vivid grappling with actual problems. His arguments are both clear and careful, and give in a brief and comprehensive survey a good working account of the rational foundations of Christianity. Some points call for comment and expansion. Is Mr. Lunn quite fair in blaming T. E. Huxley for refusing to investigate the phenomena produced by the medium Home? Does this compare with the reluctance of many modern "scientists" to investigate Lourdes? The spiritist phenomena were sufficiently known in general. But what they had to offer (rappings, small-talk) was so trivial, the setting in which they took place was so theatrical and degrading, that Huxley, as a normal and dignified human being, could well dispense himself from further inquiry. No light or help for life's problems could be expected from spiritism. The case of the Christian miracles is quite different. Firstly, the actual effect produced, especially in the Gospel miracles, is important and even exciting. Secondly, the implications of the event are tremendous. The milieu is not sensational or profane; but the miracle is intrinsically connected with the proposition of religious truth, whose acceptance or rejection affects permanently and decisively human life and destiny. Mr. Lunn recognises this fully; but perhaps he has given an undue proportion of his short space to discussing spiritism, a problem which every healthy mind will solve by ignoring it as unworthy of attention.

The answer to the "deistic" objection against miracles might perhaps be developed. Deists do not deny the omnipotence of God; but they pretend that any intervention in nature would produce chaos. The solemn religious object for which miracles are worked, however, excludes frequent and arbitrary interferences with the material order. Miracles come not to destroy, but to fulfil the course of nature, by making it serve higher ends, the confirmation of revelation. Again, the answer to the objection against the recognisability of miracle ("unexplored natural forces") needs to be completed by the note at the end of the book, p. 139. The important point is there made, that these "unknown" forces cannot ever provide a *natural* explanation, since they are active already and directly opposed to natural laws. In other words, we cannot define in exact detail what nature can do; but we know what nature cannot do; for instance, raise the dead. The best

rgument here is perhaps *ad hominem* : if the " agnostic " answer gave its adherents onfidence, why so much effort—breaking every rule of historical criticism and ndermining the value of all human veracity—to deny the facts of the Gospel ?

There are some minor points in the proof of the authenticity of the Gospels hich call for completion. Some of the authorities quoted should be replaced by ore competent ones : Hobart, on the linguistic unity of the Third Gospel and the cts, by Hawkins, Harnack or Stanton ; Salmon, on the topography of Palestine, y Vincent, Abel or Prat. The fragment from Papias which twice mentions the postle John, is not in the compilations from Philip Sidetes, but in Eusebius. Nor oes Papias here " refer to John and in the same passage to John the Elder " ; n both places he is called " the Elder " : the first time, along with the other Elders, ne Apostles Philip, James, Matthew etc. ; the second time, alone, as the surviving ember of the College. The proof of how Our Lord's divinity as revealed in the ynoptics is adequate, but should hardly omit all reference to the great revelation f Mt. 11, 25ff.

However, such minor details do not affect at all the march of the argument. ne of the great merits of the book is that it is bound to provoke further interest n the important subject which it covers so rapidly and so competently. It cannot e too strongly recommended, not only to those who have to defend or propagate hristianity, but also to those in quiet possession. For a faith which is reasonable ust be always eager to elaborate its practical but general assurance of its own rudence into a more scientific, precise and reflex grasp of the motives of credibility. Ir. Lunn's book will be an admirable help.

K. S.

Biography

A *TRIBUTE TO NEWMAN*. Edited by Professor Michael Tierney. Dublin : Browne and Nolan. 1945. pp. 360. 15s.

T is pleasant to review a work which one can praise unreservedly without a strain n conscience or the fear of appearing merely fulsome or of being suspected of og-rolling—or perhaps of penning a publisher's ' blurb '. The Newman Centenary voked many splendid tributes to the memory of the greatest religious genius of the ineteenth century. And it would seem as if the writers had learned from their ubject how to write about him almost in his own incomparable manner. Indeed Mgr. Knox's panegyric need not fear comparison with *The Plain Sermons*—or even he not so plain sermons—of the most winning and winsome of all preachers.

And our Irish *Tribute* measures up to the best that has yet appeared. It constitutes he *amende honorable*, long overdue, to one who came to us with enthusiasm and ffection in his heart ; met with much calculated to kill both ; yet retained undiminished the affection that might well have been soured into bitterness, and of he enthusiasm so much as apparent failure would permit. We see him in his moral randeur as well as in his intellectual preeminence. And Ireland owes gratitude o the editor and his collaborators for being able to lay a worthy bouquet of forget-me-nots upon a benefactor's tomb. Perhaps I should rather say ' immortelles ' ; or it is to be hoped that they will not quickly fade.

It is impossible here to appraise the individual contributions. It will be enough o say that they all deserve their place. If I may use a German expression, without eing accused of " Fascism," they stand one and all *Auf der Höhe*. And if I oncentrate on a few in particular, it is only because they more than others touched n matters which went to my " business or bosom " in a special way.

I begin with the last in order but perhaps the first in attractiveness—Dr. Wall's *The Writer and the Preacher*. Style, it has been said, is the immortal thing in

literature. And certainly there is no immortality in literature without style—which, however, should not be understood in the narrow sense of " make-up " before a boudoir mirror, but as an amalgam of all the qualities of head and heart. It is this alone that justifies the old but as yet unsurpassed definition : *Le style c'est l'homme même*. Newman affords " noble ground for noble emotion," because he himself was noble.

All his contemporaries agreed on this at least, that Newman wrote English pure and undefiled ; that he had no superior, if indeed he had an equal, in the history of English prose. They had a feeling as if the language itself culminated in him and was never likely to reach higher perfection. They regarded him much as musicians regarded Beethoven. And without in the least wishing to deny the mastery exhibited since then by a veritable galaxy of *literati* (among whom our wayward George Moore and our Dublin " freeman " G. B. Shaw hold high place), the verdict still stands. It may still be said of him : " Others abide our questioning ; he is free." Dr. Ward gives us a delicately analysed justification for this verdict.

But, of course, what Newman actually thought and taught is more important than how he expressed it ; and for the reader interested in his contribution to philosophy and theology the essays of Dr. Philbin and Fr. James, O.F.M. Cap. excite the liveliest curiosity. Newman's position with regard to both sciences was peculiar. His upbringing and antecedents constituted a handicap which only genius could have overtaken. The wonder is not that he exhibits something less than the exact mastery of Catholic experts—heirs of scholasticism ; it is rather that he cleaves his way to truth through a jungle of inherited tendencies and prejudices which would prove fatal to any lesser mind. The effort of Modernism to annex him is an impertinence. The attempt even to depreciate the finesse and subtlety of his intellect or the logical acumen of his argumentation is childishness. Our two heirs to the scholastics make short work of both, and we owe them a deep debt of thanks. I missed just one point which I would have liked to see more formally dealt with—namely, Newman's attitude to the classical arguments for the existence of God. Perhaps the authors felt it could not be incorporated in the space at their disposal. Yet it is the question on which the whole logical defence of religion turns, and it is just the one on which Newman seems weakest. He does not, therefore, moult a feather of his greatness ; but he cannot be completely evaluated as an apologist without an examination of it. He was not a fideist, nor a subjectivist, nor anything really wrong. But he missed the *point-de-part* of metaphysics, and his approach to the whole problem of knowledge was thus not that of Catholic tradition. This was a weakness. Yet how could he have avoided it when he was heir of another and an opposing tradition ? The marvel is that, under the circumstances, he made good the handicap of a false start.

Finally Professor Tierney's own contribution has a poignant interest for all friends and admirers of the late Professor Corcoran of the National University. It is, of course, fairly if forcibly written. And only bias will deny that it does, in the main, make good its pleading. Fr. Corcoran was, as all who knew him will remember, a man of strong prejudices. These were both national and democratic—wholesome and sound in themselves, but capable of distorting judgment and, in his case, of leading to exaggerated statement. Moreover, he lacked the subtlety and delicacy of expression which would have enabled him to differ from the Englishman with equal urbanity and objectivity. His pedagogical principles were more in harmony with the modern age than were those of the ex-fellow of Oriel ; and they were not without their justification in an Ireland struggling to shake off the spiritual as well as the political and economic shackles of an ascendancy based on the cultural traditions of Trinity College, which in turn derived from those of England. But it does not follow that Fr. Corcoran's principles were wholly right or

wholly free from danger to the more profound aims of education. In fact, if we had to decide on the fundamental issues between the two men in the light of our whole humanistic culture, Newman would almost certainly win.

But I should suppose that not all that is to be said on either side has been said. I suspect that Prof. Tierney's admirable and penetrating paper has rather opened the discussion than ended it. It has posed a question that goes to the roots of educational policy. On the answer too much turns to let personal factors prejudice us one way or another. No hackles need be raised or heads broken, if only we learn from the great Cardinal how to think with humility, search with sincerity and write like gentlemen. If he had taught us nothing else, he would still be a " beam " by which the aeroplane era before us may steer, *caliginosa in nocte*, to some Rineanna of repose. He has become part of the " kindly light " for which he prayed and which he received—and still projects down the vista, now so sombre, of the coming years. He fully merits this *Tribute*, and the *Tribute* is not unworthy of him.

P. J. GANNON.

THE ABBE EDGEWORTH (1745-1807).) By M. V. Woodgate. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 1945. 7s. 6d. net.

No Irish name in the annals of France recalls such nobility and high courage as that of the Irish priest who, amid the terrors of the Revolution, stood by the hapless king of France on the scaffold of the guillotine. The heroic action was indeed characteristic of the entire life of the abbé Edgeworth before and after that tragedy. And all the simplicity and sublimity of his life are mirrored in the pages of this book by Miss Woodgate, who tells its story with an artlessness that suits it so well.

Born in a quiet country vicarage in Longford where his father was Protestant pastor, Henry Edgeworth came of a stock in which Irish and English blood were blended. He was but four years old when his father settled at Toulouse and, with his entire family, was converted to Catholicism. Toulouse must have been in some ways a congenial home for the Edgeworths amid their foreign environment. For one thing, a relative—Count Justin MacCarthy—resided there and had in his home the finest library in France. Here too was a young man, the future Bishop Moylan of Cork, engaged in ecclesiastical studies, who was to be their life-long friend. And in the city was the Irish College with its professors and students from the homeland.

The education, begun at Toulouse, was continued in Paris at the Sorbonne by Henry Edgeworth. After ordination as a priest he lived on in the French capital, where he worked among its poorest citizens. With the Revolution came dangers and privations, the clash with the Church, the fall of the monarchy, the trial of the king. This last event was to change his entire life. Louis XVI on the eve of his execution had a message conveyed to the abbé Edgeworth that, if he did not consider the peril too great, he wished for the abbé's spiritual help in his last hours. The abbé at once obeyed the king's wish though, as he wrote to Edmund Burke, he was convinced that " popular rage will not allow me to survive the tragic act ". The story, told in his own words, of his attendance on the king during the long vigil and of the morning journey to the scaffold is surely one of the most poignant ever penned.

Loyal to the House of Bourbon in all its vicissitudes, the abbé accompanied Louis XVIII, that sad exile and wanderer, from country to country, sharing in all his privations. And in the end he died amid the snows of Russia, tended in his last hours by members of the royal family of France. While, as Miss Woodgate says, his lifework is his monument, one thinks that a memorial, however modest, should mark the birthplace of this illustrious Irish priest who, throughout his career, showed again and again a courage that did not count the cost. R. H.

CELTICA

CATH MUIGHE TUIREADH. The Second Battle of Magh Tuireadh. Edited by Brian Ó Cuív. Dublin: The Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies. 1945. 80 pp. 3s.

Two versions of the legendary second battle of Moytirra exist. One was published by Whitely Stokes in *Révue Celtique* XII, the second has now been edited by Mr. Ó Cuív. Strangely enough, each version is found in only one manuscript, a fact which, while it facilitates the task of exhibiting a critical text, does not help at all in disentangling the various obscurities which occur frequently in the edition under review.

The story is that of the battle which was supposed to have been fought at Moytirra in Co. Sligo between the Tuatha Dé Danann and the Fomorians. (The first battle was that between the Fir Bolg and the Tuatha.) The story of the battle is of interest chiefly for its influence on later literature and its connection with a well-known theme in folklore. Mr. Ó Cuív in his Introduction discusses these points and refers us to the appropriate sources for a fuller treatment. It seems unfortunate that the editor has, for reasons of brevity, restricted himself to what is in effect a somewhat superficial treatment of these and other questions arising out of the text. For if we ask ourselves the reasons why such texts as the present are published, we may say that the reasons may be of a literary or historical or linguistic nature. Now this text was hardly published in the direct interests of literature; for, as we shall see in a moment, the text is of very little value if judged by the normal canons of literature. Its interest then is rather in the realms of folklore and of literary tradition and, to a certain extent, of linguistics. Hence it seems that a fuller discussion of these topics would have been in order and would have added appreciably to the value of the text.

The text has a certain linguistic value. For while Mr. Ó Cuív calls the language Early Modern Irish, he qualifies the title by referring the story to the *genre* of Ó Cléirigh's *Beatha Aodha Ruaidh* and similar productions. In fact the language and style may not unfairly be called the direct descendant of that turgid and bombastic style which had its finest early flower in *Cogadh Gaedhal re Gallaibh.* To those qualities the present text adds that of deliberate archaisms, so that we are presented with a hodge-podge of seventeenth-century Irish and a system of infixed and suffixed pronouns and verb-forms that should have taken its bow fully four centuries before. And to this mixture has been added (as Mr. Ó Cuív has pointed out in his Introduction) a dash of dialect forms which bring us back with a jerk from the verbal forms of the Book of Leinster to the colloquialisms of four centuries later. For the transcriber of this curious piece was David Duigenan who lived in Co. Galway in the year 1651. The text then is of little value to the student of the history of Early Modern Irish forms except as a warning against the dangers of dating a text of that period. Hence the editor has been rightly cautious in describing any narrow limits within which the text in its present form may have been compiled.

But if a text is edited, it is meant to be understood—to be, for example, capable of being translated sentence by sentence with reasonable ease into English. Now here, I think, Mr. Ó Cuív has not been lenient enough towards the linguistic limitations of his readers. He has supplied notes and a vocabulary, it is true. But his notes are too much concerned with the various legendary figures who appear in the story and do not deal in sufficient detail with textual difficulties. The fact, for example, that the passage ll. 67-79 has no principal verb and is unintelligible as it stands is not referred to, while several obscure sentences are passed over in silence. I refer here to " ordinary " prose and not, of course, to the examples of " rhetoric " of which Mr. Ó Cuív says with a fine litotes : " The sense of the following

passages of rhetoric is in parts not clear " (l. 590, note). Similarly, the vocabulary is, for one reader at least, very far from adequate. I read through half of the text noting those words which I did not understand and which do not appear in the vocabulary. When I reached line 889, I had five pages of words and then I gave up. If one were surrounded with the R.I.A. and Hessen's Fascicules, Windisch's Wörterbuch, Atkinson's Glossary to PH and Meyer's Contributions and a dozen other such aids, and if one had the time and the patience, one could worry out the meaning of most of the difficulties. But surely an editor who has had to work out for himself, in so far as he can, the meaning of each word of the text that he is to edit ought to communicate the results of that work to his readers in the vocabulary and notes?

If this complaint appears to be unduly querulous it is simply because Mr. Ó Cuív shows, both in his textual work on what is undoubtedly a particularly cross-grained piece of Irish and in what he has in fact given us in his Introduction and Notes, that he has brought to his work all the qualities that go to make a sound editor. He has taken meticulous care in the reproduction of the text. His system of italicising—so necessary in an isolated text—enables one to see exactly how the manuscript reads and to form one's own conjectures on obscurities. Only those, in fact, who have had to deal with such a text and to come to decisions about the expansion of doubtful forms and the division of words will realise what an amount of hard work has gone to the editing of this text. The notes where they deal with problems of language are frequently illuminating, and it is good to see that they are there for the sole purpose of making the text better understood and that they do not range over a variety of subjects which have nothing to do with the case. The only pity is that he has not given us more of them.

S. Ó C.

Education

MISSION OF THE UNIVERSITY. By José Ortega y Gasset. Translated by Howard Lee Nostrand. Princeton University Press. London: Milford. 1944. $2·00 (13s. 6d.).

Its American translator, in his breezy and informative Introduction, describes this book as one of the most important written on education since the first World War. It is certainly one of the briefest, containing exactly ninety-eight-and-a-half not very closely-printed pages, out of which must be subtracted thirty-and-a-half for the Introduction. There can be no doubt about its stimulating quality, but it inevitably leaves the reader with a sense of incompleteness, like a banquet cooked by a prince among chefs but entirely inadequate for the demands of a healthy appetite. The reader's possible dissatisfaction will not be lessened by a certain mystery about the book's origin. It seems to be an expansion of a series of notes used for a single lecture in 1930 to the Federation of University Students of Madrid.

The author of *Revolt of the Masses* has been described by one disappointed American editor as " a rhetorician-thinker," and there is truth in the description. Brief as is this address, a good deal of its substance is wasted on rather unnecessary fireworks in the shape of epigrammatic but often questionable generalisations, which confuse the reader more than they enlighten him. Professor Nostrand does a great deal for both reader and author, and his contribution to the book deserves high praise. From it we may learn in particular something about the career and background of Ortega. Like many Spanish intellectuals of previous generations, he underwent a long period of training in Germany before becoming a professor at Madrid. It is most interesting to discover the profound influence on his thought of the Berlin philosopher, Wilhelm Dilthey, whose reputation, especially in the field of educational theory, had revived considerably before the recent war.

Ortega is perhaps the most distinguished present-day representative of Dilthey's thought on education. To him he owes especially what is perhaps the leading idea in this book: the idea of culture as an organic unity, from which springs the concept of higher education as a unitary and synthetic process.

Probably the book owes its appearance in its present form to its striking presentation of this concept. There is a very strong movement in America just now for a return to a revived and systematised traditionalism in University teaching. Ortega reinforces this movement by his insistence on the distinction between science and culture. The two are of course, he says, related, but one of the chief modern heresies is to treat them as identical. He has some very pungent sentences on the " barbarian " scientist, on the damage done to medicine, for instance, by its treatment in the schools as a science rather than an art, and on the lack of any grasp, either in the professional or the popular mind, of the " basic idea or prototype " of each profession. Readers of Bruce Truscot's *Redbrick University* and its sequel will be interested to find that this German-trained Spanish thinker holds diametrically opposite views on the proper relation between research and teaching to those propounded in these books.

Ortega's conclusions are conveniently summarised at the beginning of his fourth chapter. They fall under four simple propositions. The University consists of the higher education which the ordinary man should receive. Its aim should be to make its students cultured persons, to " put them at the height of their time ". In order to do this, it should impart a unified cultural education based on five great disciplines. The ordinary man *must* be made a good professional; but there is no cogent reason why he needs or ought to be a scientist. All these propositions are in themselves quite sound, but they need, on Ortega's own admission, a much fuller defence than he can give of them here. In detailing the five cultural disciplines he follows a line of thought with which Catholics can hardly agree; but this is not surprising, because at the very end of the book he dismisses the Church as a spiritual power for the very strange and arbitrarily-stated reason that she has " abandoned the present ". It will be seen that the book, as was only to be expected, contains some erroneous and prejudiced theories mingled with much that is sound and timely.

M. T.

EURIPIDES HECUBA. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by Michael Tierney, Professor of Greek, University College, Dublin. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 1946. pp. xxvii+170. 3s. 6d.

IT is surprising how much valuable and interesting information Professor Tierney has succeeded in packing into this excellently produced edition of the *Hecuba*. He has, nevertheless, exercised commendable moderation and restraint. Not all scholars resist the temptation to write heavily and at length wherever an opening occurs of displaying their erudition or familiarity with the exhaustive reference-books of their departmental libraries. This is particularly out of place in editions of texts prepared for schools or the earlier courses in our Universities—for which courses the book under review is admirably suited.

The *Introduction* first gives a clear and concise account of the view held by Professor Tierney on the early development of Tragedy. It may be said at once that there is no view more probable than the one presented. Reference to prevailing controversy on this subject is quite properly avoided. There follows a short but fully adequate treatment of the parts played by Aeschylus and Sophocles in the development of Tragedy; of the lay-out and equipment of the Theatre; of play-production; and of the special features which mark the differences between ancient and modern Tragedy. There are few students of Tragedy who will not profit by a careful study of this short section. Next comes an interesting notice of Euripides's

e, his reputation as a dramatist, the chronology of his works—the title *Tauric higeneia* may strike some readers as being unfamiliar—his development as a ramatist, his interest in the psychology of women, his patriotism, and his pessimism his reminds one a little of Virgil's *Weltanschauung*). Here the connection between ragedy and the New Comedy is incidentally, but very skilfully, outlined. The ay *Hecuba* itself receives more lengthy attention. We are told of its peculiar ructure, its unity, the sources of its plot, and the date of its production. Students ill be grateful for the clear account given of the metres of the play. This excellent troduction fills but twenty pages. Only one writing with ease and clarity from a ill knowledge could arrive at such economy. (We notice a defect in the type on xx. l. 6, and on p. xxi. l. 10 we should read 171-3 instead of 172).

The *Text* is printed from a fount which, though unfamiliar to many of our udents in the Schools, should prove distinctly attractive. In its smaller version, owever, in the *Vocabulary* and *Notes* it may be troublesome to the inexperienced. Ve might instance the difficulty of distinguishing between the smooth and the rough reathings—*e.g.* on p. 63 in the second line from the bottom ; and indeed almost every place where the circumflex accent and a breathing come together.

The *Notes* leave little to be desired. There is no padding and no disproportioned xcursuses. There is a marked personal conviction about each item and a freshness nd modernity of treatment which are far from the dull pompousness so much in shion, even yet, in such editions. In particular there is present a deep feeling r the dramatic and poetic qualities of the play, an attention which is very welcome. he philological notices are made with great discretion and attractively presented. here are a few small points which the editor, who has done his work so well, ill notice himself and correct in a future edition.

Finally, the publishers are to be warmly congratulated on their success in this nture. It is to be hoped that other such editions of Greek texts will follow from eir press in the not too distant future.

JOHN J. O'MEARA

HISTORY

HE WAR AND THE VATICAN. By Camille M. Cianfarra. London : Burns Oates. 1945. 10s. 6d.

VEN in a Catholic country like our own it is not always easy to feel satisfied that ews of the Pope's international policy is being fully, or indeed adequately represented. apal pronouncements are almost always conventional in their form, and need a ood deal of interpretation and supplementary comments if their full meaning is o be appreciated by others than trained diplomats. Mr. Cianfarra was Roman orrespondent of the *New York Times* for seven eventful years (1935-42) ; he was orn and educated in the city of Rome, and his father had been manager of the Jnited Press Bureau in Rome during the first World War. He has thus exceptional ualifications as an observer of political events in the Italian capital, and this book akes it plain that he had valuable personal contacts within the Vatican itself. Jone the less, his " inside story "—which was first published almost two years ago n the United States, but which appears now in an English edition—is the narrative f a journalist who represented a New York newspaper in Rome at a time when merican policy was deeply involved in the success of Anglo-French resistance o Nazi and Fascist aggression. His main purpose is clearly to interpret the policy f Pius XII, not to the world at large, but to his own American fellow-citizens.

The opening chapters are vivid and most helpful. There is an effective portrait f Pius XI in the last four years of his anxious pontificate : " the old lion," as Dr. inchy has described him in his fine narrative of these years ; " the obstinate old

man" (*quel vecchio ostinato*) as Mussolini termed him on that morning of February 10, 1939, when news of the Holy Father's death was telephoned through to the Duce's private apartment. Bruno Mussolini, the Duce's gifted son, is the authority whom Mr. Cianfarra cites for that episode. Looking back on the history of the ten years that had passed since the signing of the Lateran agreements, one can understand the Dictator's growing sense of irritation at the stubborn and most effective opposition which the Pope was maintaining against his new pro-German policies. "This Pope takes such a long time to die," the Duce is reported to have said to an Aldobrandini prince who, like most of the old Roman aristocrats, was unwavering in his support of the Papacy in Roman society.

But vivid sketches of the old Pope who died in 1939, and of his trusted Secretary of State who took his place as Pope in that same spring, are not enough to satisfy us. What we need is a statement of Papal policy that will help us to understand the painful but courageous neutrality of Pius XII throughout the whole course of the second World War. Here Mr. Cianfarra is less helpful, though his book is worth reading for some of his anecdotes. He brings out very clearly the fundamental opposition of both Pius XI and Pius XII to the more and more openly anti-Christian legislation of Nazi Germany. The die was cast in the spring of 1938, when Hitler visited Rome and the Pope ostentatiously closed the Vatican palaces and withdrew to Castel Gondolfo as a protest against the honours paid to the Nazi Swastika in Christian Rome. "It is going to be a fight to the finish," one prelate connected with the Secretariat of State is here reported as prophesying. Recent Papal pronouncements have made it plain that Pius XII has been as intransigeant as his predecessor in his attitude towards the neo-pagan Nazi State.

But Germany is not the only country in modern Europe which has been denounced by the Pope as an enemy of Christianity; and the narrative here given to American readers is less and less convincing as the dramatic events of six catastrophic years presented the diplomatists of the Vatican with problem after problem. For six months before the actual declaration of war, Pius XII made a last heroic effort to avert the catastrophe which he and his great predecessor had foreseen for so many years; and the story of that supreme effort is well told by Mr. Cianfarra. During the winter of 1939-40 the problem of conquered Poland was in the forefront of European diplomatic activities; and this book contains some striking citations from the reports of the Polish Cardinal Hlond. His words are grimly prescient of another and equally appalling tragedy: "The *Gouvernement Général*," he wrote in January 1940, "is now a vision of famine and death. The poor, deported people already total a million, and by April the numbers may well reach three or four million, for the rate is steadily increasing. . . . . I have heard from an unimpeachable source of one train that reached its destination with more than one hundred persons dead from cold, hunger and weakness." And so the tale goes on—in this winter of 1945-46, as in 1939-40.

That is the main trouble about Mr. Cianfarra's book. Inevitably—since it was written in war-time (the autumn of 1943), soon after its author had been sent home to New York after a captivity of some six months in Siena—there is a cautious reticence about that side of the story which is less favourable to the Anglo-American cause. Soviet Russia is, of course, mentioned as a rival to Nazi Germany in its open hostility to Christianity and in its barbarously ruthless statecraft. But the details are chosen in such a way as to lay emphasis, from first to last, on German guilt and German cruelty. Naturally, the later chapters of this book are tame and unconvincing. There is an excellent account of the first Roman reactions to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour; and a significant comment by one of the Vatican's diplomatists: "Today the Axis has lost the war." But there is little to help us towards a fuller understanding of the Pope's acute distress in those fateful years

940-42, when it seemed as though nothing could stem the onrush of Germany's eat armies.

Pius XII, as Cardinal Pacelli, had met President Roosevelt in 1936, during s visit to the United States as Pius XI's personal representative. There is much this book to suggest that as Pope, in the last resort, he counted desperately on e strength of an Anglo-American combination to win through against the Totali- ian Powers in the end. Now that catastrophe is upon us, there is little doubt at the Vatican looks to Anglo-American strength as the sole possible counterpart the formidable menace of Soviet Russia. But, even in the most desperate moments the crisis, the Pope never wavered for an instant in his defence of Papal neutrality. here is a story in this book (pp. 272-3), for which no official authenticity can be aimed, though it is told as a version supplied by one who had " excellent contacts ith the Secretariat of State ". In the autumn of 1942, so the story goes, Roosevelt nt Myron C. Taylor (who had been ill and had returned to the United States r convalescence) back to Rome with a request that the Pope should " issue a atement that would encourage Catholics throughout the world to support Great itain and Russia in the war they were waging against Nazism." The Pope, we e told, " meditated his answer for five days "—and then gave a negative reply. Ir. Cianfarra's interpretation of this refusal to his American readers is worth reading an intelligent comment by a trained observer; but we must wait for a later neration, when more official documents are available, to assess fairly and fully e courageous diplomacy of His Holiness Pope Pius XII. A. G.

NGLISH CITY. The Growth and the Future of Bristol. University of London Press. 1945. 10s.

HE cities of Europe bear witness to a tradition that goes back in many countries Greek or Roman days. In England London has memories that go further back history than Julius Caesar. Bristol is younger, and her history has many points contact with the history of Dublin. But Bristol, like London—and like so many her tragic names of Europe's ancient cities—has suffered cruelly during the past r years. It is good to know that her citizens face the future with an eager wish to ake their city more worthy of its place in England's history. This volume speaks rough picture rather than through its letter-press. The unnamed authors have ade skilful use of coloured charts and diagrams as well as of old prints and other storic documents. They have not sought to tell the whole of Bristol's story, but ve concentrated on a few cross-sections of Bristol life at various periods.

Dublin readers will inevitably turn these pages with a special interest. We ad that " our earliest link with the town consists of two silver coins, preserved in e royal collection at Stockholm: these coins were minted at Bricgstowe in the reign Ethelred Unrede (978-1016), and probably formed part of a payment of the mous Danegeld." Dublin was also feeling her way to commercial greatness in ese same years, and the date of these coins recalls the battle of Clontarf. Two nturies later, Dublin got her first grant of trading privileges from Henry II on the odel of Bristol's customs. But the connection between the two cities is much ier, and Dublin traders were purchasing English boys and girls for sale as slaves the Bristol market in the time of good St. Wulfstan.

Turn the pages and we come to a selection of photographs of fine Georgian uses, which remind us that Dublin and Bristol shared in a common prosperity ring the eighteenth century. Slavery was still a main source of Bristol's prosperity, ough the slaves were now negroes, not Englishmen. Bristol merchants had been tive in the traffic of exporting Irish boys and girls to the West Indies in Cromwell's ne, and the city was then a rallying-point for the Puritans. But there is a nobler

side to this picture. If Bristol made money out of the slave-trade, she gave birth to William Penn—whose father, Admiral William Penn, lies buried in St. Mary Redcliffe. And John Wesley found Bristol so quick to respond to his new preaching that it was here, in the " New Room," that he organised his band of lay-preachers and built the first Methodist chapel in England.

The pictures do not concentrate on great names such as these, but have been chosen so as to give the average citizen of to-day some notion of the life that his ancestors led in the Middle Ages, in the Tudor period, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in the days of good Queen Victoria. There is thus an easy transition to the plans for the future, which are the essence of this book. Some vivid photographs of blitzed buildings and blitzed areas (St. Mary Redcliffe, which Bristol owes to the lavish generosity of a fifteenth-century Mayor, stands proudly as a witness to older and better days) prepare us for the bold drawings of an ideal Bristol, in which full advantage has been taken of the opportunities created by the violence of war.

Dublin has her own long history, and a good editor could easily produce a volume that would match " English City " in beauty and interest. But the title " Irish City " would be less appropriate, for Dublin has only gradually been absorbed into the full tide of Irish life. Nor have we been given this catastrophic chance of reconstruction. Thank God for that! But none-the-less let us learn from our English neighbours, whose courage in planning for the future is well matched by a natural and laudable pride in their city's history.

A. G.

Politics and Sociology

THE TWILIGHT OF CIVILIZATION. By Jacques Maritain. Sheed and Ward. 1945. 3s. 6d. net.

CHRISTIANITY AND DEMOCRACY. By Jacques Maritain. Geoffrey Bles. 1945. 5s. net.

ANYONE familiar with the political philosophy of M. Maritain will not discover anything new in these two books. But the circumstances which occasioned them give them a special interest. *The Twilight of Civilization* consists of lectures delivered in Paris just before the war began; *Christianity and Democracy* " was written during the summer of 1942 at a time when the outcome of the war could still seem very disquieting ". Perhaps the most striking quality of Catholic political theory is its detachment from the circumstances of any historical period or moment. It has " the eye of experience " and tends to view passing events *sub specie aeternitatis*; while it is not optimistic, it still clings to the larger hope. And this is as it should be, for hope is itself creative—" a force and a spiritual weapon ". M. Maritain does not perhaps succeed in being entirely detached. In the tragic conditions of the time this would be superhuman. These books spring from a deep intensity of emotion and betray at times personal opinions and attitudes which not everyone will accept. Moreover, what M. Maritain considered the chief danger to democracy has now disappeared and the danger is likely to come from another direction. This great peril to christian civilization it was fashionable during the war to minimize. It seems still fashionable in the early stages of the peace.

Of what M. Maritain calls " the great anti-christian forces "—Racism and Communism—Racism seemed to him, both before the war and during the war, the more fundamental danger, " a factor of perversion more irremediable than atheism itself." Men can only be cured of racial paganism by a crushing defeat; whereas a Communist people may be cured of materialistic atheism " by some internal transformation," although the process is hard and difficult. " Do we not

w see a first glimpse of this in the present cessation of the anti-God campaign
l in the prayers for victory publicly offered by the Russian believers, and in the
surge of that patriotic heroism which depends on historical heritage and a concrete
ling for the people's commonwealth rather than on any ideology?"

This hope is shared by many; others will see in it only wishful thinking. It
a problem to which time alone can give the solution. Something may perhaps
ne from the realization, to which the Russian experiment gives point and emphasis,
t Communism is powerful over human minds only so long as it appears as an
a or a myth. The attempt to achieve it in practice is never likely to be made.
e supposed classless society in which "the State has withered away" is entirely
pian. Every organized society necessarily implies social control, and nothing
ess likely than that those who have tasted the sweets of power will abandon their
vileged position. What inevitably emerges out of these revolutionary struggles
some type of doctrinal oligarchy, the substitution for the old tyranny of a new
l often enough a worse.

But what of the problem of the moment—"*Christianity and Democracy*"?
Maritain, it need not be said, has a deep and an abiding belief in the value of
nocracy and of its intimate connection with christianity: "The Christian religion
annexed to no temporal régime; it is compatible with all forms of legitimate
vernment; it is not its business to determine which type of civil rule men must
pt *hic et nunc*; it imposes none on their will; nor, so long as the higher essential
nciples are respected, does it specify any particular system of political philosophy,
matter how general." But yet M. Maritain is convinced that, "at the present
ment and under the present circumstances of human history, the chances of
igion, of conscience, and of civilization . . . coincide with those of liberty."

The tragedy of the modern democracies is due to many causes. Democracy
never been effectually realized. The enemies of democracy have been strong
ugh to prevent this. But the fundamental cause has been spiritual. Democracy
ings, in its essentials, from the inspiration of the Gospel and cannot subsist
hout it. And yet, owing to complex historical circumstances, many modern
nocracies have repudiated the Gospel and Christianity in the name of human
erty. In France at times, M. Maritain thinks, "the social power of religion
rked for the bourgeoisie, as it had worked in the past for 'the throne and the
ar'." He quotes Pope Pius XI for the statement that "the great scandal of the
eteenth century is that the Church lost the working class". At the same time
would be fatal to conclude that Christianity is linked to democracy. What M.
ritain argues for is that democracy is linked to Christianity and that "the
nocratic impulse has arisen in human history as a temporal manifestation of the
piration of the Gospel". Moreover, the democratic state of mind cannot exist
hout this inspiration. There are in history, and particularly in the history of
times, so many temptations to despair.

Some readers, no doubt, and particularly those familiar with the traditional
uments of the older text-books in favour of monarchy will find M. Maritain's
ard doctrine. Nor will their anxieties be allayed when they read that "the
lers of the people receive this right [to rule] . . . . . through the consent or
of the people or of the body of the community, through which authority always
ses before being invested in the leaders. And it is as vicars or representatives
he multitude that the holders of authority lead the multitude." This was the
litional doctrine of the medieval theologians and was magnificently reasserted
the Catholic thinkers of the 16th and 17th centuries. In the nineteenth century
as not universally accepted by Catholic philosophers. The historical environment,
ng to the excesses of the French Revolution and other causes, had become less
urable. And it was felt by many that the theory showed an inadequate sense

of history, since very few of the great historical régimes could be regarded as based on the consent or will of the people except in a Pickwickian sense. Moreover, the Encyclical *Immortale Dei* seemed to favour the opposing theory usually associated with the name of Taparelli.

Among English political theorists it is now universally felt that the easy optimism of nineteenth century liberals was entirely naive. That the English parliamentary system could be transferred to other countries as a complete working model of democracy has been shown by sad experience to be absurd. Still this pessimism about democracy has probably been overdone. M. Maritain's thesis errs perhaps on the optimistic side. The successful working of democracy implies a political sense a political maturity and a political experience in which many peoples are lacking. It is a commonplace that social and political institutions are relative to different stages of culture. This is not a proof that one type of political oaganization is as good as another since democracy, as Sir Ernest Barker points out, is relative to a higher stage of culture than any of the autocratic forms.

D. O'K.

THE ATTITUDE TOWARDS LABOUR IN EARLY CHRISTIANITY AND ANCIENT CULTURE. By Arthur T. Geoghegan. Washington: Catholic University of America Press. 1945. $3·00.

THE Catholic University of America has already published six volumes of Studies in Christian Antiquity, of which the book under review is the last: the fifth, which dealt in a scholarly way with the term and concept *Mater Ecclesia*, was reviewed in a recent number of STUDIES.

Like its predecessors this study, too, is a piece of conscientious and exact investigation into the outlook on Labour among the Greeks, Hebrews, Romans and early Christians. It contains an extensive bibliography and various indices carefully compiled, which give it particular value as a work of reference. The work itself is not as engrossing as the "*Mater Ecclesia*"—perhaps because the subject is more familiar; perhaps, too, because the argument is not so closely knit or so compulsive.

The central truth appears to be that Religion is the only force capable of giving dignity to labour and an honourable status to the workingman. The Jews read in the Scriptures that God worked in making the world; that, by God's ordinance the human race had to work to enjoy the fruits of the earth. So the Mosaic precept was that man was to work after the example of his Creator, and refrain from work on the Seventh Day. They esteemed agriculture most highly, not only for economic reasons, but because Adam, expelled from Paradise, was sent by God "to till the earth from which he was taken". Noe, Abraham, Jacob, Isaac, David, in fact all the great historical figures, were farmers or shepherds. "The Land" was holy its ownership retained by God who permitted the Chosen Race to use it.

The Mosaic Law took care of the labourer, protecting him against excessive exploitation and violence, and conceding even to slaves equal rights with their masters to go on pilgrimages and take part in the religious festivals of the nation. And even in the Golden Messianic Age towards which the Prophets directed the people, labour will not cease, but each one "shall sit under his vine and under his fig-tree, and there shall be none to make them afraid". (Mich. 4. 4.).

Among the Greeks and Romans, though manual labour was generally held in bad esteem by the philosophers and the well-to-do, religion gave it whatever social worth it had. Gods were the patrons of crafts; guilds where members of a profession associated for religious observance and mutual entertainment gave to the workingman a sense of importance and security.

Cicero and the Stoics despised manual labour, Cicero regarding artisans and ɔkeepers as social riff-raff, and Seneca maintaining that the crafts were " common degrading ". However, the Stoics taught certain truths which helped to excite em for all men—for example, that all men have a divine origin and God pervades ything. " Philosophy neither rejects nor selects anyone ; its light shines for all. rates was no aristocrat. Cleanthes worked at a well and served as a hired man." the number of slaves decreased more freemen turned to crafts and husbandry means of livelihood ; and the Stoic doctrine of the brotherhood of men flourished spread in this more congenial soil.

However, manual labour was more or less despised, in spite of this *praeparatio ıgelica*, until Christianity taught that all men were equal because all were co-heirs Christ and children of God. Christ had called His followers to spiritual perfection bade them be charitable. Consequently, the Apostles, the Apologists and the y monks and cenobites counselled and performed manual work as an ascetic rcise. Moreover, from the very beginning, the Christian was expected to work rder to support himself and, out of his superfluity, support those of the brethren) were in need. The motive of charity, and not any economic theory, was the f reason why the Christian should toil.

The Church offered temporal as well as spiritual advantages to its members, ause she was from the outset a benevolent society, the Christians supporting the hren who had lost their occupation, providing tools and instruction and finding ɔloyment for the workless. But neither the Apostles nor their successors tried mprove the lot of the Christian labourer by preaching economic or social reform. ıe Christian community functioned as a sort of unemployment bureau, the reason never mere humanitarian sympathy or materialist ambition. " The lack of rences to the economic aspect of work in the Apostolic Fathers shows how ɔunded are the charges that Christianity in its beginning was a communistic vement of the labouring classes of the Roman Empire. There is not a single rence to labour from any other viewpoint than the religious. There is no cation of class consciousness—let alone class struggle." " The Christians ırded their labour as a means of providing charity, rather than as a means to lth and power."

It would be interesting to trace this attitude through the writing of the mediaeval ɔlogians and philosophers, thus to realise how close they were to the spirit of istianity when they attempted to systematise the duties of property and of sgiving. And by their time, public opinion had become permeated with the istian outlook on wealth, so that all men had a status and all owners had clear gations towards others.

This work is invaluable for those who set themselves to study, say, the mediaeval hing on usury, because it explains the convictions and practices which Christianity implanted in the community, convictions and practices which the theologians ified and defended.

J. E. C.

ɔID PENAL SERVITUDE. By D. 8322. Dublin : Metropolitan Publishing Co. 1945. 8s. 6d.

ISONS AND BORSTALS. Published for the Home Office by His Majesty's Stationery Office. London. 1945. 1s.

id Penal Servitude is the account, by a man of obvious intelligence and sensibility, sentence of penal servitude served by him in our Irish prisons. Whoever D. 2 may be, he has certainly atoned for his lapse and he has written a moving and ificant book on his experiences. He describes them objectively and fairly and

is almost miraculously devoid of self-pity. There is little complaint about his jailers. If he has found in them at times a " cold curt inflexibility," he also allows that they were " tolerant even to the intolerant " and praises (in contrast to that of the not-so-distant past) the " very good type of warder at present joining the prison service ". " Justly," he says, " the Governor in Portlaoighise prides himself on the standard of food maintained," and D. 8322 believes that " it would be impossible to find anywhere cleaner prisons than those of Sligo and Portlaoighise ". It is this objectivity and readiness to praise that impresses when we read his quiet but effective denunciation of the existing prison system.

If the account given by D. 8322 is true—and it cannot be too strongly insisted that it bears all the marks of truth—then our prison system, far from " maintaining, stimulating and awakening the higher sensibilities of prisoners and turning them out of prison better men and women " (Gladstone Committee 1895), throws them back as flotsam and jetsam on a hostile society, mentally deteriorated and with self-respect damaged in many cases beyond repair. The prisoner is unnecessarily degraded and humiliated ; he is a number, not a person—there is little to remind him of " the eminent dignity of the human person " so stressed in recent Papal pronouncements ; effort and initiative are positively discouraged ; " prison workshops, equipment and methods are antiquated and most of the work is just time-killing " ; brooding and mental stagnation follow from long hours in the cells (18½ out of the 24 hours on Sundays and Holidays !) ; healthy contact with the people and things of the outside world is drastically reduced instead of being encouraged ; the efforts to supply educational facilities are most inadequate ; and there is finally that " dreadful fear which oppresses men in prison—that constant dread that, if you died in your cell, a warder would just say ' one off ' and make an entry in his note-book." It is indeed a problem for society when the net product of all this is let loose on a world where, as the judge reminded D. 8322, he will be " unemployed and unemployable ". Similarly cheerful is the comment in *Prisons and Borstals* : " It has been said that a prisoner's real punishment begins when he is discharged : and again, that the true test of a prison is what happens to a man when he comes out." The last chapters of the book bear pathetic testimony to this. Altogether, the sole positive reforming influence of any value in our prisons is religion, and one can sympathise with the author's earnest plea for a resident Catholic Chaplain for the convicts of Portlaoighise.

My interest was so stirred by the reading of this book that I looked for some up-to-date official Irish publication which might give an idea of prison life from the point of view of its administrators. If such exists, I failed to discover it. What I was lucky enough to find was the recent booklet *Prisons and Borstals* published for the English Home Office. Its purpose is stated by the Home Secretary himself in a foreword : " It is right that every member of the community should have the opportunity of knowing what is done in his name by those responsible for carrying out the methods of punishment provided by the law." He appeals for " sympathetic interest and constructive criticism among the public " and admits with candour that, while much is being done, " we have no grounds for complacency ". It would seem that in Eire we have far less cause for complacency. Many of the reforms which D. 8322 suggests as being necessary in our prisons have been gradually carried out in English prisons since the setting up of an independent state here. In England in 1933 a revised and simplified code was substituted for the Statutory Rules of 1899. While adopting no new principles of importance, it encourages a more human elasticity in administration and has had most beneficial results.

Of outstanding interest is the setting up of a " special training prison " at Wakefield which has " now worked for some years with marked success ". In connection with it there is an open farm camp where, " under no physical compulsion

e hundred long-term prisoners have lived with only three or four officers." They ve maintained a consistently high standard of discipline and industry, and only e has tried to escape ". In the ordinary prisons, in spite of the pessimistic dictum the Gladstone Committee that " a prison population presents no favourable ture whatever for the development of industrial work," workshops have been ended, modernised and further equipped with modern plant. An Earnings heme has also been instituted by which men may earn small amounts to be spent sweets, tobacco, etc. (In Portlaoighise the prohibition of smoking is stringently forced). The effects, the report says, have been " notably beneficial ". The ucation scheme is based on voluntary evening classes conducted by voluntary achers from outside and is supplemented by periodical lectures, debates and ncerts. The system of " unofficial visitors " introduced to men's prisons in 1922 st too late, alas, for us) has worked " with notable success ". " The object of the stem is to give the prisoner regular contact with a sympathetic unofficial person th whom he can talk in free and friendly manner about matters of general and rsonal interest." This notably successful experiment might well be the first our Irish reforms. For prisoners affected by recognisable psychopathic conditions is proposed " to provide a special establishment where they can be segregated suitable conditions akin to those of a hospital and treated by a specially trained edical and nursing staff ". D. 8322 pleads for a like chance for our own prisoners this type : " Prison is the very worst place for sexual offenders. A home where ey could receive the expert attention of a psychotherapist, not a jail, is the place r these men."

The unanimous welcome given by reviewers, in widely differing types of news- pers and reviews, to *I Did Penal Servitude* gives hope for the building-up of a althy and informed public opinion on our prisons. Prison reform has always et with savage and unreasoning opposition. It is little more than a century since omilly's proposal to abolish the death penalty for shoplifting of the value of five illings was rejected by the House of Lords, an Archbishop and six Bishops aiding its rejection. Their prophecies of a consequent increase in crime were utterly lsified when this ferocious sentence was finally abolished. D. 8322 congratulates e Minister for Justice on the improvements he has made in the last five years. e foresees, however, that any effort of his to improve the whole system will meet th violent opposition from " the reactionaries, the stubborn supporters of the t-of-date and the whole phalanx of conservatism ". There is a pleasant humour the reflection that the Minister's most effective ally against them will be his former est, D. 8322.

P. M.

ALESTINE, LAND OF PROMISE. By Walter Clay Lowdermilk. London : Gollancz. 1945. 167 pp. 4s. 6d.

WISH resettlement of Palestine in modern times has been a corollary to racial d religious persecution in Europe. It began in 1882 when thousands of Jews ere hounded out of Russia following a series of pogroms apparently connived at the Czarist government : other States, whose Jewish citizens at that date could ll live on precarious sufferance, later emulated the Russian example. So there s been nothing spontaneous about the immigration into the Holy Land—and no lation, unless by chance, between the colonists' earlier training and the new life aiting them. According to Dr. Lowdermilk, the majority had been city-dwellers, ving in many cases no acquaintance whatever with the activity they were to be iefly concerned with, agriculture. Valuable preparatory instruction was, indeed, ovided for some of the pioneers by the Zionist " Hechalutz " organization which

began to function soon after the Balfour Declaration of 1917, but since 1933 the refugee stream has got out of hand and Hechalutz courses seem to have broken down.

The Jewish land domain embraces about 400,000 acres all told. Of this, 35 per cent. was bought on behalf of the race by the Jewish National Fund, which deals it out on renewable leases; 20 per cent. belongs to Pica, a Rothschild colonization agency; and the remaining 45 per cent. is divided among several thousand private owners. Dr. Lowdermilk, a soil conservationist, writes enthusiastically of the regenerating work the settlers have done for Palestine's rural economy. Arresting and reversing a downhill trend unbroken over the twelve centuries preceding, they have built terraces, drained malarial swamps, leached saline soils in the northern Dead Sea Valley, grown legumes to be ploughed under for nitrogen, planted pine trees and castor oil plants to stem the inland advance of sand-dunes. They have developed citriculture as a major export industry (subject, unavoidably, to the vicissitudes that have waited on all primary production for export); vines have been planted on the mountains of Samaria. Research has lain at the root of much of this growth—soil analyses, for instance, being a routine first step to the making of decisions regarding utilization of areas newly opened up. On the manufacturing side, difficult credit conditions were from the start a drag on development, and industrialization has had to rest on an expensive foundation of imported capital. As a mandated territory, moreover, Palestine lacks full control over her own foreign trade policy (as Britain has lacked interest in it), and until the late war the marketing of Palestinian goods abroad was always a problem. Great industrial advances have been made nevertheless, especially in building, electricity supply, potash production and the many small enterprises processing the output of the fields and orchards.

The Arab population does not like having so many Jews about, and friction has developed often. These are troubles that rise from complex causes. On the material plane the native *fellaheen* have certainly been gainers by the Jewish occupation. As the Royal Commission of 1936-'37 showed, they have been enabled to reorganize their own industry and citrus cultivation, employment for them has increased, their health is better, their incomes and living-standards have risen. Attracted by the higher money and real wages, Arab workers trek into Palestine from Syria, Iraq and Trans-Jordan. There is also migration within Palestine, where the remarkable increase of Arab population is steepest in such "mixed" towns as Haifa and least in towns located, like Gaza and Bethlehem, in purely Arab districts.

Dr. Lowdermilk's closing chapters, in which he maps out an agenda for a proposed Jordan Valley Authority, are worth special attention. The Negeb in the south of Mandated Palestine and Trans-Jordan outside its eastern frontier still lie barren and neglected; and, apart from these, even the settled areas are not as fertile as they might be made. The Jordan basin, Dr. Lowdermilk says, "offers a combination of natural features and a concentration of resources which set the stage for one of the greatest and most far-reaching reclamation projects on earth". Irrigation and power are the primary objectives. The first could be attained by diversion, through the lowlands, of some of the sweet waters of the Upper Jordan. The power programme calls for the introduction of sea-water from the Mediterranean at Haifa to course across the Plain of Esdraelon and take the 1,200 foot drop into the Jordan rift somewhere near Bethshean: the costs involved would be relatively small. These works are represented as only the nucleus from which the activities of the Authority might spread to reforestation, soil improvement, erosion control, scientific range management, and extraction of minerals from the Dead Sea.

P. J. B.

Philosophy

HE CRITICISM OF EXPERIENCE. By D. J. B. Hawkins. London: Sheed & Ward. 1945. 5s.

HIS small but important book is an inquiry into " what sorts of things we are able know and how we come to know them ". It is chiefly an estimate of the testimonial lue of sensitive experience. Dr. Hawkins defends the most extreme form of terpretationism found amongst scholastic writers. For him not only are the *sibilia propria* such as colour and sound not formally verified in reality, but even e *sensibilia communia* are only faithful in their measure. His very first example, ken from the anomalies of perspective, is used to prove the distortions of real antity in the act of vision. He explains (in a different sense from that of St. homas's commentary) certain passages from Aristotle as proving that Aristotle is an Interpretationist. In doing so he acknowledges the Aristotelean distinction tween the act of sensation and the object as sensed. But later he must ignore that stinction in order to assert that tactile data are not extended ; for these data include e object as sensed, which is formally extended, as well as the act of sensing. He es conclude, with certain restrictions, to the verification in reality of *sensibilia mmunia,* but only through the testimony of the sense of touch, as we shall see ; e sense of sight seems to be for him wholly untrustworthy unless corrected—or ther detected in its errors—by the other faculties.

Such doctrines are held by many modern scholastics, though opposed by St. homas and by most of the mediaevals. Whether correct or not, they are accurately scribed as mitigated Kantianism. Kant was no phenomenalist, but a convinced d professing realist. He held that reality existed independently of the mind and at the mind conferred on it (indeed *really* conferred on it) its differences and alifications. Interpretationists hold some measure of this doctrine in sensation. nd so they share with the Kantians liability to the comment that they have broken wn the distinction between sanity and insanity. Their destruction of the stinction between hallucination and vision makes all men naturally mad. If all lour be a mere construction of the sense, surely it is not more disorderly of me see a pink elephant and a grey baby than to see a grey elephant and a pink baby. natics are only men too fastidious to tolerate ready-made delusions and concoct iginal ones of their own ; they are artists.

All this is rather against Interpretationists in general than against Dr. Hawkins particular. The only grave fault to be found in his book is that he brushes aside rceptionism as if it had no case ; he calls it indeed naive realism. He does not nsider the difficulty from finality in a faculty of vision that, with natural spontaneity d without any necessity, gives us false testimony of external reality. Again, he erlooks the inconsistency of a faculty of knowledge that constructs some of the sitive aspects under which it knows its object. If knowledge is essentially rception, it presupposes its object ; if it also in some measure makes its object, must have two formal objects and is contradictory. And Perceptionists may have t other resources in their armoury. It is in fact pretty clear that each side has guments to which the adversaries have not yet found convincing answers. Dr. awkins practically ignores the controversy.

Dr. Hawkins continues his analysis by some original doctrines on intuition. e have an intuition of duration for example. " The real now of experience is t a point in time but a finite duration, that stretch of time during which experience rsists unchanged." Many will wonder how any creature in time can simultaneously " now " experience an extended tract of time. But there is stranger to come. r. Hawkins asserts that we can have an intuition of the past in memory by grasping causal relationship with the present. This enables him to say that (having got

experience of volume from internal touch) we intuit an object in contact with us—at least as a volume causing our feeling of pressure. Thus we have immediate perception of the external world. Again it will be a hard saying to many that one can intuit a cause by experiencing the effect as related to it.

Nor do these doctrines seem necessary. We can experience duration even in an indivisible " now " by manifesting in the imagination the continuity (not causality) of the contents of the memory with the present moment. Similarly, until Perceptionism is refuted, the possibility of perceiving external things by all the senses and not merely as causes of our sensations must be admitted. Only if the external senses thus perceive things as they are, can we accept St. Thomas's further doctrine that they perceive them without a *species expressa*.

But divergence of opinion is not necessarily blame. I have indicated what I consider to be the only real fault in the book. Otherwise, considered as a defence of Interpretationism, it is brilliant and reveals an unusually original, subtle, and informed philosophical mind. And its lucidity of style is enviable. A. L.

PERSONALITY AND SUCCESSFUL LIVING. By James A. Magner. Milwaulkee: Bruce Publishing Company. 1945. $2.75.

THIS is still another popular book on psychology, of the making of which in recent years there would seem to be no end. The majority of them are of little use; many of them are positively dangerous. The somewhat garish dust-cover supplied by the publishers would seem to be an effort to compete with the general run of them on their own ground. It would be a pity if it frightened off prospective readers, for Father Magner's advice on the building up of a Christian personality is solid and practical, and it is conveyed on a clear and interesting manner. The author is a member of the Philosophical Faculty of the Catholic University of America.

The term " personality " is used throughout rather in its wider popular meaning than according to its strict philosophical definition. Successful living is thought of in terms of a conscious development along the lines of private and social conduct after the teaching and example of Christ. To have developed a Christian personality is to have lived successfully, whatever failures there may have been on the material side of life; the formation of character and the saving of one's soul are but two aspects of the same thing. However gratuituous God's graces may be, there is always need for our human co-operation.

To see oneself truly is most difficult; yet without self-knowledge there can be no true mastery of life. Chapter after chapter of this book holds a candid mirror before us, and Father Magner manipulates the lighting with professional skill. Here are the constant complainer, the cynic, the woman who develops a " God-help-us " voice, the man with the persecution complex—all those, in short, who have a defeatist attitude to life and gradually adopt poses to cover up a sense of personal insecurity. For their ills no new nostrum is proffered; the only remedy is the old reliable family remedy of Christianity—humility. The grumpy fellow who rolled up his single talent in the napkin will always be with us. And he will be the plague of parents and teachers and superiors and all those in any way entrusted with the management of affairs, as he was the plague of the master of the parable. " Cast him out? " Father Magner, however, has no intention of anticipating the Last Judgement. Instead, he shows how self-confidence, based on the realisation of one's place in God's creative act and providence, can gradually be acquired.

When this basis is lacking, self-confidence can sink to the level of pride and vanity and all their petty camp-followers. " Some of the first-fiddles are obliged to consider the beauty, the dignity and the loudly-applauded necessity of becoming second-fiddles, so that the orchestra can produce a harmony." Cabinets, no less

an village choirs, have to face these problems of conceit and pride. " Professional en, doctors, lawyers and even the clergy, are especially subject to an egotistical rmation ; and the deeper that one goes in the hierarchy of careers and professions, e more arrogant and unyielding the professional manner may become." The thor's detailed illustrations of this are uncomfortable and very much to the point. sense of humour, a sense of perspective, and the felt need of the grace of God e the remedies he envisages.

Envy and jealousy, the unfailing hangers-on of conceit and pride, are the source vast unhappiness. They are vices from which few but the really great are entirely empt ; they are vices which few, even in private, will admit to. They are also ces which outside observers of the Irish scene frequently attribute to us. " In eland " said a well-informed and otherwise laudatory article in a German Catholic view, " in Ireland most of the people watch and pray ; and even those who don't ay, watch ! " Or to quote Father Magner's own example of the man watching acquaintance marching with great splendour in the St. Patrick's Day parade : Here comes our hero. Give me a brick." Whether or not a man rejects such iticism as due to the malevolence of " foreigners," he will probably find much alarm him in a humble reading of the chapter on envy. A dentist's drill has thing on Father Magner when he gets down to work, and any anaesthetic he pplies seems to be of the delayed-action type. " In the home, envy has the effect reducing family life to a dead level, where initiative, alertness and the expression personality are outlawed. ' Who does she think she is ? ' exclaims the envious ster. ' Since when has he become so important ? ' says the envious brother." Envy and jealousy can reach a special piquancy in professional circles ; and let pause to remark that women are unfairly accused of being more susceptible to ese vices in this respect than men. Doctors, lawyers, artists, teachers, even eligious in the sanctuary, are not immune. . . It was envy crucified Christ." The ggestions which the author makes for the eradication of these vices in the young an profitably be read by young and old alike.

Space does not allow us to give a detailed summary of the various chapters. ut a glance at some of the titles will indicate their scope : " Familiar Opportunities ; lean Living and Stability ; Personal Development through Others (one of the est in the book) ; Religion and Mental Health ; Responsibility and Character ; he Value of Appreciation." The last chapters suffer somewhat from repetition nd seem to lack the vigour of the earlier parts. But, on the whole, *Personality nd Successful Living* is a homely and helpful book, packed with shrewd observation nd piquant comment, and kindly withal. D. O'S.

A National Trust for Eire ?

HE NATIONAL TRUST. A Record of Fifty Years' Achievement. London : Batsford. 1945. 12s. 6d.

HE demolition of Brockley Park and Molyneux House in the last few months, of many country-houses in the last few years and the danger that threatens Hazelwood, ne of Cassells' rare surviving country buildings, and Riverstown (Co. Cork) should ake many Irish readers turn, with sharpened interest, to this account of the work the National Trust. Told by twelve authorities who are well aware of the nflicting factors which operate for and against their task, it will be read here with dmiration and envy. The National Trust is just fifty years old. Other existing odies, like the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society and the Society for ne Protection of Ancient Buildings, working to the same end of safeguarding their ountry's natural and architectural inheritance, have had an earlier origin ; they back to Ruskin and Morris. Still other collaterals, like the Council for the

Preservation of Rural England, the Scapa Society for restraint of disfiguring advertisements and the Architectural Record Society, a flourishing war-baby, have a later existence ; and it is upon the sustained work of this whole group, reinforced by many local societies acting in the characteristic English spirit of individual initiative and independent, for the most part, of government aid, that one looks with this feeling of envious admiration.

These other bodies work upon public opinion to preserve natural features from the harmful intrusion of individual interests or to rescue valuable buildings from ill-advised restoration or, more recently, to record them graphically when threatened by destruction in war. The National Trust has a different or more inclusive function. Its characteristic is that it may enter into possession of either land or buildings for the public advantage. Direct government intervention in England, acting through the Ancient Monuments Commission of the Ministry of Works, is limited to the maintenance of ruins. It is not permitted to intervene if houses, however important to the history of the country or however threatened by dilapidation or alteration, are still inhabited. To meet this *casus omissus* Octavia Hill, a courageous woman of common-sense and public spirit, joined with a clergyman and a solicitor, Canon Rawnsley and Sir Robert Hunter, to found what she named The National Trust. It was incorporated in 1895. Within fifty years it has come to own 110,000 acres of England and it protects 40,000 more by special covenants. It constitutes itself guardian of the beauty and interest of the countryside and protector of whatever in building expresses the traditional spirit of its folk or the cultivated taste of the race. The Trust property includes hills and mountains, downland and wold, moors and fells, woodland and forests, fens and parkland, heaths and commons, farming country and coastland, nature reserves and bird sanctuaries. It owns ancient sites—neolithic barrows, forts of Hadrian and Agricola, Roman villas and mosaic pavements and areas that shelter Avebury and Stonehenge. It owns whole villages like Lacock, market houses, old inns, scattered cottages, mills, bridges and dovecots. It owns seventeen great country houses like Montacute, most of them inhabited, and has in its care five others including Knole. It owns places like the Assembly Rooms at Bath and the houses of Keats, Wordsworth and Carlyle. That is to say that the National Trust administers a substantial cross-section of whatever in England is most representative of its natural beauty, its historic interest and its finest achievement on every level in the art of living.

The Trust has statutory powers to hold these lands and buildings inalienably and for all time ; property given to it or left by will is excluded from death duties or aggregation with the benefactor's estate. It has as well special and more significant powers to protect privately owned lands and buildings by means of restrictive covenants. An owner who wishes to retain rents and proprietorship but is ready to part with the development value of a property either by gift or sale can enter into a covenant with the Trust whereby the Trust will have for all time the right of veto and control of building and other development. The Trust works, so to speak, in a biological spirit, cooperating in the natural life of the property it takes over. It disavows any wish to turn its lands or buildings into beauty spots or museum pieces, preferring that houses should remain in their ordinary occupation but with reasonable public access, that natural beauty should remain natural and that agriculture should continue to flourish as agriculture. In all this it follows a sound modern practice followed in like cases in Sweden, France, Holland and elsewhere. Embarrassed, perhaps, by a generosity prompted in part by our changing social conditions the Trust no longer accepts a property unless it is self-supporting ; that is to say, unless it is accompanied by an endowment or that it can maintain itself as the case may be, by agricultural rents or lettings or by gate-money. It is, therefore, an elastic conception adapting itself to very various circumstances in the nature and

ministration of the properties concerned, embracing both the idea of National rks (whose application to Ireland Sir Shane Leslie has recently and most usefully borated in these pages) as well as, with the limitation already referred to, making partially successful attempt to solve the problem of the great country-houses—problem for which all countries save our own are seeking a solution, whether by te action or concerted private initiative. One should add that a separate National ust of this kind operates in Scotland and that the National Trust under review ually owns certain properties in Ireland—Kanturk Castle (illustrated in the esent volume) and other properties in the North of Ireland which came to the ust in 1937-8. These are 180 acres of cliff and shore at White Park Bay on the trim coast, two houses and grounds south of Belfast, a wooded glen at Ballymoyer, . Armagh, and an earthwork, Rough Fort, near Limavady overlooking Lough yle.

This initiative is a reproach to ourselves. The operation of the Irish Land Acts s produced a situation here, in this respect, not unlike the result of the industrial volution in England. Our country houses have a wealth of Irish craftsmanship gely unexplored, nowhere adequately studied. The history of their building d of this craftsmanship, mainly of Irish hands, is an essential part of our social story. The surviving evidence of this skill is as much part of our title-deeds civilisation as is our literature or folklore. We callously allow it to perish edeemably. We are selling Ireland for junk; and by way of palliation, sub-nsciously or deliberately, but in either event foolishly and ignorantly we smear r fathers' work, which should be a stimulus to future craftsmen, with some silly nt of foreignism. We do not imitate the fine spirit of the National Trust; but the case of our own Commissioners of Public Works we imitate and adopt e rather grotesque limitations by which they may constitute themselves owners guardians only of ruins or uninhabited buildings. The result is before our eyes the advertisements of the junk-merchants advertising for the purchase of country-uses for demolition. Are we to wait for reform until, for example, the day when e Governor and Directors of the Bank of Ireland, instead of showing themselves they are the jealous and careful custodians of the old Parliament House, decide change their premises, pull it down for its site value or turn it into a cinema. here is nothing to prevent them.

I have taken here into account but ten pages of this book, the pages dealing ictly with the purpose and scope of the Trust. Its title and further interest lies a wider construction. It deals in ten essays by specialists with the trust confided its hands or envisaged by it, the whole heritage of the English town and countryside. he reader will not easily come by more authoritative or more gracefully written counts of the ancient sites of Roman and pre-Roman Britain and of medieval ilding in England than the essays contributed by Mr. Graham Clark and Mr. hn Harvey or of the English country-house and country buildings than in the pers of Mr. James Lees-Milne, who edits the volume, and Mr. Basil Oliver—to of which one hundred and thirteen plates and two maps provide as captivating commentary. C. P. C.

The New Testament: A New Translation

HE NEW TESTAMENT NEWLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH. By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Ronald A. Knox. With a Preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns Oates and Washbourne. 1945. 6s. (cloth).

HE essential facts about this new translation are as follows: It is entirely the work Mgr. Knox; it is authorized by the Archbishops and Bishops of England and ales (but does not supersede the Rheims version, which remains an official version);

and it is a translation from the Vulgate Latin. This last fact explains the statement by his Eminence: "No such work has been completed since the Rheims version appeared in 1582." For though there have in fact been several translations of the New Testament under Catholic auspices, these translations were made from the Greek original. For instance, within the last few years there have appeared the translation known as the Westminster Version and a translation made and published in America by Father Francis Aloyius Spencer, O.P.* And though it is, of course, true to say that no new translation from the Vulgate Latin has been made since the translation of 1582, this latter has been so frequently revised, above all by Bishop Challoner (as the Cardinal recalls), that it has become almost a different translation. However, there can be no doubt that Mgr. Knox's translation is entirely new and all his own.

Of its merits Cardinal Griffin says: "His masterly command of the English language and limpid style have combined to produce the lucid text now before us. . . . It can be said that there is an engaging freshness about the narrative which captivates the reader, and a clarity of expression which removes the obscurity of not a few passages in former translations." Few readers, I think, will be found who will not readily endorse the Cardinal's appreciation of this translation.

It has, in point of fact, been well received. Father T. Corbishley, S.J., devoted a full-page review in the *Tablet* to unqualified praise of it. Dom Theodore Wesseling in the *Catholic Herald* commends its "flow and naturalness". At the same time he formulates certain reserves, under five or six heads, which need not be detailed here. They turn for the most part on the *purpose* of the translation. He concludes: "In fine, as an achievement in English religious prose the new edition (*sic*) is remarkable, but as to whether it is a version, a genuine translation, we shall find it more useful to go very warily. It is rather a good paraphrase. A 'translation' can only be done by a team." Dom Theodore is much concerned with its use in theology. But surely as long as we have the original and the new and most accurate edition of the Vulgate, no theological argument need be based on any vernacular translation. In a hundred years time or less Mgr. Knox's translation will be as much out of date in relation to current speech as Challoner's revision of the Rheims is now. The Vulgate and the original Greek will remain.

Father James A. Kleist, S.J., writing in the AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW (April, 1945, P. 241 *seq.*), is more critical. He agrees in principle that "it is perfectly proper that we should have the Life and teaching of Christ explained to us in a language we can relish. The Knox version, therefore, is an epoch-making event. Its break with the spirit of the Doway, if not always with the letter, is complete.' In his translation, especially of the epistles, Mgr. Knox's "diction is smooth, the language on the whole sonorous. The sentence movement has a swing in it." With the translation of the Gospels he is less pleased, going so far as to say: "It seems to me that, in writing his translation of the Gospels, Mgr. Knox misread both the Latin Vulgate and the Greek originals." He proceeds then to point out details of the vocabulary, noting a number of "unhappy renderings," but adding that the list of *happy* renderings would be a long one.

The real merit of Mgr. Knox's version is that it makes the New Testament more readable and more intelligible to the average reader. He has made it more readable because he has used current literary, not merely colloquial, speech and uses it with the taste and skill that might be expected of him. He has made it more intelligible by straightening out involved and unEnglish constructions and by getting rid of archaisms and of certain words that have changed their meaning—such as

* New York: Macmillan. 1937. pp. 717. In 1941 a new official revision of the Doway Bible was authorized by the American hierarchy and published. Dr. John Lingard published a new translation of the Gospels in 1836, 1851.

at (=food) and publican (=tax gatherer). He translates Mammon by money. It remains to indicate the qualities of this translation by quoting a few specimens. ie opening passage of St. John's Gospel reads thus :—" At the beginning of time e Word already was ; and God had the Word abiding with him, and the Word is God. It was through him that all things came into being, and without him came thing that has come to be. In him there was life, and that life was the light of men id the light shines in darkness, a darkness which was not able to master it." ere is the difficult passage from St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians I. 4-9) which is read as the epistle of the twelfth Sunday after Pentecost : " Such, rough Christ, is the confidence with which we make our appeal to God. Not at, left to ourselves, we are able to frame any thought as coming from ourselves ; our ability is from God, since it is he who has enabled us to promulgate his new w to men. It is a spiritual, not a written law ; the written law inflicts death, hereas the spiritual law brings life. We know how that sentence of death, engraved writing upon stone, was promulgated to men in a dazzling cloud, so that the ople of Israel could not look Moses in the face, for the brightness of it, although at brightness soon passed away. How much more dazzling then must be the ightness in which the spiritual law is promulgated to them ! " Lastly a passage om St. Matthew VI. 25 : " I say to you, then, do not fret over your life, how to pport it with food and drink ; over your body, how to keep it clothed. Is not e itself a greater gift than food, the body than clothing. See how the birds of e air never sow, or reap, or gather grain into barns, and yet your Heavenly Father eds them ; have you not an excellence beyond theirs ? . . . Make it your first re to find the kingdom of God and his approval and all these things shall be yours thout the asking. Do not fret, then, over to-morrow ; leave to-morrow to fret er its own needs ; for to-day, to-day's troubles are enough." S. J. B.

Miscellaneous

HAT IS A CLASSIC ? By T. S. Eliot. London : Faber & Faber. 1944. 3s. 6d.

EVIEWERS have shown a tendency to a certain puzzlement when called on to criticise is essay of thirty-two pages, which constitutes the first Annual Address to the w Virgil Society. Faced with the title " What Is A Classic ? " the normal scholar any rate is apt to think of works like *Das Problem des Klassischen und die Antike*, which the concept of classicism was discussed fourteen years ago by a team of ght German professors with a formidable *Gründlichkeit*. The first few pages of r. Eliot's address are as different from that sort of thing—a very admirable and luable sort of thing, one hastens to say—as any piece of writing could well be om another. It is at once apparent that Mr. Eliot means something very special his question " What is a Classic ? " He asks it, he tells us, with Virgil very rticularly in mind ; but he hardly seems to be entirely conscious of the dity of immediately proceeding so to define his term that the question can only mit of one answer, and that answer exclusive. Before asking his question at all, r. Eliot intended the answer to be simply " A Classic is Virgil". In order to get is answer out of the question he must not only put it in first, but so narrow the ceptacle that nothing else can possibly come out of it.

This piece of logical sleight-of-hand is passed off on the second page of the dress by a disclaimer of any intention to be bound by such a narrow definition the concept " classic " on future occasions. If, however, odd and forced as it is, e definition was meant to be valid only for the immediate purpose of Mr. Eliot's dress, it has the unfortunate effect of making him appear to be merely playing, st of all with his Virgilian audience and, more serious still, with his non-Virgilian ader, who has not been " softened " for the reception of such paradoxical doctrine.

When he goes on through the first half of his address to enumerate the qualities which in his view distinguish a " classical " work of literature, the reader is unlikely to be too sympathetic, suspecting as he must that Mr. Eliot is once more merely taking out what he has himself put in. And in fact, something very like this is exactly what Mr. Eliot does. He gives us an interesting little disquisition, for instance, on maturity of mind, manners, and language, and then proceeds to build on this a proof that no work of English literature is fully " classical ". Yet a single sentence on page 18 seems to demolish his whole flimsy structure, when he admits that Dante, as well as Virgil, in some not very fully-defined way deserves the title. On the next page, Greek literature is ruled out by means of a new qualification, to wit that there cannot be maturity of mind without a knowledge of history *other than that of the poet's own people.*

The crowning paradox is reached when Mr. Eliot decides that the possession of a classic is a bad thing for a literature, because it implies that that literature and its language have reached an ultimate perfection beyond which they can no further go. It is of course very doubtful, owing to Mr. Eliot's method of definition, whether this in fact means any more than that Latin is a dead language and that Virgil was a very great poet. Only in the last few pages of the address do we find the idea which Mr. Eliot clearly meant all the time to convey : that owing to the peculiar relation in which both Greek and Latin stand to European literature—they are, as he well says, its blood-stream—and owing to Virgil's unique relation to the whole Graeco-Roman culture, his work provides modern writers with a timeless and unsurpassable model. " Our classic, the classic of all Europe, is Virgil." It is really a pity that Mr. Eliot did not come to this at the beginning and make his proper theme of it.

M. T.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF TUBERCULOSIS. By S. Roodhouse Gloyne, M.D. London : Faber & Faber. 1945. 8s. 6d. *net.*

THIS book's title is rather misleading. The social aspects of Tuberculosis are generally understood to include such matters as undernutrition, overcrowding, rehabilitation and after-care ; but Dr. Gloyne has in fact written a very readable account of the disease tuberculosis for the social worker. There are sections on pathology, causation, epidemiology which are treated in just as much detail as the more specifically social aspects. But one lays down this very clearly written compendium with the feeling that the author's method is on the whole justified by the result. After all tuberculosis is at all stages both the product and, in its turn, the cause of social problems. The rise in prevalence and death-rate in Ireland with progressive urbanization in the past century ; the steady fall in death-rates in all civilized countries in this century ; the close partnership everywhere and always of tuberculosis, poverty, and war : these are all social aspects which can only be understood if the disease itself is set against its strange aetiological and pathological background.

The book is short, but it cannot claim to be an elementary manual. It is therefore regrettable that there is no serious attempt to correlate the English findings, on which the author almost exclusively relies, with those of other countries. Such a comparison brings out very clearly the relative importance of such aetiological factors as urbanization with its resulting overcrowding, malnutrition, and deficient facilities for diagnosis and treatment. But although there are gaps in this book which might have been filled, it is nonetheless an excellent summary of present knowledge, and it may confidently be recommended to any educated layman who wants a reliable account of this most tragic disease.

T. W. T. D.

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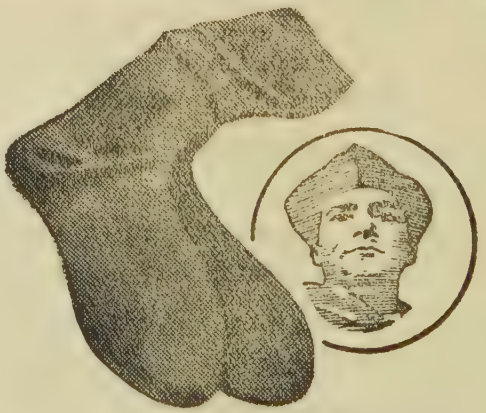

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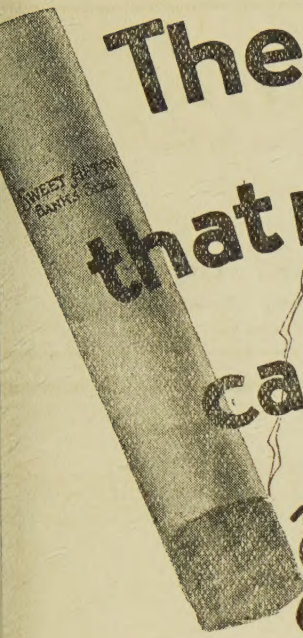

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